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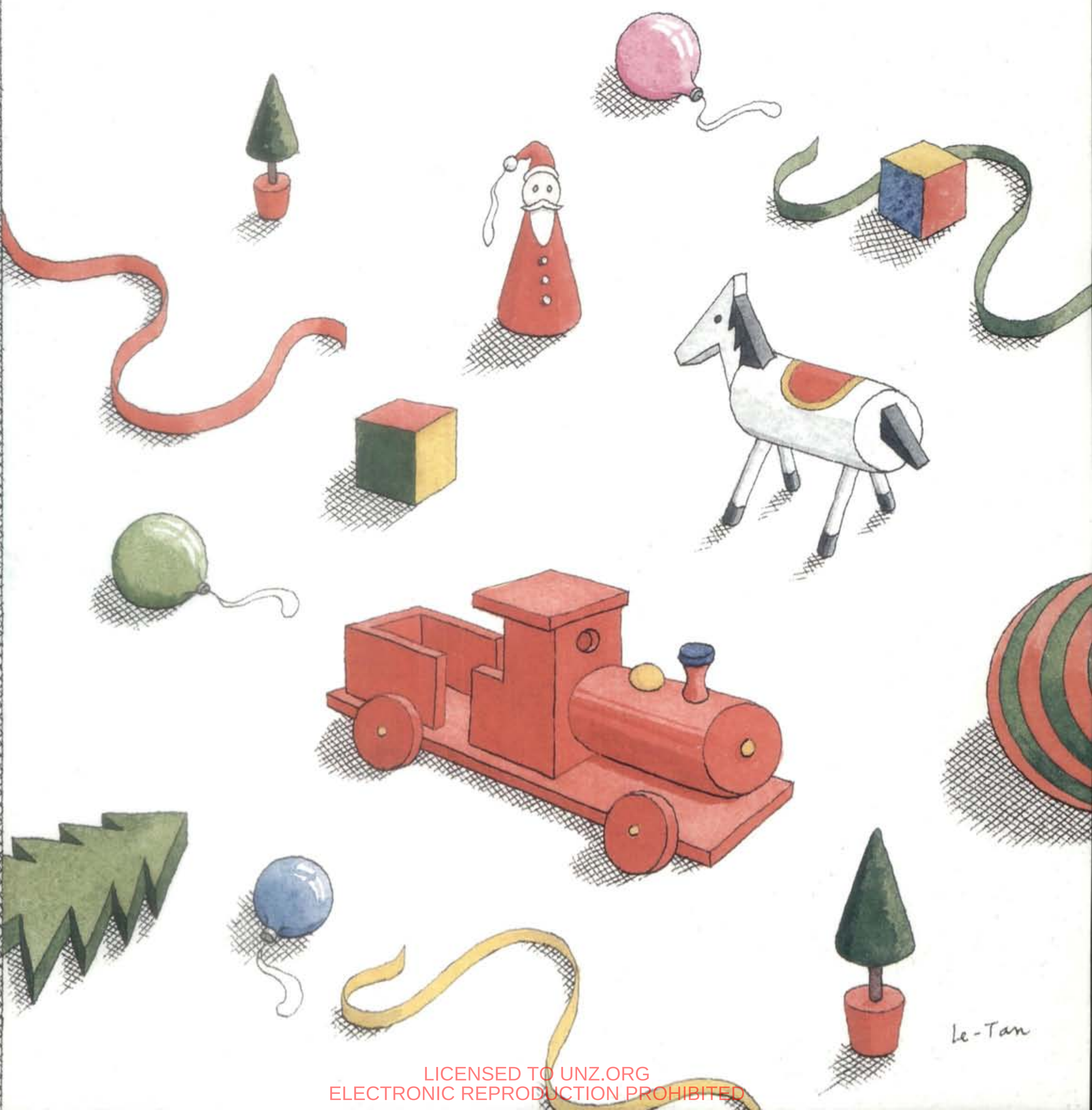

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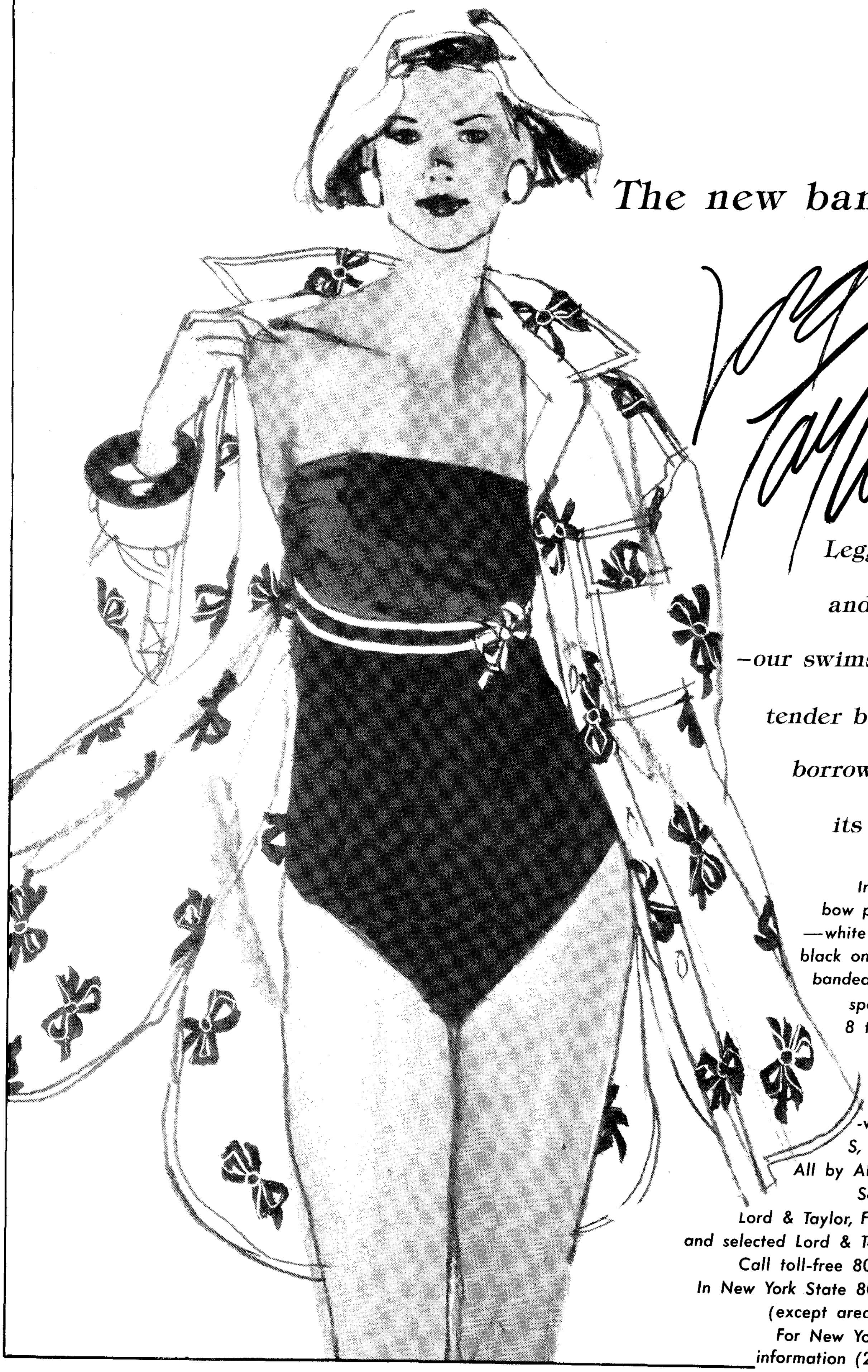

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Accrington Pals—The pals of the title are a group of men, lifelong friends in an industrial town in Lancashire, who enlist in the First World War, but the play is, more exactly, about the women they leave behind, who must deal, in one way or another, with situations unprecedented in their lives. There is more than documentary interest here, and the dramatist, Peter Whelan, handles his characters and scenes with subtlety and sympathy. The performance, under Daniel Gerroll's direction, is excellent. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy work hard to bring to life this old-fashioned sitcom by Lawrence Roman; the plot has to do with a middle-aged married couple and their wish to escape the burdens of parenthood, heaped upon them year after year by three loutish sons. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. Reopens Tuesday, Dec. 25. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 2.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Bohème—A lively and engaging show (lyrics by D. Spencer, score by G. Puccini), starring Linda Ronstadt, Patti Cohenour, or Caroline Peyton, opposite either David Carroll or Gary Morris. The splendid supporting cast includes, most notably, Howard McGillin and Cass Morgan. William Elliott is the orchestra conductor, Wilford Leach was the director. (12/10/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30. For information about tickets and cast scheduling, call 598-7150.)

Circle Repertory Company—In **bing and walker** a middle-aged mental defective is offered a job, and his spinster sister almost prevents him from getting it. This is more an actors' exercise than a play. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 19, and Christmas, at 8; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Dec. 19, and Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With John Glover, Frank Converse, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining, more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Sunday, Dec. 23, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Haarlem Nocturne—A musical show, staged in cabaret style, that stars André De Shields and three women singers. The setting, designed by David Chapman, is more agreeable than the show. (10/3/84) (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except

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Christmas, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. John Christopher Jones substitutes for Mr. Hurt at the Sunday matinée performances. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Husbandry—A play by Patrick Tovatt. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 22.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 20, at 6:45. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 2.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A musical, **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, adapted from two O. Henry short stories, is the second in this season's series of four productions. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinées Fridays, Dec. 21 and 28, at 2.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago, sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A play by Joseph Walker, **DISTRICT LINE**, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** Nearly everything about this rousing old melodrama is twice life-size, and the R.S.C. has made the mistake of doubling its scale. Derek Jacobi as Cyrano is even more bombastic than the text invites him to be. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8, and Thursday, Dec. 20, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** By a sort of time warp, this witty and debonair (and cruel) comedy has been moved forward into the Restoration period, where it appears perfectly at home. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3; Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8; and Friday, Dec. 28, at 2. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Short Eyes—The Second Stage revival of Miguel Piñero's play about prison life, and specifically about a child molester who is tormented literally to death by his fellow convicts. The play lacks its original impact, but the performances are good, under Kevin Conway's direction. With Michael O'Keefe, Esai Morales, and Reggie Montgomery, among others. (12/10/84) (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Monday, Dec. 31.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—As a monologuist of uncertain intentions, both in respect to her writing and her performance, Miss Goldberg belongs in a night club and not on the stage of a big Broadway theatre. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Keith Michell. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,256 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Christmas Eve at 8 and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Don Correia and Sandy Duncan are a pair of lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A characteristically live-

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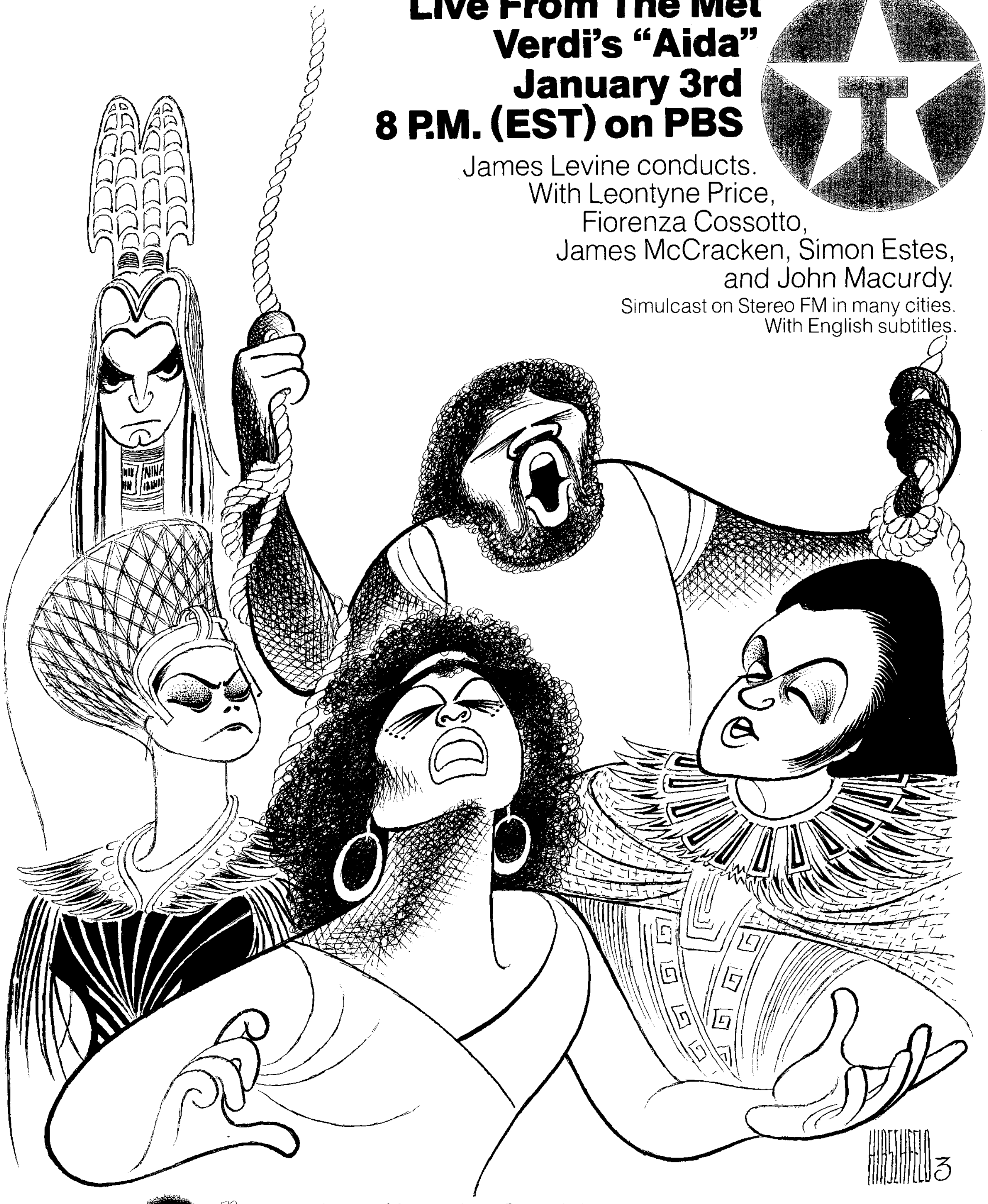

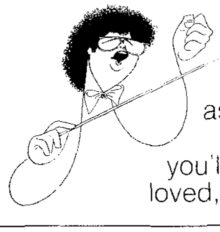

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ly gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

DOUG HENNING AND HIS WORLD OF MAGIC—A Christmas treat for the young. Mr. Henning is equally skilled as a prestidigitator and as a creator of elaborate illusions—it appears to cause him no effort to turn a pretty woman into a tiger, or to escape from a locked trunk, or to walk unscathed through a plate-glass mirror. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

VICTOR BORGE—Presenting his one-man show, with some assistance from Marylyn Mulvey or Shahan Arzruni. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 2 and 8; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 20, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 24, at 11; Christmas at 4 and 7:30; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 10.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Clowns, jugglers, aerialists, elephants, and seals are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 25-27, at 1 and 4; Friday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 4. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first three of eleven performances of **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 873-8660.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Special performance to benefit the Africa Emergency Fund to Aid Ethiopian Children on Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Monday, Dec. 24, at 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Divining," "Anjour," "Night Shade," and "Collage." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Isba," "Cry," "Songs Without Words," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Treading," "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Suite Otis," "Portrait of Billie," "Night Shade," and "Collage." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3: "Memoria," "Divining," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MARGIE GILLIS—Solo performances of modern dance. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 19-22, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, can be heard in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen (except she can be heard on Monday, Christmas Eve, rather than Tuesday, Christmas Night). Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, the Richie Vitale quartet will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, **JAKI BYARD,** the cheerful free and stride pianist, will lead a trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, plus reprises on Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **DAVE VALENTIN,** a thriller of a jazz flutist, heads his Latin-jazz band through Sunday, Dec. 23. On Tuesday, Dec. 25, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** and tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will arrive with their respective quintets. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 19, Chris Stamey, the Trypes, and Jon Klages; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, folksinger **TOM PAXTON** and the Carolling Carollers; Sunday, Dec. 23, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN** & his Klezmer Orchestra; Wednesday, Dec. 26, flutist Bobbi Humphrey; Thursday, Dec. 27, Dr. Buzzard's Savannah Band and singer Ula Hedwig; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 28-30, the Turtles, with Flo & Eddie, and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** an a-cappella group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. The lineup: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Dec. 22, and starting Sunday, Dec. 23, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the invigorating singer and pianist, is back in his elegant old stamping ground, the Café Carlyle, along with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer **BARBARA CARROLL** can be found, as usual, in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is at the piano through Saturday, Dec. 22, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

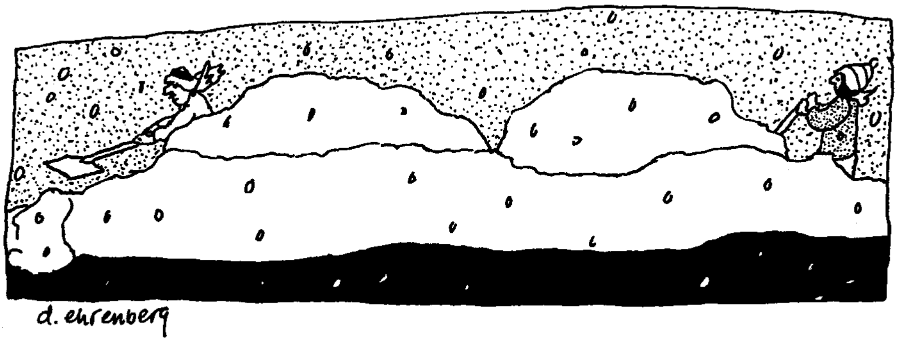
EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Guitarists **LARRY CORYELL, VIC JURIS,** and **BIRELI LAGRENE** pay tribute to Django Reinhardt through Sunday, Dec. 23, and Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will perform with her backing quartet. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Christmas.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 19, the Long Island Fisherman; Friday, Dec. 21, guitarist **JOHN FAHEY;** Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, comedienne Jane Brucker; Friday, Dec. 28, Livingston Taylor; and Saturday, Dec. 29, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist. Shows usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with a backup crew Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Tuesdays through Saturdays are devoted to **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride-piano specialist who plays just about anything you can think of in a stride style. Jane Jarvis works on Sundays,



and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge of the keyboard on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. On Wednesday, Dec. 19, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** trades sets with high-energy Chicago-blues harmonica-ist and singer **JAMES COTTON** and his **BLUES BAND,** and Tuesday, Dec. 25, will belong to the punk-jazz **LOUNGE LIZARDS,** featuring saxophone solos by **JOHN LURIE,** the star of "Stranger Than Paradise" and the Bogart of the eighties. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD** and his quartet are present through Sunday, Dec. 23, and on Wednesday, Dec. 26, influential pianist **MC COY TYNER** will arrive with his quintet. Monday nights are devoted to **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAYE BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** salute women lyricists in "Here's to the Ladies: Carolyn Leigh, Dorothy Fields, and Nancy Hamilton" Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Dec. 19, Rock Wilk; Thursday, Dec. 20, Don Lewis; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** perform swing music that is absolutely irresistible, perfect to Lindy to, and makes you feel sixty-five stories high (when they play here, anyway). Music Mondays through Thursdays, except Christmas, from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Dec. 19, rockabillyist **MARSHALL CRENSHAW;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, singer and guitarist **TOM VERLAINE;** Wednesday, Dec. 26, the Comateens; Thursday, Dec. 27, the **RAMONES;** and Saturday, Dec. 29, the Eurogliders. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Pianist and composer **JOE BUSHKIN** guides a worthy sextet through Saturday, Dec. 22. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine, and Friday and Saturday at nine and eleven. Dining.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, **PABLO MOSES** & the Revolutionary Dream Band; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Dec. 23, Mario Toledo & Noites Cariocas; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, two percussion heavies from Brazil, **NANA VASCONCELOS** and **AIRTO MOREIRA;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, **VOZ DO SAMBA.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Saxophonist **NORRIS TURNEY** heads up the **DUKE'S MEN** through Sunday, Dec. 23; on Tuesday, Dec. 25, saxophonist, flutist, vocalist, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** will bring in his quintet. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Dec. 24, **GRUPO FASCINACIÓN, CHARANGA AMERICA,** and violinist **JOHN BLAKE, JR.,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, performs with a bassist nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** joins forces with pianist **HANK JONES,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Sunday, Dec. 23; on Tuesday, Dec. 25, pianist and composer **MAL WALDRON** and his fine band—saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL**—will take charge. Music from ten. Closed Christmas Eve.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Wednesday, Dec. 19, **JERRY GONZALEZ & THE FORT APACHE BAND;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, R. & B.-ists the **PAZANT BROTHERS;** Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25, Bill Spilka's Rowdy Rooters, a Dixieland outfit; and starting Wednesday, Dec. 26, saxophonist Percy France and his band, Rhythm & Jazz. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** provide piano-bass duets through Saturday, Dec. 22, and beginning Sunday, Dec. 23, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will renew their musical partnership. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ANN REINKING—In a performance entitled "Music Moves Me." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday, Dec. 20, through Sunday, Jan. 6. Weeknights, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE KINKS—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.

JULIO IGLESIAS—In a benefit for the American Cancer Society. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

RAN BLAKE—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 9.

MOSQUITOS and the **dB'S**—In a benefit for the Marjorie Merriweather Post Emergency Food Assistance Program. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 10.)

VALERIE CAPERS AND THE ALL-CITY CONCERT CHOIR—Performing Miss Capers' Christmas cantata "Sing About Love." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . ¶ Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

NANCY GRAVES / JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903)—New abstract paintings, each with an attendant piece of sculpture bolted to the canvas. Through Jan. 3. / A loan show of a hundred and thirty-eight small works which complements one at the Frick Collection. Through Thursday, Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

WALTER KOENIGSTEIN—Graphite drawings on paper and aluminum, by an Austrian artist.

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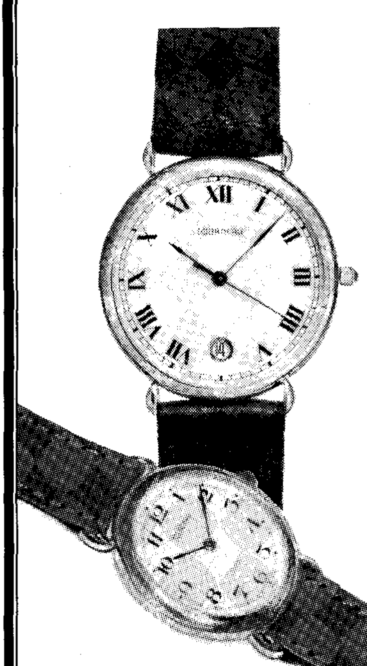

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Through Jan. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Still-lifes and seascapes in oil, plus jewelry designed by the artist with Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 5. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 22.)

Michael Lekakis—Sculptures in elm, walnut, mahogany. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Recent abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Teddy Millington-Drake—Crisply executed charcoal-and-watercolor drawings of the Greek island of Patmos, and of interiors of the artist's home there. Through Jan. 12. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Kevin Moss—Oil paintings that catch the particular light of Manhattan at dusk and at dawn, by a twenty-seven-year-old artist having his first one-man show. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Two series of paintings and monotypes—one subject is shamans, the other is the Empire State Building—both treated in a symbolic rather than representational manner. Through Jan. 19. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St. Closes after Friday, Dec. 21, for eleven days.)

J. J. Sempé—A generous sampling of this artist's droll drawings and watercolors. Through Jan. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker.* Through Jan. 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judith Shea—Bronze sculptures that suggest rather than duplicate various bits of clothing, sometimes in mildly erotic arrangements. Also, drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

New Forms of Figuration—A two-part show of Neo-Expressionist works by twenty artists from twelve countries in the Americas; among the better-known names are Luis Cruz Azaceta, Luis Frangella, and Jorge Salazar. Through Jan. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **steinbaum,** 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: An invitational exhibit of sets and costumes for seven plays, designed by artists who had little experience in this area. Peter Campus did the sets and Judith Shea did the costumes for "Rhinoceros;" Robert Kushner did both tasks for "Façade." Through Jan. 5. . . . **vanderwoude tananbaum,** 24 E. 81st St.: Toys and games created by fifty-five contemporary artists; the proceeds of sales will go to the Big Apple Circus. Through Saturday, Dec. 29.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

James Butler—Paintings and pastels of men, women, and children in ordinary domestic situations, except that visible emanations of some sort (electric? psychic? seismic?) seem to be radiating from several of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Digby—Shapes of birds and animals are cut out of nineteenth-century prints in this group of collages. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A series of paintings entitled "Mires" (sightings); several were seen this past summer at the Venice Biennale. Through Jan. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jeanne Duval—Paintings of interiors and landscapes in Italy, by an American artist now living there. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Juan Genovés / John Piper—Paintings of stark urban landscapes. / Paintings of cathedrals in Great Britain. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Expressionist paintings and drawings. / Photographic portraits of Charles Atlas, James Brown, Mae West, and others. Through Jan. 5. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Thirty-five paintings, notably some early Cubist works. Through Jan. 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Luchs—Figures of bunny rabbits can be made out in these sizable works, done on a surface of duct tape that is patched together, painted, and then scratched, gouged, burned, and generally savaged. Through Jan. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A new set of chevrons painted in pearlescent colors laid on with a trowel. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Recent landscape paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Janis Provisor—Paintings in oil and metallic leaf, as well as works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harriet Shorr / David Hendricks—Realist still-lifes of flowers, a sewing machine, embroidered napery. / Large-scale landscapes and cityscapes meticulously rendered in graphite and colored pencil. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Tempera paintings, a mixed-medium watercolor, a gouache, and several prints. Through Jan. 5. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nigel Van Wieck—Narrative paintings of men and women in various locales—in caves, at the seashore, and so on. The painter is British and now lives in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Jane Dickson (through Jan. 12) and paintings by Ken Goodman and Richard Tobias (through Jan. 5). . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: New works—small still-lifes by Donald Sultan, in which a single lemon (or a plate of figs or pears or asparagus) stands out on a black tar ground; a huge canvas by Enzo Cucchi, in which a lonely chair is exposed in a wasteland; and four mainstream canvases by Robert Rauschenberg. Through Jan. 5. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Alienation is the over-all theme of works by nine artists, among them Richard Bosman, Sue Coe, and Arthur Gonzalez. Through Jan. 11. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Balthus, Giacometti, Morandi, others. Through Jan. 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Various works that have plastic products as their principal component. Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Stephen Greene, Judy Pfaff, others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: A return engagement of a 1963 show of realist paintings which is extended with current works by the nine original artists, three of whom are Leland Bell, Audrey Flack, and Sidney Tillim. Through Jan. 2.

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GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69)—Oil paintings (seen in New York for the first time) and drawings in mixed mediums, by an abstractionist. Through Jan. 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for ten days.)

Alighiero E. Boetti—Pencil-on-canvas works, most of them abstractions, plus four engaging sketches of frolicking gibbons. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Gretna Campbell—A new group of Maine landscapes. Through Jan. 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

George Condo—Paintings of baroque ornamentation laid onto daggers, dress forms, or the artist's own name lettered out splendidly on a lush landscape. Through Jan. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Gene Davis—Fifty-one tall, thin stripe paintings in acrylic, mounted ten inches apart. Also, drawings and wider stripe paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Fichter / Michael Berkowitz—Fantasy paintings—for instance, a man wrestling a bear in an arena packed with nightmarish figures. / A room-size installation that seems to update an Egyptian burial chamber. Through Jan. 5. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 19-22, from 10 to 6; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, noon to 6.)

Frank Gehry—Functional lamps, all right, but they're made of Formica chips put together to form realistic fish and large snakes, eerily lit from within. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Gary Hall—New paintings, each showing a tiny figure climbing up a sheer cliff of ice. Through Jan. 12. (Concord, 451 Broome St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Joe Lewis—Huge renditions of the DeLorean sports car dominate this show of widely varied items which also includes several sets of dominoes made of Ivory soap. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Ju Ming—Tai Chi movements illustrated in bronze. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings in impastoed acrylics. Through Jan. 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Matt Mullican—The symbols in these large, impressive banners and paintings are like "No U-Turn" signs and the wineglass stencils meaning "Fragile," but their meanings are esoteric rather than universal. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

John Okulick—Wall sculptures of spirals and ellipses that are painted in metallic blacks, silvers, golds, and mauves. Through Jan. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf—Heroic canvases, done in oils and spray-can paint, that seem to apotheosize Cracker Jack prizes, plus a 1961 Cadillac gaudily decorated down to its whitewalls. Through Jan. 5. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Russ Warren—Paintings of highly stylized figures seen in tableaux—horsemen, dancers, a burial party. Through Jan. 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Hannah Wilke—Polychrome ceramic sculptures based on the womb. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Wilson—Drawings, 1974-84, including many for "Einstein on the Beach." Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At **carpenter+hochman,** 420 West Broadway: Works by three Surrealists—Victor Brauner, Marcel Jean, and Kurt Seligmann. Through Jan. 26. . . . **esman,** 121 Spring St.: Assorted drawings by Lissitzky, Schwitters, Rothko, and such contemporary artists as Anselm Kiefer and Italo Scanga. Through Jan. 5. . . . **knowlton,** 153 Mercer St.: A grab

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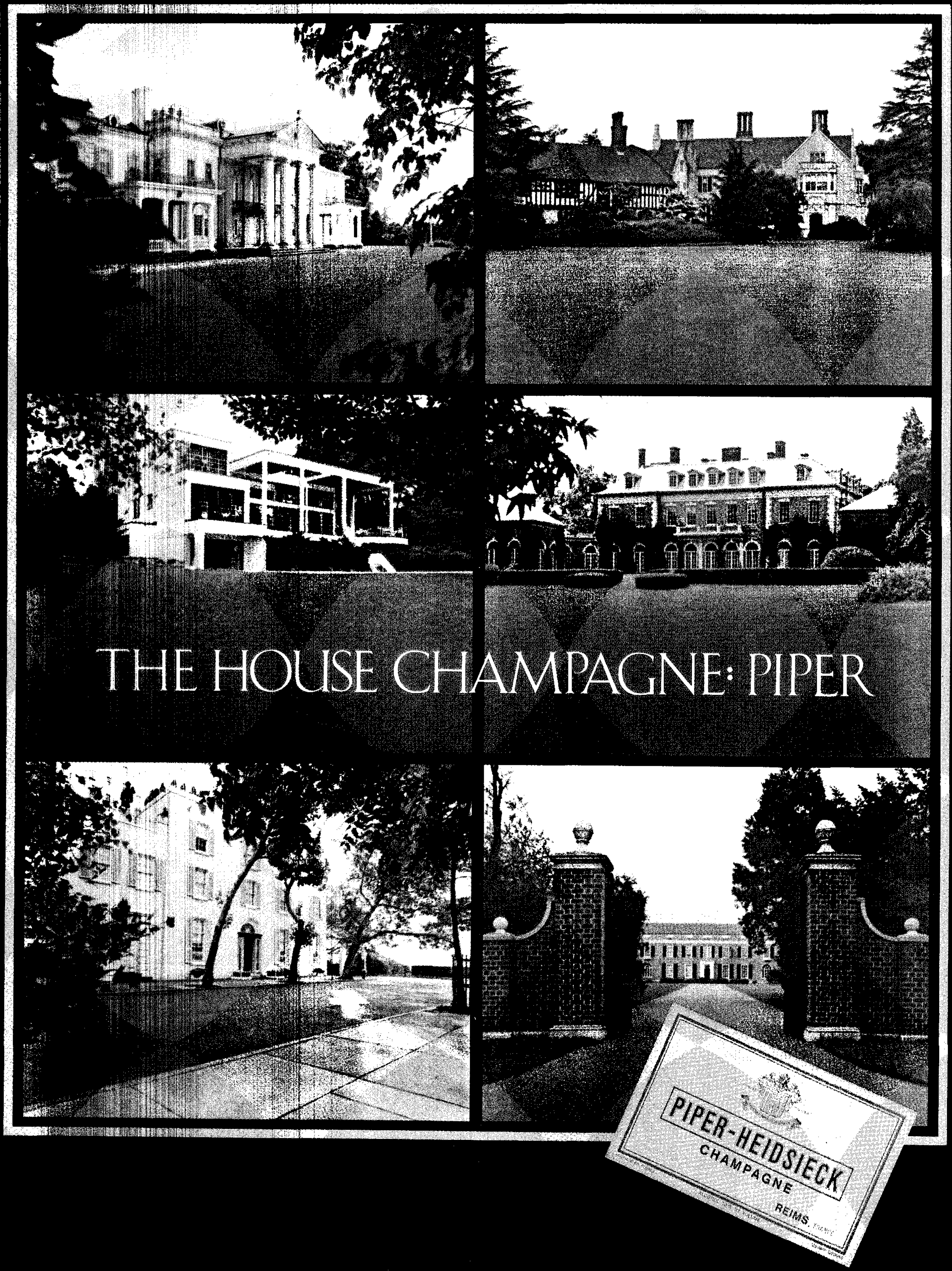
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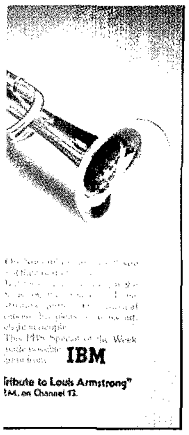

This PBS Special of the Week

IBM

ribute to Louis Armstrong"

M., on Channel 13.

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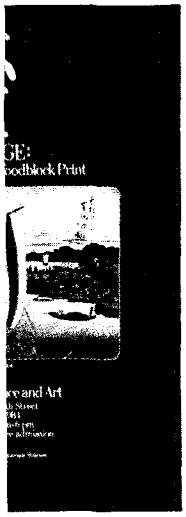

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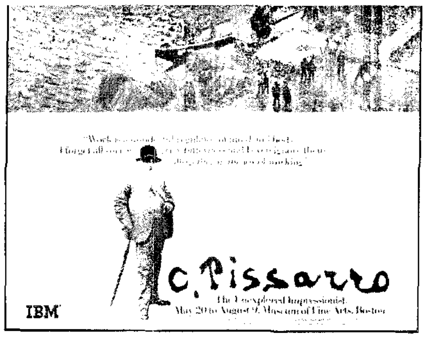
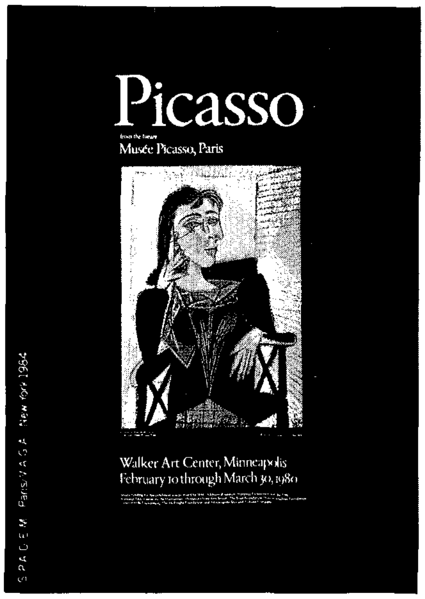


C. Pissarro

The Unexplored Impressionist.

May 20 to August 9, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

IBM



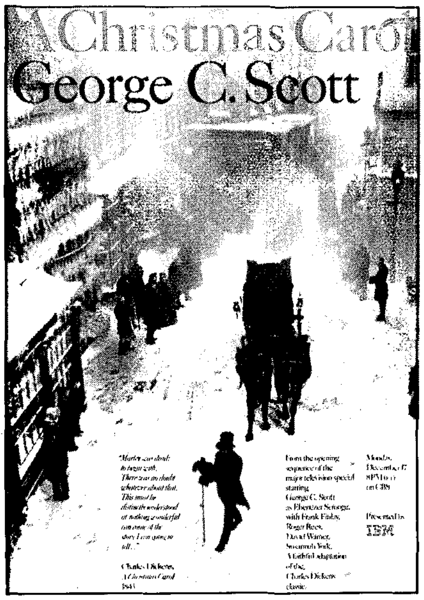
Picasso

from the Musée Picasso, Paris

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis

February 10 through March 30, 1980

S P A D E M Paris/V A G A New York 1984



A Christmas Carol

George C. Scott

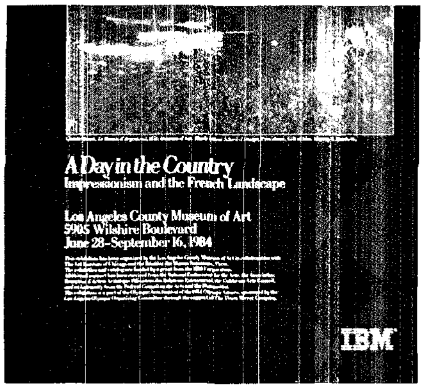
"Marley was dead: to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to tell..."

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol* 1843

From the opening sequence of the major television special starring George C. Scott as Ebenezer Scrooge, with Frank Finlay, Roger Rees, David Warner, Susannah York. A faithful adaptation of the Charles Dickens classic.

Monday, December 17, 8PM on CBS

Presented by IBM



A Day in the Country

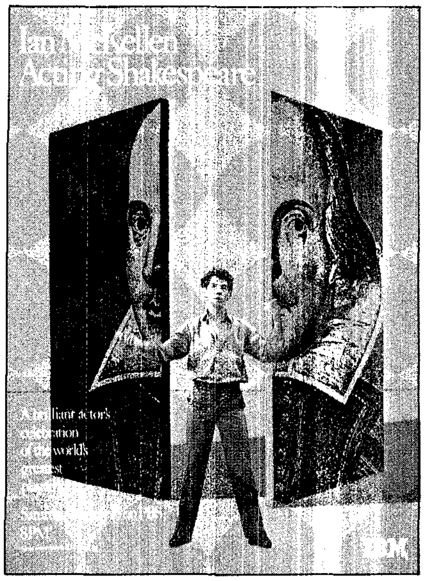
Impressionism and the French Landscape

Los Angeles County Museum of Art

5905 Wilshire Boulevard

June 28–September 16, 1984

IBM



Ian McKellen

Acting Shakespeare

A brilliant actor's celebration of the world's greatest

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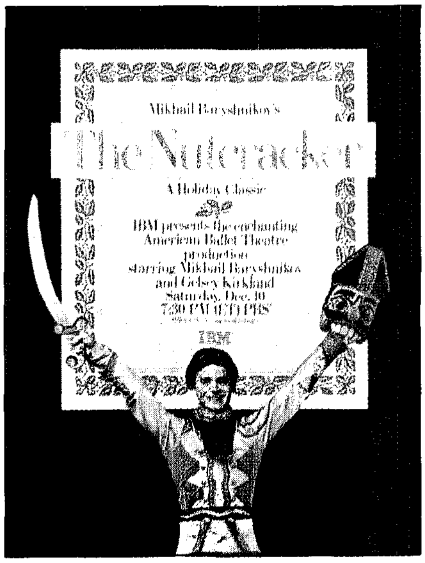


Mikhail Baryshnikov's

The Nutcracker

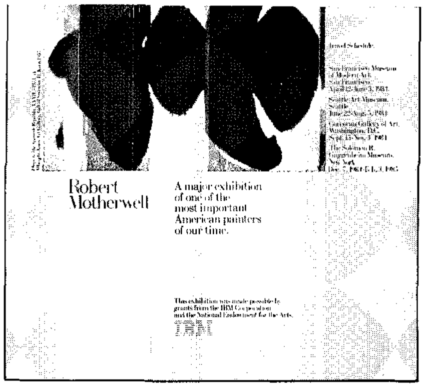
A Holiday Classic

IBM presents the enchanting American Ballet Theatre production starring Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland

Saturday, Dec. 10

7:30 PM (ET) PBS

IBM



Travel Schedule:

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, April 12–June 3, 1984

Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, June 22–Aug. 5, 1984

Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Sept. 15–Nov. 4, 1984

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, Dec. 7, 1984–Feb. 3, 1985

Robert Motherwell

A major exhibition of one of the most important American painters of our time.

This exhibition was made possible by grants from the IBM Corporation and the National Endowment for the Arts.

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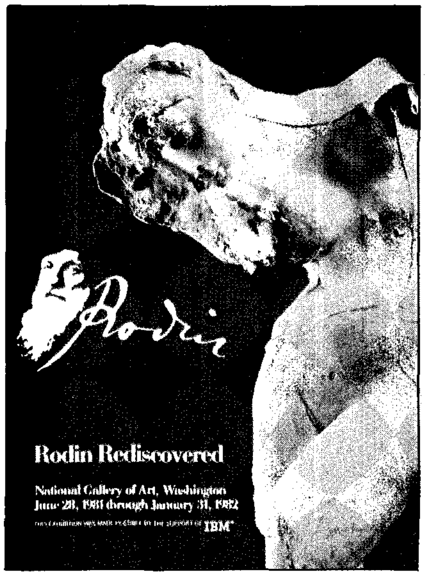


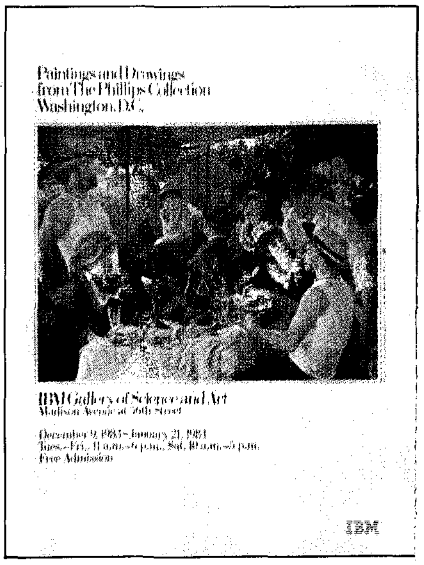
Rodin

Rodin Rediscovered

National Gallery of Art, Washington

June 28, 1981 through January 31, 1982

This exhibition was made possible by the support of IBM



Paintings and Drawings from The Phillips Collection Washington, D.C.

IBM Gallery of Science and Art

Madison Avenue at 56th Street

December 9, 1983–January 21, 1984

Tues.–Fri., 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.

Free Admission

IBM

The Splendor of Dresden
Five Centuries of Art Collecting
76
The World of Franklin & Jefferson
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Thomas Eakins
Artist of Philadelphia
Celebrating the City's tricentennial
Philadelphia Museum of Art
May 29 through August 8, 1982
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To all
couldn't get
Henry Fond
and moving
in "Clarenc
Tonig
need one.
Cézanne
The Late Work
IBM presents
I, LEONARDO
A Journey of the Mind
Starring Frank Langella as Leonardo da Vinci
Narrated by Richard Burton
Host: Walter Cronkite
CBS Television Network
April 26 8PM (ET)
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Last year, the story of their early years won 11 Emmys. Now, see them in their White House years.
Eleanor and Franklin: The White House Years
Sunday, March 13, 8PM. EST on ABC-TV
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Please check your local ABC listings for time variations.
The Kennedy Center presents
The Vienna State Opera
October 26 November 11, 1979 at the Kennedy Center
Director: Dr. Egon Seefehlner
Conductors: Karl Böhm, Leonard Bernstein, Zubin Mehta
Julie Harris in
The Belle of Amherst
An inspiring portrayal of Emily Dickinson, the great American poet who understood the joys and sorrows of the human heart
Wednesday, December 29, 8-9:30 p.m. ET*
Encore Saturday, January 1, 8:30-10 p.m. ET*
Matinee Sunday, January 2, 2-3:30 p.m. ET*
Presented nationally on The Public Broadcasting Service
Made possible through a grant from
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IBM PRESENTS
BARYSHNIKOV ON BROADWAY
THURSDAY APRIL 24
9 PM (EST) ABC-TV
Starring Mikhail Baryshnikov, with guest star Nell Carter, the cast of 'A Chorus Line' and special guest star Liza Minnelli
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These are some of the many art exhibitions, musical events, and television specials that IBM has supported over the years. Which goes to show that a company known for state-of-the-art technology can also be interested in the state of the arts.

IBM®

Someone on Your List Deserves a Tiffany Christmas.

From upper left: Drum candle holders in sterling silver, each $625. Porcelain mouse by Nymphenburg, $350. "Nemours" champagne flute, a Tiffany exclusive by Baccarat, $50. Gilded brass carriage clock with quartz movement, $255. Emerald ring with diamonds set in platinum, $54,800. Our star ear clips in eighteen karat gold, $540. "Candy Cane" of sterling silver with fourteen karat gold, $125. "Acorn" pill box with vermeil lid, $47.50. Man's skeleton watch with automatic movement, $6,700. Flexible ribbon choker in eighteen karat gold, $3,500. As a bracelet, $2,200. Sterling silver bow pin with amethysts set in fourteen karat gold, $400. Compact in sterling silver with fourteen karat gold bow accents set with rubies, $650.

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bag of paintings by seventeen artists ranging from Chaim Soutine to David Humphrey. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: The current high spots include Sharron Quasius's parody sculpture in white cotton duck of Delacroix's "Liberty Leading the People;" Frank Gardner's large painting composed of inch-and-a-half squares of color that resolve themselves at a distance into an Ingres figure; and Keung Szeto's trompe-l'oeil painting that looks for all the world like a collage of plywood, cardboard, splintered planks, and bits of string. Through Jan. 5. (Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for ten days.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: Still another wave of young Italian painters, these a few years junior to Clemente, Cucchi, and Chia. They are Domenico Bianchi, Bruno Ceccobelli, Gianni Dessi, and Giuseppe Gallo, and their paintings are big and bold. Through Jan. 26. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: The drawing show here is devoted to compositions from the past five years, by Artschwager, Fischl, LeWitt, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

OTHER GALLERIES

Ross Bleckner—New paintings, including a ten-by-fourteen-foot work entitled "The Oceans," made specifically for the Nature Morte gallery space. Through Dec. 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Dana Bryan Garrett—Paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Susan Hartnett—Colored drawings interpreting the forces of nature at work along the Hudson and in Newfoundland. Through Jan. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Neil Jenney—Six paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Roberto Pace—Large abstract canvases by a young Roman artist with a bent for luminous earth colors. Through Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Group Show—Costumes, or works derived from costumes, including a William Wegman photograph of his late dog Man Ray in a costume made by Robert Kushner; sculptures by Judith Shea, Robert Anton, and others; and more. Through Jan. 5. (Stoler, 13 White St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 22.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marianne Engberg—Pinhole photographs of Jerusalem which concentrate on architectural elements—ancient and modern. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Grace Knowlton—Diptychs and triptychs of interior architectural details, printed in silver and in platinum. Through Jan. 26. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for ten days.) . . . ¶ Sculptures in fired clay and in bronze, plus photographs and drawings. Through Jan. 26. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for ten days.)

O. Winston Link and Harold Edgerton—Prints whose subjects are illuminated by, in the first instance, a synchronized flash or, in the second, a stroboscope, which Edgerton invented. Through Jan. 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

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Charles Traub / Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—Color photographs. / Black-and-white prints from four different series. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Zabriskie, upstairs, has a show of Mr. Winogrand's photographs from the series "Women Are Beautiful." All through Jan. 12.

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute has done the correct thing by connoisseurs of equestrian attire and tack-room art: a show of more than a hundred costumes and uniforms from armor to 1984 Olympic gear, plus saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Starts Thursday, Dec. 20. A complementary show will open at the Brooklyn Museum on the same day. . . . ¶ "Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective will include paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Starts Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ An installation of Claire Zeisler's fibre works, including several constructed with red-dyed jute. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of thirty works on paper by Lee Krasner which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Starts Thursday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Margaret Mead Hall of Pacific Peoples, a permanent exhibit, contains 1,488 artifacts, some three hundred collected by Dr. Mead herself, which range from Bali shadow puppets to a Maori storehouse. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books and newspapers, as magazine covers, and as posters. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. A show (ending Thursday, Dec. 27) of more than a hundred small works by Whistler is at M. Knoedler and Co., 19 E. 70th St. (The Frick is open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early Eu-

ropean and American children's books and manuscripts. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, works on paper, and videotapes that present artists' views on sex stereotypes in popular culture. Barbara Kruger, Victor Burgin, and Jeff Wall are among those represented. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," presented to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts illustrating the Nativity are on display at the Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Through Jan. 15. (Both exhibits open daily, except Sundays and Christmas, 10 to 6; Berg Collection also closed Thursdays.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Chanticleer—*An all-male a-cappella chamber choir, in its first appearance here.* (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—With Jane Bryden, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program called "Christesmas in Anglia." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Candlelight Christmas Concert—Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society and the Little Orchestra Society, with Sheryl King-Lazzarotti, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Robert Guarino, tenor; and David Hamilton, baritone. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Scandinavian American Chamber Orchestra—Goran Staxang conducting, with Scott McIntosh, trumpet, and Dawn Upshaw, soprano. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 4:45. No tickets necessary.)

Handel's "Messiah"—sing-in at Avery Fisher Hall: Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty choral conductors. Julia Lovett, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Mukund Marathe, tenor; and Kevin Deas, bass, will appear as the soloists and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30.). . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Jean Ann Teal, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Henry Ingram, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.) . . . **masterwork chorus and orchestra:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2.) . . . **canterbury choral society:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing an audience-participation performance of the Advent and Christmas portions of the oratorio. With Jennifer Barron, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; Kevin Maynor, bass; and a baroque orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3400.)

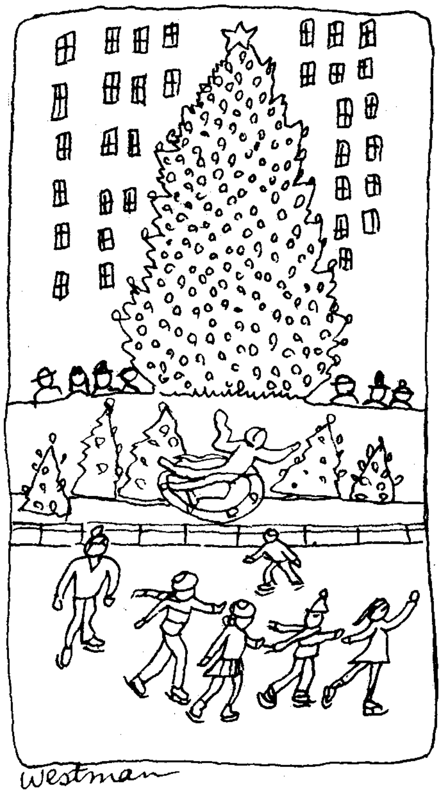
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 19: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 20: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 22: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 22: "Simon Boccanegra," with Aprile Millo, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 24: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 26: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 27: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 28: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 29: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 29: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Opera Shop of Vineyard Theatre—James Kurtz conducting performances of Thomas Augustine Arne's 1762 English ballad opera "Love in a Village." Staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta directing, with Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Monday, Dec. 31.



Philharmonia Virtuosi Chamber Orchestra—Richard Kapp conducting a performance of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3, with Gary Graffman, piano, and Jean Dane, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 27, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 8, performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Monday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A Bach-Handel program, with Ransom Wilson, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7: A Mozart-Haydn-Dvořák program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin.

Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus"—David Randolph directing the St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, with Nan Nall, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Zelotes Edmund Toliver, bass; and John Challener, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—Yefim Bronfman, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, violin/viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Western Wind—A program of Christmas and Chanukah songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Johanna Meier—Soprano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—Final performances of the Philip Glass-Robert Wilson opera **einstein on the beach,** with choreography by Lucinda Childs. The last offering in the second annual series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 19-22, at 7, and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Dec. 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Dec. 28. (Games begin at 7:30.)

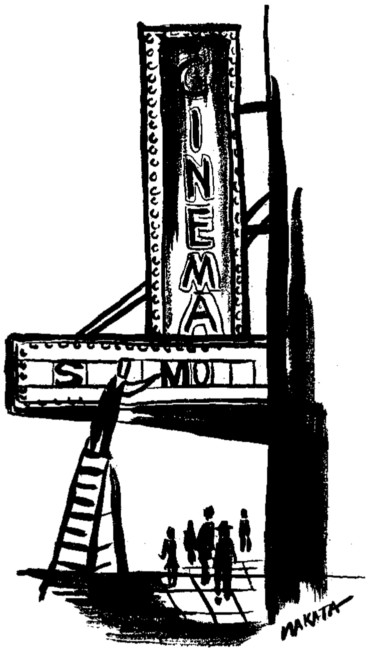
Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Dec. 23, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Dec. 22, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 29. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Christmas, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Monday, Dec. 24. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Monday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Monday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Oedipus Rex" (1967; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 20: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 20: "Metropolis" (†) and "Nosferatu" (†).
Dec. 21-27: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.
From Dec. 28: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Dune" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 20: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 20: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
From Dec. 21: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "City Heat." From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Killing Fields" (†). From Dec. 21: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Dec. 21: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dune" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 20: "Body Double" (†).
From Dec. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 25: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1983; directed by Billy Woodberry). From Dec. 26: "The Claw and the Tooth" (1970; François Bel and Gérard Vienne), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril. Dec. 21-22: "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "Every Man for Himself" (1980; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye. Dec. 23-24: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†); and "Passion" (1983; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla. Dec. 25: "RoGoPaG" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard, Roberto Rossellini, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti; in Italian), a four-episode film; and "Six in Paris" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollet, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet; in French), a six-episode film. Dec. 26-27: "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "First Name: Carmen" (†). Dec. 28-29: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Dec. 21: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Country" (†). From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.
Theatre 3: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 3: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 24: A week-long festival of films with Isabelle Huppert.
From Dec. 25: An eight-day festival of French "Films for the Holiday."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Falling in Love" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Swann in

Love" (†). From Dec. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Dune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Dec. 21: "The Killing Fields" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Story of Adèle H." (†) and "Love on the Run" (†). From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "The 4th Man" (†); and "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett. From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Dec. 21: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "All of Me" (†); and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Terminator" (directed by James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns. From Dec. 21: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 20: "Don't Open Till Christmas" (Edmund Purdom). From Dec. 21: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 20: "T and A Team." From Dec. 21: "The Terminator."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 20: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.
From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 25: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Dec. 26: "Falling in Love" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 20: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 21: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

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Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Dune" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Dec. 20: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio"" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Runaway."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Dec. 21: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris; and "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty. From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

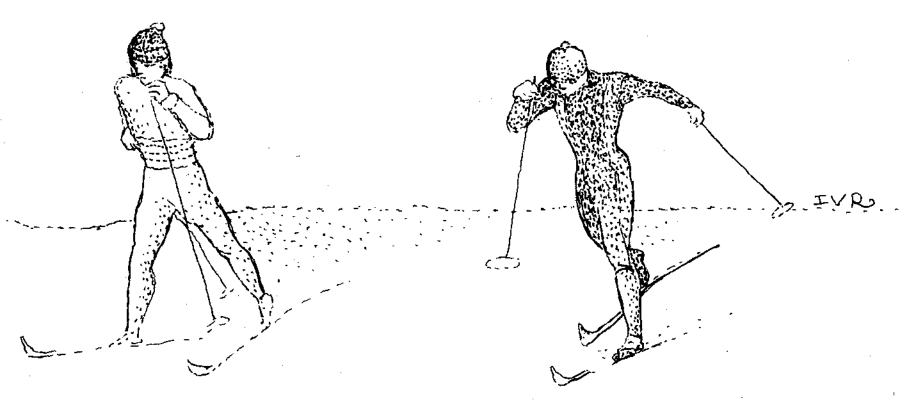
U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 20: A program of Russian films.
Dec. 21-27: A Woody Allen festival.
From Dec. 28: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Dec. 20: "Country" (†).
From Dec. 21: "The Bostonians" (1984; directed by James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 20: "The Devil in Miss Jones, Part II" (1984) and "Insatiable" (1982).
Dec. 21-22: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
Dec. 23-25: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953) and "Mon Oncle" (1958), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Dec. 26-27: "Shoot the Piano Player" (†); and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
From Dec. 28: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 19: "C.H.U.D." (1984; Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern; and "The Philadelphia Experiment" (1984; Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
Dec. 20-22: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Dec. 23-24: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Dec. 25-26: "Rumble Fish" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
Dec. 27-29: "La Cage aux Folles II" (†) and "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 20: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.
Dec. 21-22: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol.
Dec. 23: "The Ten Commandments" (1956; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston and Yul Brynner.
Dec. 24-25: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale; and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
Dec. 26-27: "Red Dawn" (1984; John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell; and "Uncommon Valor" (†).
Dec. 28-29: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange; and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Dec. 20: A program of six silent Laurel-and-Hardy two-reelers.
Dec. 21: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.
Dec. 22: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, and Mary Kay Place; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Dec. 23: A program of cartoons by Frank Tashlin.
Dec. 24: A program of cartoons by I. Freleng.
Dec. 25: A program of cartoons by Dave Fleischer.
Dec. 26: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre.
Dec. 27: "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Land of Silence and Darkness" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German.)
Dec. 28: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Love and Death" (1975, both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Dec. 29: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 19: "The New Centurions" (1972;

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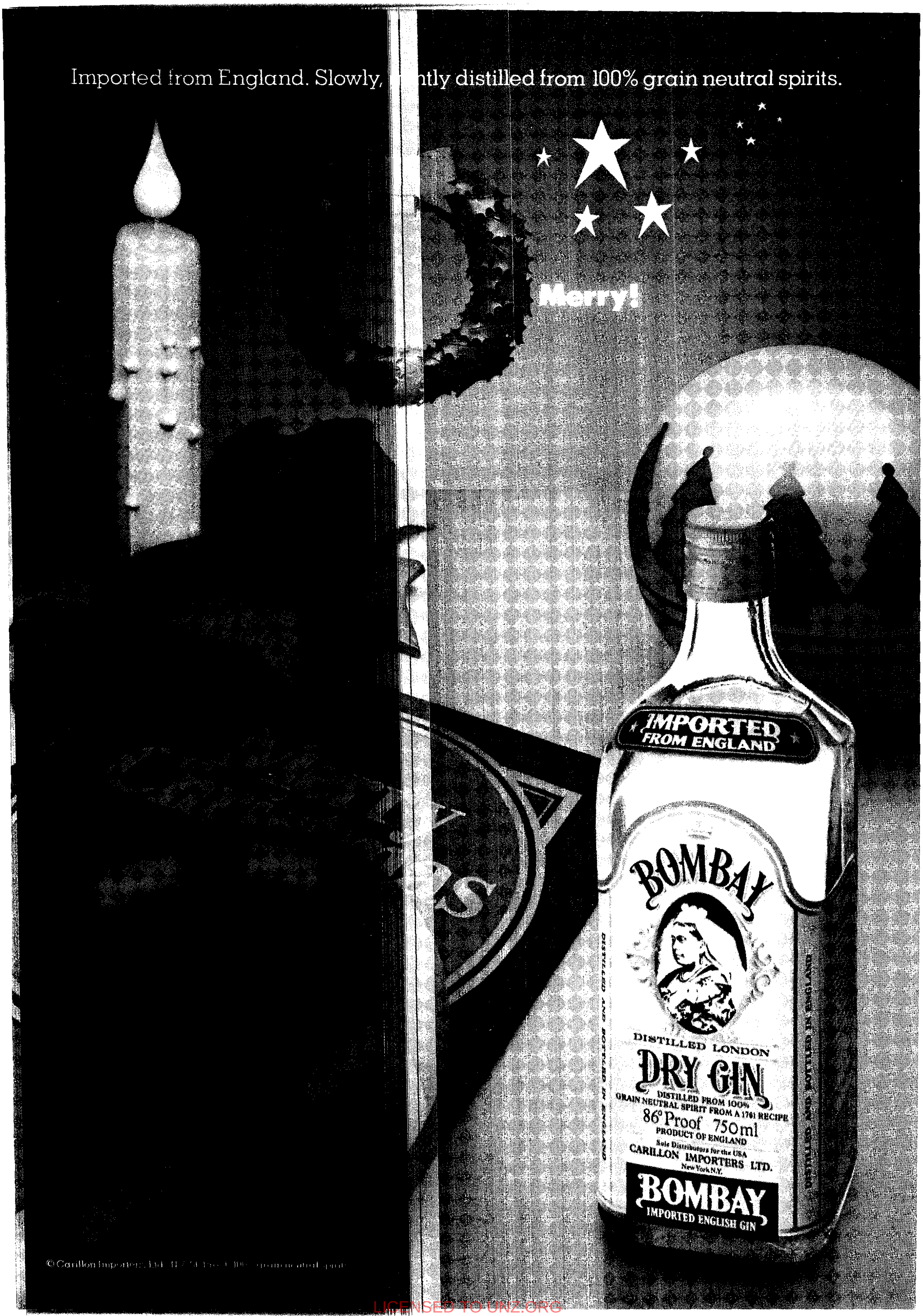
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Parfums
YVES SAINT LAURENT

Richard Fleischer), with George C. Scott and Stacy Keach; and "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman.

Dec. 20-22: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

Dec. 23-26: "Around the World in 80 Days" (1956; Michael Anderson), with David Niven and Cantinflas.

Dec. 27-29: "The Thin Man" (†); and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 19: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).

Dec. 20: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Macario" (1960; Roberto Gavaldon; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Dec. 21-22: "Total Insanity" (1984), short subjects from the Columbia Studio in the thirties, forties, and fifties; and "3 × 3 Stooges," with the Three Stooges.

Dec. 23: "Bed and Board" (†); and "La Vie Continue" (1982; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Dec. 24: "Nicholas Nickleby" (†); and "Old Curiosity Shop" (1935; Charles Bentley), with Hay Petrie and Elaine Benson.

Dec. 25: A program of Charlie Chaplin short films.

Dec. 26: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi; and two other Edward D. Wood films.

Dec. 27: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 28-29: A program of surrealist films.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

Dec. 26: "A Slight Case of Murder" (†) and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†).

Dec. 27: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Dec. 28: "My Man Godfrey" (1936 †) and "Nothing Sacred" (†).

Dec. 29: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Nine Men" (1943; directed by Harry Watt), with Jack Lambert, Gordon Jackson, and Frederick Piper. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "The Next of Kin" (1942; Thorold Dickinson), with Mervyn Johns and Nova Pilbeam. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Derek Bond, Cedric Hardwicke, and Sally Ann Howes. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Nine Men." . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2: "San Demetrio London" (1943; Charles Frend), with Walter FitzGerald and Ralph Michael. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5: "Dead of Night" (1945; Basil Dearden, Alberto Cavalcanti, Robert Hamer, and Charles Crichton), a five-episode film. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2: "Fiddlers Three" (1944; Harry Watt), with Tommy Trinder, Frances Day, and Sonnie Hale. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 5: "Nicholas Nickleby." . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Fiddlers Three." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "San Demetrio London." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "Hue and Cry" (1947; Charles Crichton), with Harry Fowler and Jack Warner. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Dead of Night." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Passport to Pimlico" (1949; Henry Cornelius), with Stanley Holloway, Paul Dupuis, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "Hue and Cry." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5: "Pink String and Sealing Wax" (1945; Robert Hamer), with Mervyn Johns and Googie Withers.

THEATRE 2: Dec. 20 at 3: "The Wandering Cancer" (1984; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6:30: "The Olympic Winning Lady" (1983; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles), with Achternbusch and Annamirl Bierbichler. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 3: "Paso Doble—Dancing Out of Line" (1983; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Albert Heins and Ulrike S. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6:30: "Fräulein Berlin" (1983; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Clean Sweep" (1983; Hanns Christian Müller; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: "Dorado—One Way" (1983; Reinhard Münster; in German, with English subtitles.) . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Milo Barus, the Strongest Man in the World" (1982; Henning Stegmüller; in German, with English subtitles), with Günter Lamprecht. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 5:30: "The Sprinter" (1983; Christoph Böll; in German, with English subtitles), with Wieland Samolek. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 3: "Mischief" (1983; Peter Fleischmann; in German, with English subtitles), with Fleischmann. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 3: "Dorado—One Way." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6:30: "Milo Barus, the Strongest Man in the World." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 3: "Clean Sweep." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6:30: "The Sprinter." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Mischief." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30: "Rita Ritter" (1983; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Three different programs by video artists looking at television—Tuesdays at 1:15, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15, and Sundays at 1:15, "Birth of an Industry" (1977; TVTV), "Television Delivers People" (1973; Richard Serra), "The Selling of New York" (1972; Nam June Paik), and "Media Burn" (1975; Ant Farm). . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 2:30, "Independents Tonite" (1984; Jack Walworth) and "Faces Fear and Fascination" (1984; Tony Cokes). . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 4, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 4, "Race Against Prime Time" (1984; David Schulman) and "About Media" (1977; Tony Ramos). On Thursday, Dec. 20, several of the artists will be present. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALL OF ME—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (Olympia Quad; through Dec. 20.)

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not, either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, and Jack Carson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 26.)

BED AND BOARD (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but, as Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." With Hiroko Berghauer, Barbara Laage, and Daniel Boulanger. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 23.)

BEVERLY HILLS COP—With Eddie Murphy, directed by Martin Brest. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

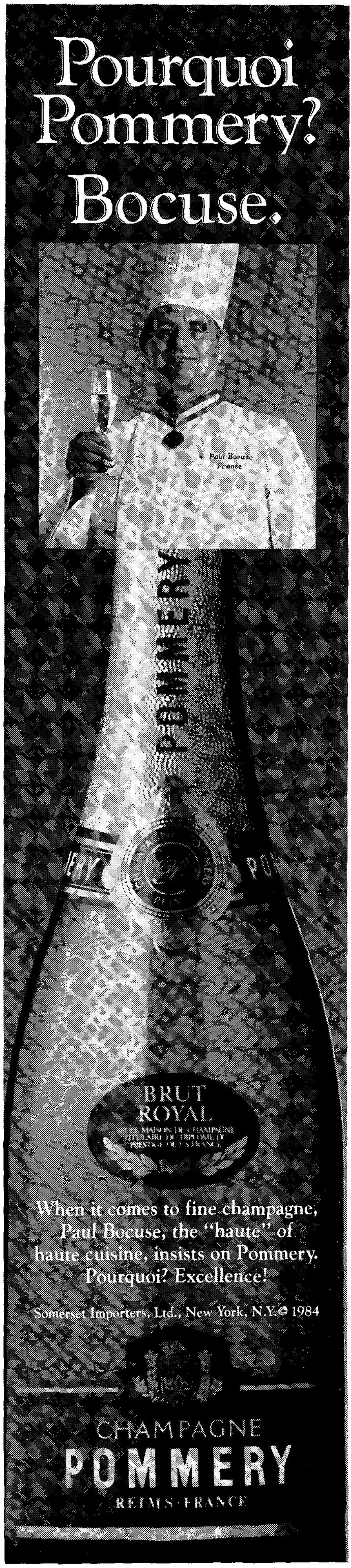
BIZET'S CARMEN—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

BODY DOUBLE—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (Gemini, 86th St. East, and Embassy; through Dec. 20.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 27-29.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II (1980)—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (again by Edouard Molinaro). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and with the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 27-29.)

CHOOSE ME—With Keith Carradine, Geneviève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REIMS-FRANCE

Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

Dune—With Kyle MacLachlan, directed by David Lynch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Falling in Love—A piece of big-star packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep play two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become empty. It's pleasant to see these two in a picture where they're not carrying all the sins of mankind on their shoulders, but they've gone too far in the opposite direction—they're not carrying anything. The picture has been called an eighties "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Directed by Ulu Grosbard, from a vacuous, would-be-romantic script by Michael Cristofer. Peter Suschitzky's cinematography has a vibrancy that makes you feel hopeful, and Michael Kahn's editing has an elating precision, but after a while the pleasures of technical proficiency shrivel. With Jane Kaczmarek (who's lively in her first scenes), Harvey Keitel, George Martin, Dianne Wiest, and David Clennon. (12/10/84) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 26.)

First Name: Carmen—From the way this modern-day version of the Carmen story is put together, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, appears resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him. Still, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. Carmen is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers. In French. (9/17/84) (Film Forum; Dec. 26-27.)

The 4th Man—A Dutch thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow, because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure, is a blank. But the film is amusing and Krabbé plays worminess exultantly. Directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (New Yorker; through Dec. 20.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy; through Dec. 25.)

The Killing Fields—Based on Sydney Schanberg's 1980 *Times Magazine* article "The Death and Life of Dith Pran," the British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. Like the article, the film tells the story of how Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's an ambitious movie made with an inept, sometimes sly, and very often equivocal script (by Bruce Robinson); it's written like a TV docudrama and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. At times, it's almost as if Cambodia only existed to make Waterston's Schanberg suffer and soliloquize, endlessly asking, "Did I do what was right?" But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. The score, by Mike Oldfield, mars some of the finest scenes; it insists on hyping death. (12/10/84) (Cinema I; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema II, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 21.)

The Little Drummer Girl—George Roy Hill's film centers on Charlie (Diane Keaton), an American actress working in a third-rate repertory company in England; a left-wing pro-Palestinian, she is recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit that turns her thinking around and uses her to infiltrate the Palestinians and trap their chief terrorist (Sami Frey, who gives the film a bit of bravura). Charlie is an actress looking for a role to play that will make her feel "real." But Keaton takes this cliché so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity; initially off-putting, she leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. It's maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it. With Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, Moti Shirin, and Michael Cristofer. (11/12/84) (Cinema II, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Dec. 20.)

Love on the Run (1979)—A film in François Truffaut's autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on the screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. In French. (New Yorker; through Dec. 20.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 29.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, and Franklin Pangborn. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

Nicholas Nickleby (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti's fast-moving English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway as a travelling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. (Thalia; Dec. 24.)

Nosferatu (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay in horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times, this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows and meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. With Max Schreck as Nosferatu. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the targets of this famous thirties comedy. Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, has them happily dripping crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter-hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard, any different. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phonyness. William Wellman's direction is more leisurely than usual; he has such good material here that he takes his time. With Walter Connolly, Charles Winninger, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Frank Fay, Margaret Hamilton, Monty Woolley, Hattie McDaniel, John Qualen, Hedda Hopper, and Sig Rumann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street; starting Dec. 21.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and New Embassy 49th Street; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 21.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1960)—This François Truffaut film busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Each time Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, and homage to the American Grade-B gangster films of the forties and fifties. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, Albert Rémy, Michèle Mercier, and Daniel Boulanger. In French. (Cinema Village; Dec. 26-27.)

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A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. Eventually, at a party back in town, the four are brought in and strung up on hooks in a closet. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting giggles out of some of these scenes, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 26.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Guild. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Baronet; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 21.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut had never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, a daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (New Yorker; through Dec. 20.)

Eve Olitski

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (10/1/84) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 20.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, the film started a new cycle in screen entertainment by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated screwball comedy. And it turned several decades of movies upside down by showing a suave man of the world (William Powell) who made love to his own rich, funny, and good-humored wife (Myrna Loy); as Nick and Nora Charles, Powell and Loy startled and delighted the country by their heavy drinking (without remorse) and unconventional diversions. In one scene, Nick takes the air gun his complaisant wife has just given him for Christmas and shoots the baubles off the Christmas tree. The cast includes the lovely (not wildly talented here) Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero. Warning: There's a lot of plot exposition and by modern standards the storytelling is very leisurely. (Regency; Dec. 27-29.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 23-24.)

Uncommon Valor (1983)—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. With the heavyweight prizefighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, and Patrick Swayze. (1/23/84) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 26-27.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. With Trish Van Devere, Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT wouldn't have occurred to us to greet Christmas with a sneeze, but it did occur to a friend of ours, who writes:

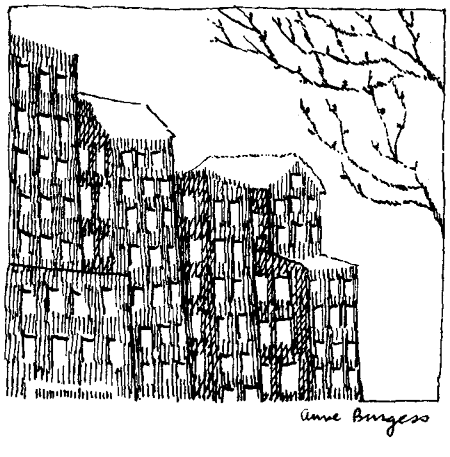
My mother when she sneezes says "The *bishop!*" and has for as long as I've known her. She stifles a sneeze as much as she can, but it has a pleasant, musical tone, like the call of a bird. My father's sneeze is impossible to represent phonetically. He delivers his with an open embouchure, head thrown back, and the tone, while not musical, is bold and triumphant. I once heard a similar sound on a *National Geographic* special but was out of the room, and when I got a look at the television screen that particular animal was gone and the show had moved on to another part of the jungle. My father is not orally inhibited, either. When he clears his throat, he produces a loud, sharp growl that, if you have your back to him, may make you jump and drop your knitting. When my mother clears her throat, you can see a little balloon appear over her head containing the word "ahem."

A person might think that these differences are based on sex—one masculine, one ladylike—but all of my mother's family sneezes like her, including her brothers, and my father's family sneezes like him. One of his sisters sneezes in a way that is thrilling to hear. She is a soft-spoken woman, but when she feels one coming she grabs on to a chair or a wall and makes a series of rhythmic cries, louder and louder, rising in pitch, culminating in the ecstatic crescendo, a ringing "Massa*chu*setts!" delivered from the chest, full voice, *bel sniso*. Dogs jump to their feet, cats dash to safety. "Oh, my, that felt good," she says. On my mother's side of the family, I think, they would prefer to do this in the bathroom behind closed door, though their sneezes are pretty well repressed to begin with. They sneeze "Per*mis*sion!" or "Sister!" but it's hard to make out the word, because they are covering up and trying to be unintelligible.

I refer here not to the sneezing that comes with a bad cold or hay fever but to the occasional sneeze, the recreational sneeze that the body works up simply to loosen the flesh, adjust the spinal column, jolt the brain, send a message to the extremities. My father sneezes every morning when he wakes up, and again when he walks into bright sunlight. When he has a cold, he is as miserable as anyone else.

Over the years, my own sneezes have loosened up somewhat. In company, I try to rein them in, because I know that people's attitudes vary—some enjoy a sneeze, and others immediately see the old hygiene-textbook picture of a man releasing a cloud of disease into the air—but when I'm alone I cut loose. I crouch, I spring up and make a move like an umpire calling a strike. I give voice to the sneeze. I make it as big as possible.

Not long ago, I walked out the door of my house on a clear, cold morning and was thinking pure business when, halfway across the porch, I felt that familiar pleasant wave in the chest—the magnetic field of the sneeze—and the long intake of breath and the pulsation in the head. I wound up, reared back, and delivered a sneeze worthy of Pavarotti—a six-syllable sneeze that sounded like "onomato*poe*ia!" On the accented syllable, I stamped my foot (*wham!*) on the wooden floor, and then the majestic cry (and *wham!*) came bouncing back to me off the house across the street. I thought, God bless you! I said good morning to the bunch of children who wait for their school bus on my corner. They appeared to be awestruck. I climbed into my car and drove off, and at the corner the stoplight turned a luminous green.



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Uptown with Mimi

SHORTLY after Linda Ronstadt, who is currently singing the part of Mimi in the New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theatre production of "La Bohème," expired during the last act in the arms of her lover (Rodolfo, played by the country singer Gary Morris), we accompanied her uptown to a very different kind of theatrical event. The Honor Legion of the Police Department of the City of New York, a voluntary fraternal organization that assists the widows and children of policemen who have been killed in the performance of duty, was having its 72nd Annual Night of Stars benefit.

In the car on the way up to the Shubert Theatre, where the Night of Stars had already begun, we asked Miss Ronstadt how she happened to become a supporter of the Honor Legion.

"Well, the first thing is that my brother Peter is the Chief of Police in Tucson, Arizona, where I grew up," she told us, with obvious pride. "The second thing is—well, I just like to do what I can for the police. I mean, when you *need* a policeman you *need* a policeman."

On our arrival at the Shubert's backstage entrance, a pair of autograph seekers darted up to Miss Ronstadt as fast as two trout hitting a fly when it lands on the surface of the water. Waving off a security guard who was trying to hustle her inside, Miss Ronstadt stopped and signed a crumpled program that one of her admirers offered, along with a ballpoint pen. Then, no sooner had she stepped through the backstage door than another fan, this time the doorkeeper, apologetically asked her for her autograph. Having obliged him as cheerfully as the others, Miss Ronstadt disappeared into a dressing room to freshen her makeup.

Heading down a narrow corridor that ran beneath the stage, we found ourself in a crowded and noisy locker-room area that contained a makeshift bar and a table with plates of canapés on it. The locker room was full of police in uniform, their side arms, clubs, and cannisters of Mace still dangling on their belts; plainclothes detectives; comedians; dancers; singers; and Honor Legionnaires, dressed for the occasion in tuxedos or Honor Legion blue blazers.

We introduced ourself to William (Abby) Abromaitis, the president of the Honor Legion—a portly man in a dinner jacket with a medallion inscribed with the Legion's motto, "Fidelis Ad Mortem," hanging around his neck on a striped ribbon. He was smoking a cigar—one of many that had considerably reduced visibility in the low-ceilinged room—and was busy coördinating the evening's events. During a brief lull in his supervisory activities, we asked him who besides Linda Ronstadt was on the evening's program. He told us that the Night of Stars had been kicked off by a color guard of representatives from the Honor Legion, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America, and the Pipes and Drums of the Police Department's Emerald Society. Later, there had been a Broadway dance piece performed by eighteen members of the New York Dancing Broadway Cheerleaders, a female dance group, which had opened with a pom-pom bit and concluded with a kick line.

As Mr. Abromaitis began to list some of the other acts for us—among them singers, standup comics, and ex-Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—a man next to him chimed in, "And I want to tell you, those Cheerleaders really brought the house down!" The speaker identified himself as Mel Kamenshine, who, with Len Crifo, directs the New York Dancing Broadway Cheerleaders. He summoned several of his dancers, who were standing nearby sipping soft drinks from plastic cups, and introduced them to us. They were wearing white leotards trimmed with gold and emblazoned across the chest with the legend "New York." (For their performance, they had also worn white satin bow ties and derbies decorated with gold sequins.) "Each one of these girls was chosen in competition," Mr. Kamenshine said.

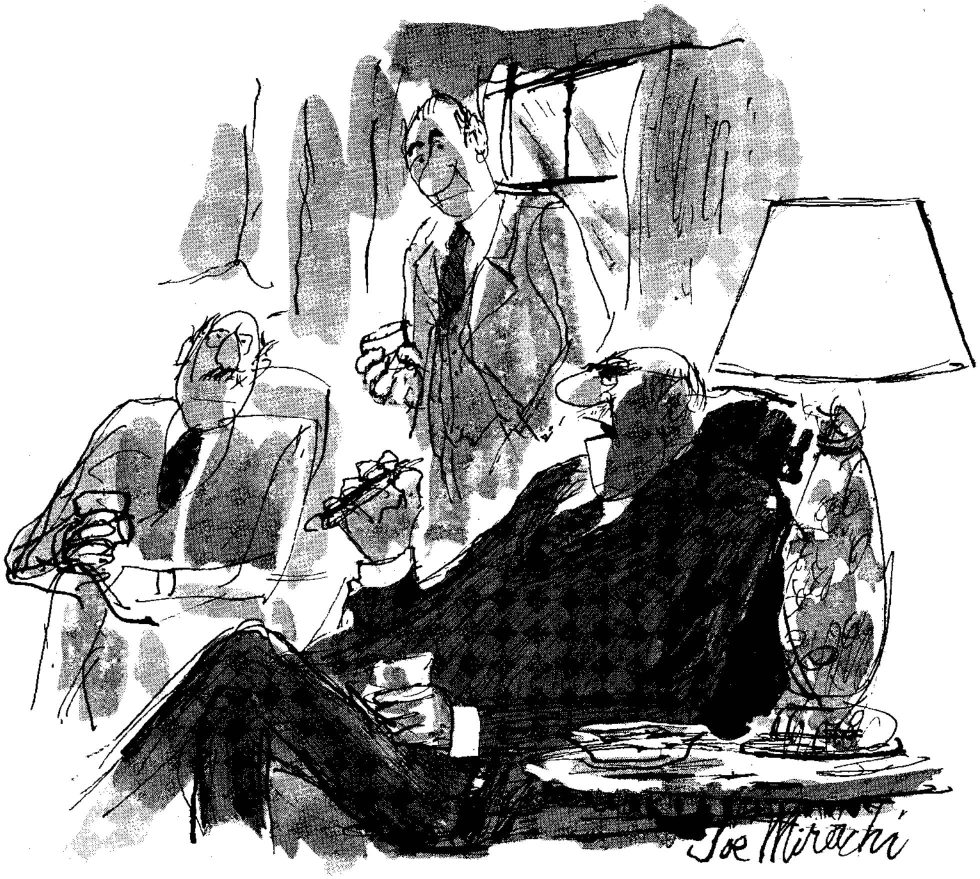
When we asked one of the young dancers what kinds of places the troupe usually performed in, she gave a squeal of laughter and replied, "We'll go anywhere."

Looking somewhat dissatisfied with this answer, Mr. Kamenshine added, in a grave manner, "You should know that the Cheerleaders are the official New York boosting group. They've been christened by Mayor Koch."

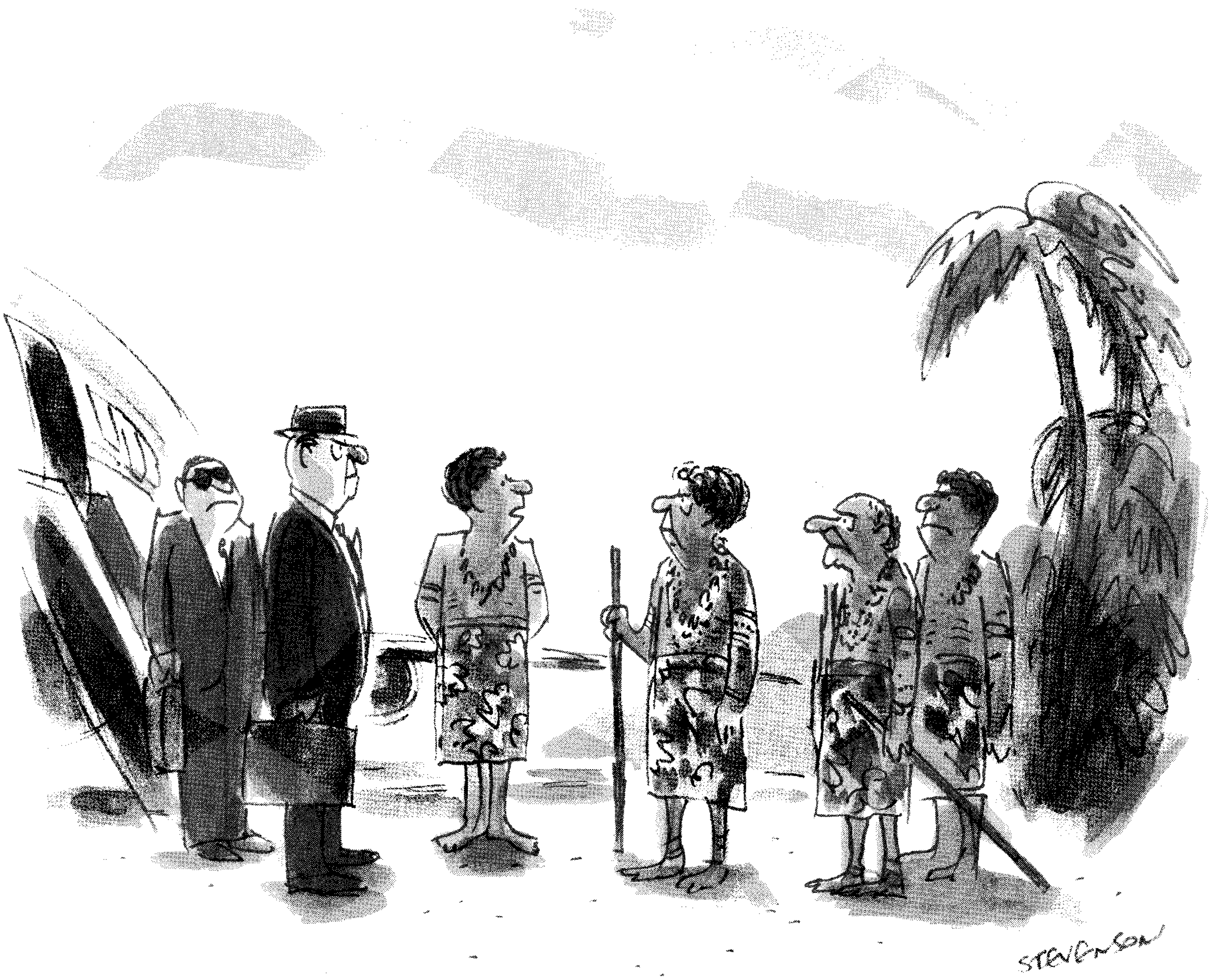
Next, we came upon Captain Walter C. Melnick, Commanding Officer of the Police Department's hundred-and-fifty-five-member Mounted Unit; and Janet Greco, one of the unit's women members—there are five. Both were in full equestrian garb, minus their horses. Melnick's cap was topped off with a bright-green Irish hackle, and he told us that this was a decoration of the Emerald Society Pipes and Drums.

Just as we bade Captain Melnick goodbye, a man in a blue shirt and green trousers, with a bunch of keys clipped to his belt loop, yelled down the crowded hallway, "Hey, Bernie! Linda Ronstadt's here! There's no way I'm going home now!"

As if on cue, Miss Ronstadt emerged from her dressing room, wearing a long black lace dress with a velvet bodice, and old-fashioned high-button boots, which she had worn for "La Bohème." Mr. Abromaitis hurried to her side and escorted her upstairs to the stage wings while a performer named Steve Elmore was singing "Some Enchanted Evening." In an enthusiastic whisper, Mr. Abromaitis introduced Miss Ronstadt to his daughter Deborah, who, he an-



"Then I realized I could buy and sell him, so I bought him and sold him. And I didn't feel a damn bit better."



"The Ambassador says he does not care what we have heard—he speaks for both Secretary Weinberger and Secretary Shultz."

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nounced, was going to begin doing undercover work for the Department's Narcotics Division the very next day. As the two women shook hands, an Honor Legion photographer, wearing a red jacket printed with hundreds of small white anchors, snapped a flash photograph.

When Miss Ronstadt finally walked out onstage, she was greeted warmly by the audience. Then, instead of a Puccini aria, she broke into "I've Got a Crush on You," the 1928 Gershwin song that she recently recorded with Nelson Riddle and his orchestra. After receiving an ovation, she settled herself down in front of the microphone for a moment, and then she told the audience she would like to dedicate her next song to both the Police Department of the City of New York and her brother, whom she described as "one of the best and bravest policemen in the whole wide world." Gazing out across the darkened theatre, where the families of policemen who had been killed sat watching, she began her classic rendition of the song "Desperado": "Desperado, why don't you come to your senses? . . . Better let somebody love you before it's too late."

Trip

HOLD on! You're a passenger on a spaceship travelling a thousand miles a minute through the dark void—the *cold* dark void—of outer space. No, really. It's Spaceship Earth. Who's that over by the dashboard? Some colorfully dressed members of tribes from several continents, Eskimos included; Bill Johnson, who won the gold medal in downhill skiing at Sarajevo (and once stole a car); Newton; and another guy—maybe Erasmus. And what are they drinking? A lot of them are drinking powdered soft drinks from General Foods—Kool-Aid, Crystal Light, and Country Time lemonade. Not all of them—and they drank a little less than they were supposed to this summer, but that was partly because of the cool weather. Next year, they'll drink more.

Last fall, when General Foods assembled its independent food brokers during their annual convention, it showed a film starring Mr. T, who wore a K (for Kool-Aid) Team T-shirt and crushed the cans of competitors. "We're going to murder Minute Maid," Mr. T remarked then. "We're going to wallop Wyler's." This year, General Foods rented the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History, hired Meeting Makers, an extravaganza firm, and concentrated on the theme Reach Beyond the Stars.

The show began in standard fashion. A planetarium-voiced narrator took those assembled on a group tour of the solar system—out past Mars, our nearest neighbor (“There are no gondolas on Martian canals”), on through the asteroid belt, and past the giant planets—and then out toward the other stuff, farther away, such as the Crab nebula. Some motivational enthusiasm was mixed with the objective science. (“Our imaginations driving at full creative force, we’ve now outstripped the speed of light.”) Galileo and some ancients made a brief appearance on the dome, and they were followed, on the planetarium floor, by Robert Sansone, the head of General Foods’ Beverage division, who rose to say that until recently powdered soft drinks existed in a flat, two-dimensional universe but then found a third dimension and began selling like anything. A picture of Mary Lou Retton flashed on the ceiling. Mr. Sansone likes the explorer James Cook, because Cook, not content with going where no man had gone before, wanted to “go the furthest man can go.” Along these lines, a product called Crystal Light was one of 1984’s most successful new grocery products, but some people still drank other things.

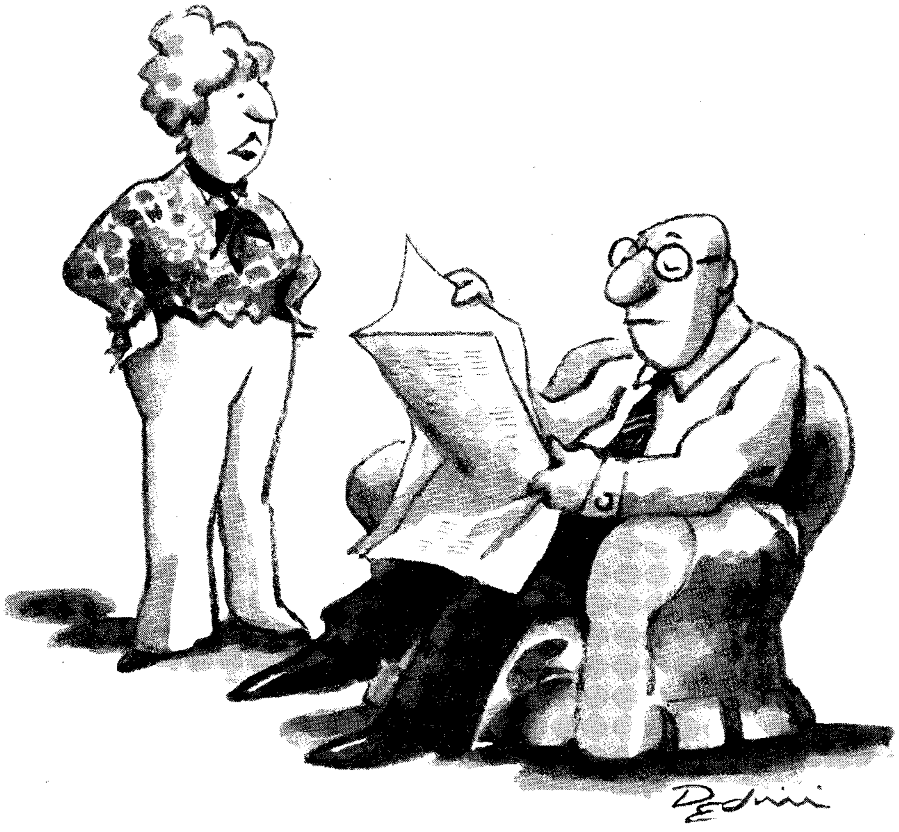
After everybody had been taken on a short side trip to a supernova, where a laser replicated the effect of knuckling your eyeballs, Rick Wesolowski, national sales manager and, by his own account, a man who “spells beverage with a capital ‘B,’ ” made reference to Reggie Jackson and the Green Bay Packers, and said that he and his colleagues in the Beverage Division “don’t intend to act like a horse’s butt, but we do intend to be unreasonable men.” The last stage of the voyage was a stop at a planet identical to our own but, for some reason, at the far end of the galaxy. It was homier than the Crab nebula but not so grand.

Small Mischief

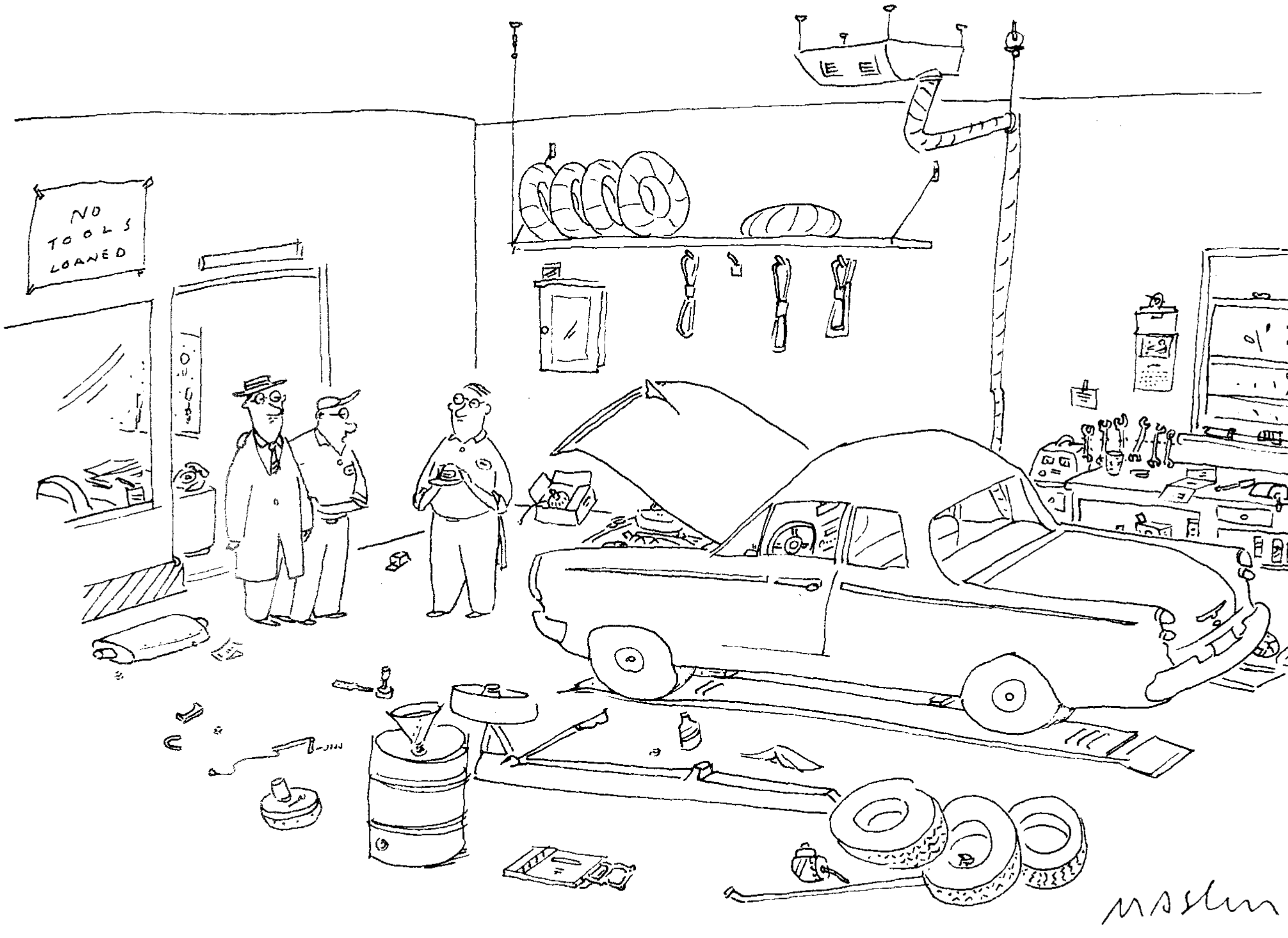
“THERE were no children’s books before the eighteenth century, really, because there were no children,” Gerald Gottlieb, the curator of Early Children’s Books at the Morgan Library, told us during a recent visit we made to a newly opened exhibit called “Small Mischief: Evil Doings and Odd Disasters in Early Children’s Books.” “Before 1740, children were regarded as pint-size adults. Then, when the industrial revolution produced a new, affluent middle class, children became a vehicle for the demonstration of this recently acquired wealth. They were dressed and tailored, taught manners, and considered to be susceptible to reason. They were given books of fairy stories, cautionary tales, and fantastic adventures. They were warned against the hazards of rough play and taught the importance of good behavior.”

We were chatting with Mr. Gottlieb in the main hall of the original Library—a baronial book-lined room with an elaborate coffered ceiling, a massive marble fireplace, and a number of glass cases housing the exhibit. He told us that he and his assistant, Mary-Parke Johnson, had selected sixty-six examples from the Morgan’s vast collection of more than six thousand children’s books, to illustrate the nature of early literature of this sort through the main themes of mischief, catastrophe, and proper behavior. All the books in the exhibit are rare, and some of them—a 1621 “Tom Thumbe,” say, and the 1695 Perrault manuscript of “Ma Mère L’Oye”—are unique, but Mr. Gottlieb, a tweedy, professorial type with gray hair and brown eyes, told us that he had really put the show together for fun. “I have the philosophy that before you can inform, you have to delight,” he said, “and it gives me a great deal of pleasure to watch people actually laughing out loud when they look at some of our odd and amusing illustrations.”

While Mr. Gottlieb was arranging a few last-minute details, we surveyed the exhibit, and discovered that it was divided into a series of broad, rather tongue-in-cheek categories: “Making Them Behave,” “Forms of Combat,” “Hazardous Play,” “Odd Disasters,” “Odder Disasters,” “Disobedience and Its Fruits,” “The Wages of Sin,” “Accomplices in Mischief,” and “Pure Evil.” Chronologically, the books ranged from a rhyming French guide to manners which was printed in 1487 (the author took a dim view of talking with a full mouth and eating from the common pot with dirty fingernails) to such classics of the nineteen-thirties as “Babar en Famille” and “The Story of Ferdinand” (open to the page showing him sitting down on an angry bee). The earliest books were small and rather crudely printed (until the nineteenth century, publishers assumed that tiny readers needed both tiny books and tiny print), but many of the later ones were sumptuously illustrated. We were particularly struck by



“Leonard, I’d like very much to get in touch with you if it’s humanly possible.”



"This is Mr. Feldon—the next of kin."

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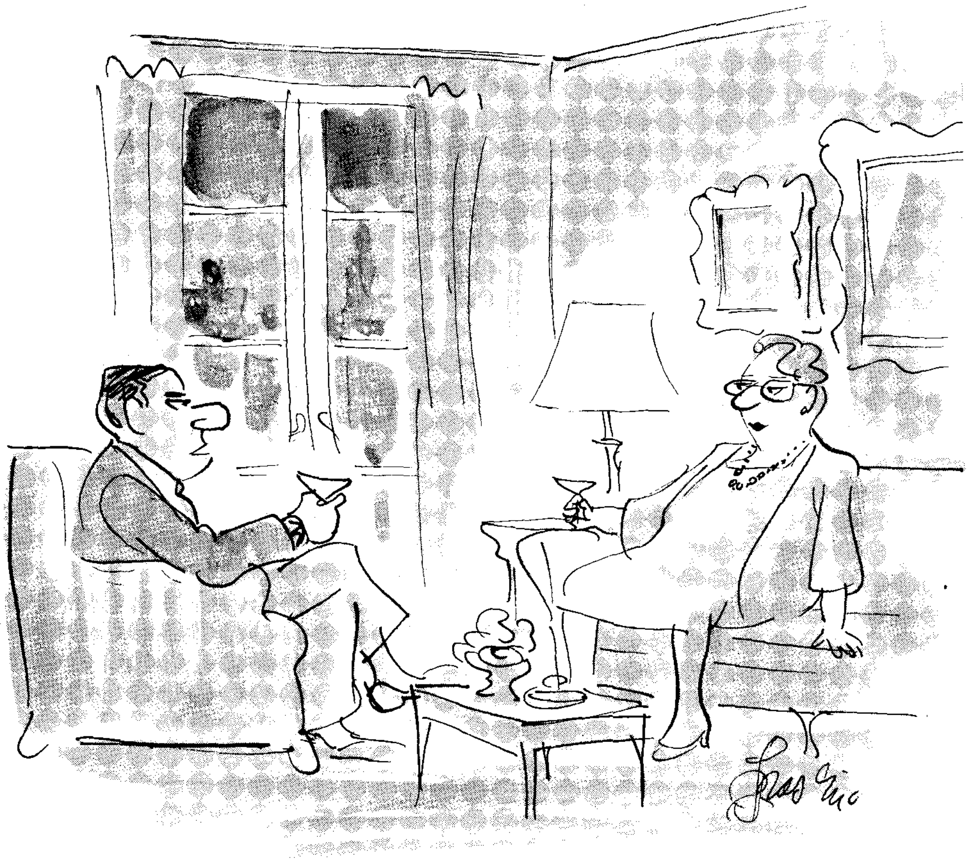
the famous Doré etching of a suavely sinister wolf in a mobcap sharing his bed with Little Red Riding Hood; by Edwin Lear's illustration of the Old Man with a Beard ("Two owls and a hen, 4 larks and a wren" were shown nesting in hirsute splendor); and by an 1808 picture from "Blue Beard; or the Fatal Effects of Curiosity and Disobedience," showing an astonished wife contemplating the neatly tagged heads of her six predecessors.

When we asked Mr. Gottlieb to show us some of his favorites, he took us to the section marked "Odd Disasters" and indicated a small black-and-white woodcut—the title page of the 1621 "Tom Thumbe," which, he told us, was the earliest surviving printed nursery tale in English. "Stories about small people go back in oral tradition to the Middle Ages, and perhaps to the Romans," he said. "The stories were probably based on dwarfs—in fact, Tom is called King Arthur's dwarf in the book. This woodcut illustrates, in almost comic-book form, several incidents from his life. When Tom plays under a thistle, a cow accidentally swallows him. When he climbs on the edge of a mixing bowl, he falls into a pudding and is baked with it. When he helps his father in the fields, a crow carries him off." We looked at a tiny gouache, from Perrault's "Ma Mère L'Oye," that was the first known picture of Red Riding Hood and the wolf. ("The aristocrats at the court of Louis XIV amused themselves by relating fairy tales, many of which they had learned from their nurses," said Mr. Gottlieb. "But Perrault, a civil servant, was the first person to write them down. He dedicated this manuscript to Elisabeth Charlotte d'Orléans, the King's niece, in 1695.") Then we saw a delicate Beatrix Potter sketch of rabbits merrily engaged in a snowball fight, a picture of the Three Bears dancing around a table as a pair of feet shot out of the window ("The original visitor in this 1837 version was a little old lady. Goldilocks came later"), and a hilarious 1899 parody of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, in which young Khufu ignores the warning of the sacred cats, smokes his father's pipe, and gets sick ("The interesting thing here is the small sign at the bottom which says 'The Chief Minister of Sanitation has declared smoking to be hazardous to your health' "). We next examined a series of vividly illustrated accidents—boys falling out of trees, a boy shooting his sister by mistake, a boy whose hair catches fire from a candle, a boy killing his mother with a carelessly thrown rock. Mr. Gottlieb pointed out a small book published in 1808 with the title "Dangerous Sports. A Tale. Addressed to Children. Warning Them Against Wanton, Careless, or Mischievous Exposure to Situations, from Which Alarming Injuries So Often Proceed." "Life was quite dangerous in the early nineteenth century, and children who lived past infancy were regarded as survivors," he said. "They were precious, and they had to be thoroughly warned about the consequences of thoughtless behavior. Children's books have traditionally been treated with disdain by adults, because many of the early ones were written by hack writers and were sometimes printed somewhat sloppily. But it has been said that the best way to learn about another era is not from the great writers but from those that are second-



"Who are you tonight—Cagney or Lacey?"

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rate. Great writers transcend their times, but second-rate writers are mired in theirs. So if you look carefully at these books you will catch fascinating glimpses of the joys and sorrows of growing up in a world that is very remote from the one we live in."

Three Churches

AT 155th Street and Broadway, in northwest Harlem, the Church of the Intercession sits on a rise above the Hudson. For many decades, when Harlem was a suburb for upper-middle-class New Yorkers, this was a branch of Wall Street's Trinity Church. When parishioners died, they could be ferried upriver and buried in the graveyard that surrounds the big stone building; an enormous cross marks the grave of John James Audubon, and more ordinary headstones commemorate Charles Dickens' son Alfred D'Orsay Tennyson Dickens, who died in New York in 1912, while he was on a lecture tour; and Clement Clark Moore, author of one of the language's most famous opening lines—" 'Twas the night before Christmas." The organ that is now in the vast Episcopal sanctuary resounded until 1961 in St. Paul's Chapel: it has seventy ranks of pipes (eight thousand pipes in all), rising three stories into the tower above the chancel, which produce a sound majestic but not ponderous, suggesting a great mountain in the late afternoon when the sun moves fast across it, touching first one ridge and then another. "The organ was built in the classical style, which means it is intended to focus on the music of Bach and Handel, but, with its various color stops, it can deal handsomely with anything from early music to contemporary," William Randolph, Jr., the church's organist, told us. "Since we are a black parish, on any given Sunday I might well begin with one of the Bach chorale preludes and end up with a gospel arrangement from Andraé Crouch."

"This is going to be something of a sight," Arnold Clark, of the Harlem Visitors and Convention Association, said quietly as he led some three hundred visitors to his community, many of them small older women shod in sensible boots against a winter rain, out of the Intercession sanctuary and along the street toward the two other churches on the tour. The group, which had been organized by the Friends of Central Park, walked slowly through Sugar Hill: past the housing projects that stand on the site of the old Polo Grounds; past the white limestone mansion that was once the home of Anthony Bailey, of "Barnum &" fame; past the yellow house where Alexander Hamilton lived until Aaron Burr put an end to all that; and past Striver's Row, the two blocks of remarkable row houses where those on the way up in Harlem lived, and live still. Eventually, the group reached the Mother A.M.E. Zion Church, on 137th Street near Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard, which becomes Seventh Avenue to the south. Founded in 1796, near what is now the World Trade Center, the A.M.E. Zion congregation is the city's oldest black organization—antedating the Abyssinian Baptist Church by a good twelve years, Brother Dabney Montgomery, a church steward, told us with just a trace of pride in his voice. Sojourner Truth belonged to the congregation, and for twenty-five years Paul Robeson's brother preached there; in fact, we met a pleasant woman in a blue dress who was introduced to us as the singer's niece, and who still attends the church. The organ console at A.M.E. Zion sits in a choir loft one story directly above the altar, and the back of the organist, Solomon Heriott, Jr., can be seen from any seat in the sanctuary. Your average Bach passage involves a lot of sliding along the bench in search of pedals, so that even if Heriott weren't much good he would be fun to watch. But he is good—he plays with fire and grace, and the low notes shake the wood-and-plaster church with a shudder so resonant, sympathetic, and close to total that the A train could drive down the center aisle and you'd hardly notice.

By the time we left this sanctuary, night had fallen, and the rain rippled puddles lit by street lamps as we walked toward All Saints Church, at 129th and Madison. All Saints, which is among the largest of seven Catholic parishes in Harlem, gives the impression of a lofty cathedral; though the darkness robbed the stained-glass windows of their effect, it permitted candlelight to bounce off the shine of carved, open-backed oak pews and cast shadows on the vast reaches of a beamed ceiling. And here, it turned out, we were greeted with music and with coffee and cake. As we filed in, soggy and cold and a little tired, the combined ladies' and girls' gospel choir began to sing "God Is So Beautiful," a hushed song just right for evening.

TOOTH AND PAW

(IN STILL ANOTHER EPISODE OF "NATURE," CREATURES OF THE PACHYSANDRA BELT STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL)

IN the thick, close-cropped veldt of tall fescue, running fescue, perennial ryegrass, and Kentucky bluegrass (no more than 0.5% weeds, guaranteed), the squirrel is foraging, picking its head up every few seconds to check for predators. Unseen by the squirrel, the Millers' dog—a loose-jointed labrador—begins her stalk, hiding in the shadow of the station wagon. Slowly she narrows the distance between herself and her prey. When the squirrel dips its head for an acorn the dog begins her rush, and the squirrel, hearing the beat on the earth of canine paws, turns without looking and flees.

From behind the barbecue, the camera follows the chase. The dog's jaws, unfortunately flawed by an overbite that makes her useless for the show ring, close on air as the squirrel leaps for the maple tree. Free, the squirrel chatters news of its escape to the other animals in the Millers' yard. In the kitchen, the peace and serenity of the Millers' breakfast is broken by barks of outraged disbelief.

It is a daily drama on the lawn, this dance of predator and prey, this minuet of eater (with any luck) and eaten, this stepping of the dog on her own feet. Over the aeons, the hunter and the hunted contribute to each other's evolution. Indeed, it is said that the dog makes the squirrel swift and the squirrel makes the dog furious.

This is the true face of the lawn—not soft and green, but prickly and sort of brown in spots, a fitting stage for the struggle for life. Beneath each blade of fescue occur a myriad of mini-dramas, sometimes even a mini-series, which, with good microscopic photography, display all the variety, beauty, and ugliness that make this planet such a great source of television shows. A lawn, particularly the Millers' lawn, is not just grass. It is also decayed leaves. It is clover, ferns, and myrtle. It is crabgrass and dandelions. And soon, if the southwest corner is not sprayed with Agent Orange, it will be nothing but Japanese knotweed, the bamboolike arboretum escapee that inspired the movie "The Day of the Triffids" and is known to botanists as the cockroach of the vegetable kingdom.

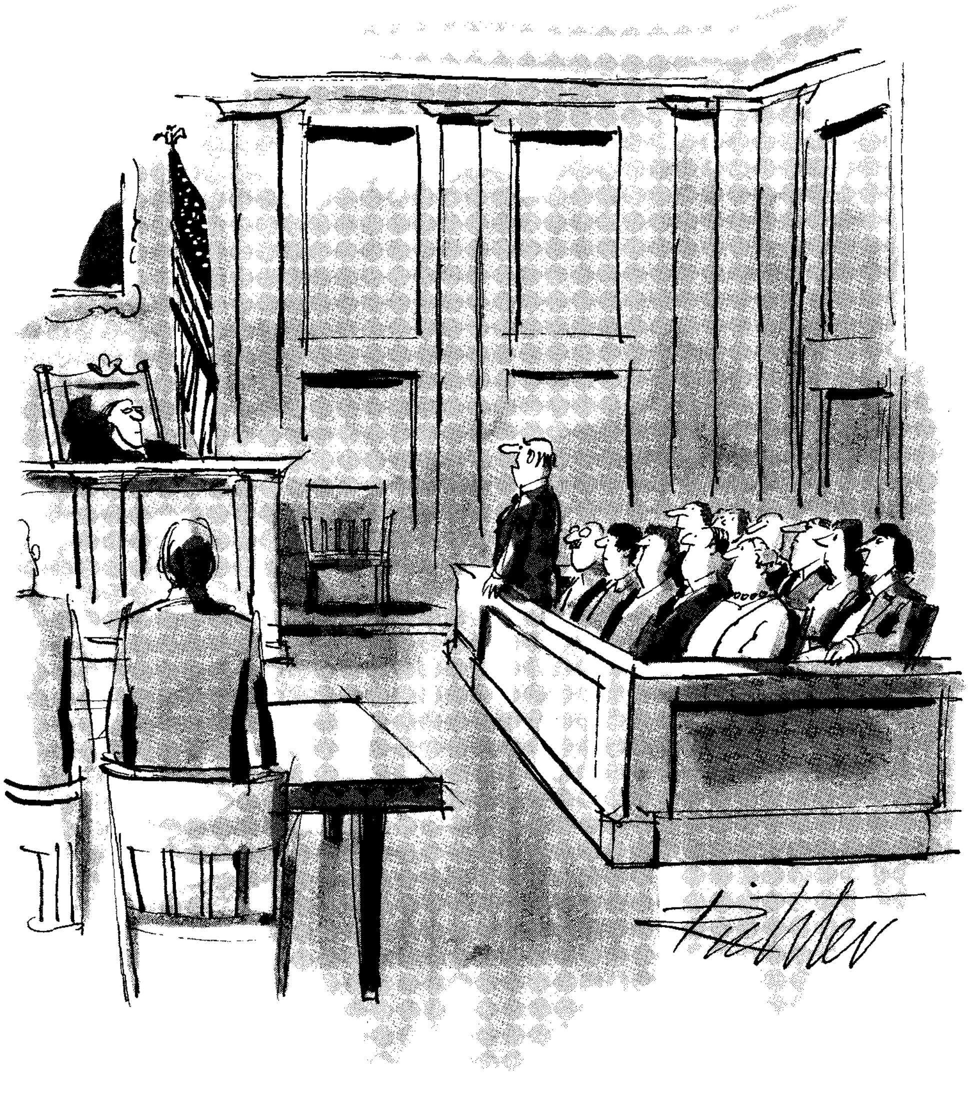
A lawn is not only plants. It is worms—large, slimy night crawlers that come out to mate on a spring evening and that, in their hermaphroditic pairings (each worm is, like the ideal suburban family, a boy and a girl), make the paltry imaginings of the bards of suburban sexuality pale before the reality of segmented invertebrates. A lawn is not only worms. It is also fleas in the thundering millions, each able to live two years without a meal and leap tall dogs in a single bound. It is an ecologically and narratively rich mixture of spiders and flies, ants and centipedes; it is liverworts, rusts, and smuts; it is lost pennies and toy soldiers and old lollipop sticks. It is the croquet wicket that got caught in the mower. And, of course, a lawn is birds.

Across the carpet of the suburban veldt the robin hops, warily surveying the lawn for predators. Near the station wagon, ever hopeful (why, we cannot say), the dog begins her Sisyphean stalk. Just as she passes the car's front bumper, the robin finds a worm. The bird struggles to tear the annelid from the earth, and the dog, again responding to her ancient instincts, leaps and stumbles into action.

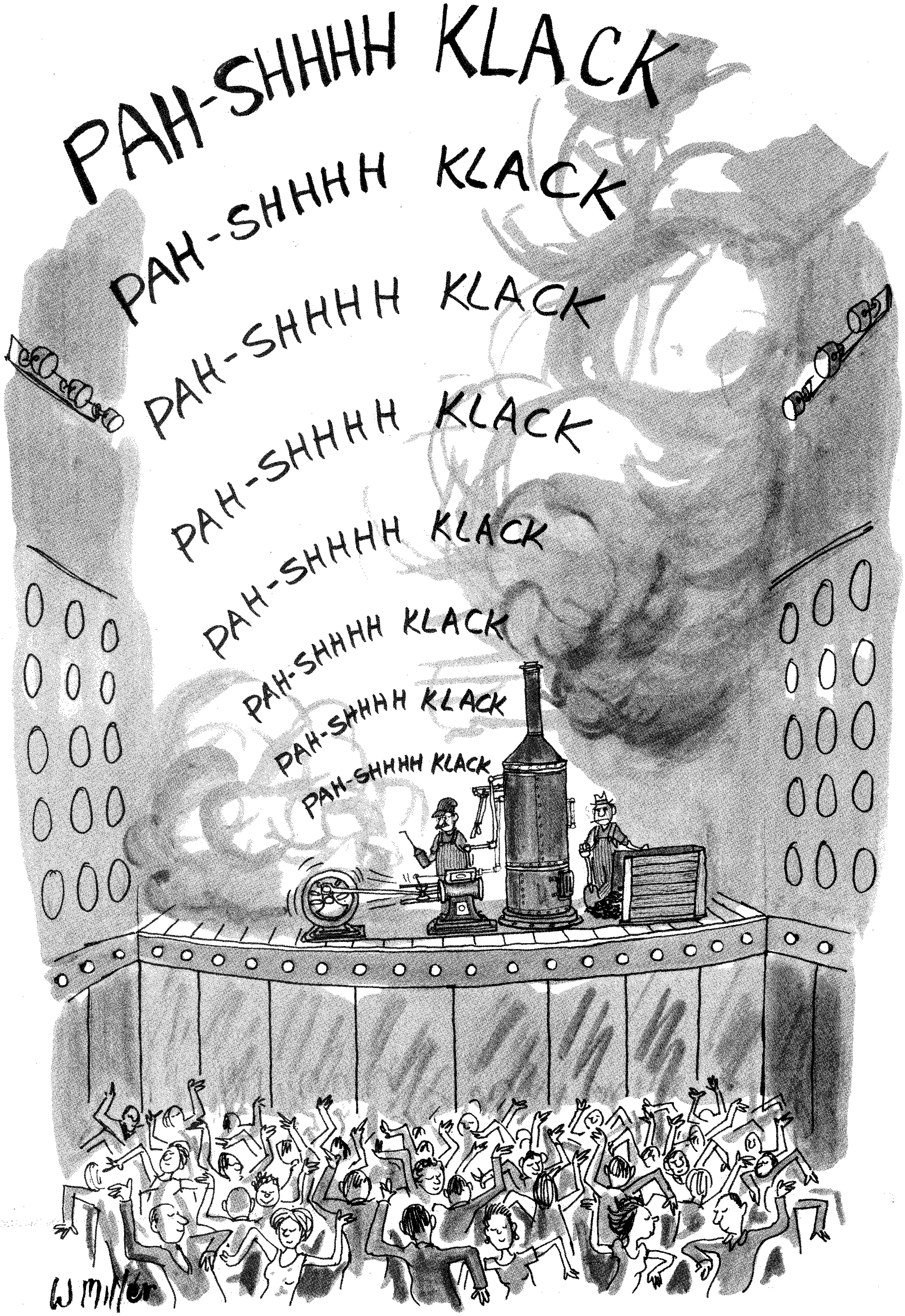
The reality is perhaps too gory to be seen, but then maybe not. It is, after all, the gory of nature, and not of "The A-Team." Eat or be eaten, and sometimes both, is the law of the lawn, and of public television. The worm breaks in two. The robin takes off with its half (the boy) just as the dog's hungering, ill-met jaws close on the familiar air.

Once more, the bark of the dog is heard, and the Millers shudder over their cereal. Sheba has missed her kill—again. Until she catches something the television crew won't go. But she has never caught anything. They may never leave—caught, like wayward flies, in this sticky little corner of the web of life, the Millers' lawn.

—JAMES GORMAN



"We find the defendant guilty of pride, covetousness, lust, envy, gluttony, anger, and sloth."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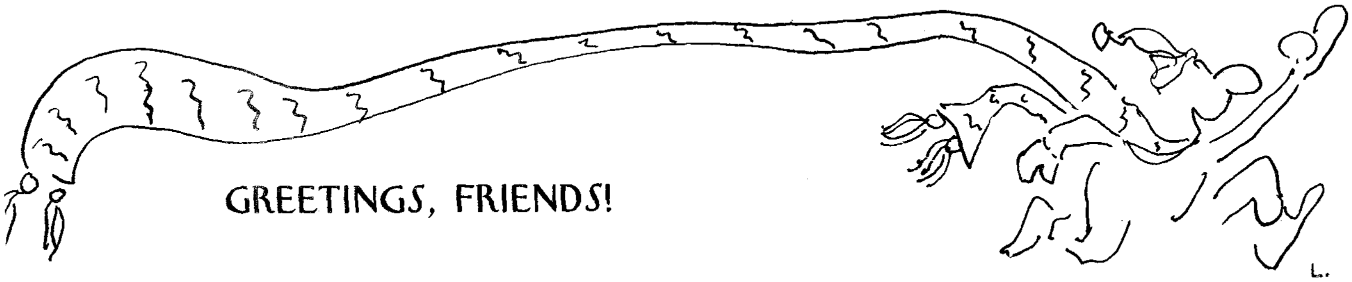


GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Fair reader, wake! It's us once more,
Ensconced unasked at your front door:
Bing-bong! Arise! Unhit the hay!
Descend, good friend, and greet the Day!
It's Christmas, pal—that old sweet news—
And here to speed it stands your muse
With his calliope of rhyme
To warm your heart in wintertime,
And wish you and your neighbors well
On the occasion of Noël.
Now, far friends all, may we agree
To start this hoary shivaree
With Christmas hugs for Pope John Paul,
O-Lan Shepard, and Lesley Stahl?
Why, bless us, yes, and here are kisses
For Garry Trudeau and the missus,
Salman Rushdie, Harriet Doerr,
Rajiv Gandhi, and Dinah Shore;
Plus *abrazos* meant to convey our
Love to Sr. Pérez de Cuéllar,
And Yule high-fives to lay upon
Folks like Akeem Olajuwon,
Cyndi Lauper, Horatio Luro,
The Bandos (Sal and Tamasaburo),
Tom Lasorda and the Dodgers,
And Kenny and Mister Rogers!
Your benisons, good readers, on
Our re-triumphant leader, Ron;
And may some Yuley exit poll
Find joy abroad to keep us whole,
And peace and hopeful augur fall
On us from this inaugural.
But save a few magnificats
To cheer the frazzled Democrats,
And perhaps a carol that befits
Our warm farewells to Joan and Fritz.
May I confess an inner kinship
With Fred Astaire and Thomas Winship,
And a chronic covert glow
For Eddie Murphy, Richard Snow,
Antonia Fraser, Philip Larkin,
And Iowa Senator Tom Harkin?
Our first resolve on this New Year
Is happiness for Norman Lear,
And gladsome tidings to accrue to
Phyllis Rose and Bishop Tutu;
A tree, of course, is what we wish
For Henry Stern, the Parks Commish,
And carillons to fill the Duomo
For Mario and Matilda Cuomo!
Come, Quentin Bell and Robert Towers,
Peal forth good will in tuneful showers
On chaps we care for—viz., e.g.,
E. H. Gombrich, Ming Cho Lee,
Daryl Hannah, Razor Shines,
Madonna, Prince, and Greg'ry Hines!
Waits, let's hear some old-time hooey
To please the Kuhn who's known as Bowie,
And raise a roar to shake the Geigers
In honor of the mighty Tigers.
You choirboys, sound a lissome litany
For Pina Bausch and Morgan Brittany,
Gerry Ferraro, Wally Haas,
Mia Farrow, and Peter Maas;
Adeste, lads, in loud descant
For Kathleen Weil-Garris Brandt,
And with mellifluence enfold
Shimon Peres and Slew o' Gold!
Step in the kitchen, friends, I pray,
And plot the feast that makes the Day,
Where long before we dress up we
Can help with sauce and recipe,
Anticipating (what can match it!)
Dining à la Mrs. Cratchit.
Let's knead the dough for fragrant breads
With Julia Child and Talking Heads;
Max Apple and John Candy can
Take turns as baker's handyman
And learn to churn the mixing bowl
With Thomas Hearns and Lizzie Dole.
With Joe Papp and Joe Heller, we
Can watch while Linda Ellerbee
Puts up our gingerbready house
With caramel and Lindsay Crouse,
And Nelson Vails and Sarah Vaughan
Spread icing o'er its trees and lawn,
And Sally Field and Graham Greene
Strew M&M's upon the scene.
Quick now, go fetch the brothers Mahre
To stick each dot and gummy bear
Upon the shingled nonpareils
Put on the roof by Bill Parcells!
Come closer, dears, as we prepare
To put in place, with trembling care,
This tiny Santa in his sled,
With reindeer made of gingerbread,
Atop the rooftree . . . Yay, it's done!
Felicitations, everyone!
Let Christmas start! Come light the tree
With Joan Benoit and minstrelsy,
With song and dance and Kyra Nichols,
And presents and Christina Pickles,
With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke,
And Sissela and Derek Bok,
Chris Durang, Ornella Muti—
God bless us, gang, and Doug Flutie!

Friends, put by this sad year's weathers;
Keep eyes upon the thing with feathers!
At early dawn this Christmas morn,
Lift Levolor on hopes reborn;
May winter sun slant more brightly
And pains of earth lie on us lightly,
So the forecast from your dormer
Says only: "Peace. Fair and warmer."

—Roger Angell

GRANT OF EASEMENT

THE magpies were drawn to construction. There was something piratical in their black eyes and intent, lilting flight. Perhaps they liked the glitter of tenpenny nails driven into red tarpaper, or the flaxen sawdust billowing from the blade of the table saw, or the bolts buried like coins in the pickup's muddy tire tracks. Perhaps they simply liked the mess—the stray work glove stranded in the innermost coil of a bale of chicken wire, the shavings swept into heaps, the heaps left to unravel in the wind, the oil drums brimming with junk.

The magpies lived in the cottonwoods down along the river, and the house was set into the bluff a quarter mile away. The magpies traversed the quarter mile in fits and starts, flirting from tree to tree in Sandoval's orchard, the small apples rocking where the birds lit and sometimes thudding to the ground. Sandoval's asthmatic old dog lifted his nose and gazed hopelessly at the magpies, each one a merciless tease. Sandoval himself, ignoring the birds, would sit bent over on his wooden crate polishing an apple in his lap, hundreds of other apples, ranked by desirability, radiating out from his unlaced work boots, the most nearly perfect apples touching his scuffed toes, those with worms or bruises several inches away. Sandoval had no ladder, and because he was a miser no real wish to borrow one; borrowing was the first link in a chain of favors that would bind him to neighbors he had kept his distance from all his life. His trees had been trained into crippled scrolls of twigs, borne on dwarfed trunks of pale gray or olive in which the pruning scars were old and crude. In the rafts of clipped branches throughout the orchard, there was no apple too high for Sandoval to reach. Now the fretful shapes were obscured by shifting leaves, and Sandoval sat in their shadow. Burnishing and sorting, Sandoval passed an hour. He was so old that an afternoon was nothing to him. It passed in apples.

Jenny's husband, who was doing the renovations on their house himself and had so far finished only the kitchen, went down the hill when he wanted eggs for their breakfast. The old man's chickens were glossy and industrious, filing down the ramp of the henhouse to forage, their napes pulsing as they surveyed the warm dust, the barren rosebushes planted by Sandoval's long-dead wife, the remote pyramid of the woodpile. At dusk, Old Man Sandoval fed them from his wife's apron, a horizontal sail weighted at its center; he tried to fend off the boldest hens and reach the shyer, lagging ones. Their eggs were fawn or nearly yellow or a mild graham-cracker brown, often curiously dimpled. Sometimes bits of straw were pasted to the shells, or insect wings, or an occasional trim dark feather. The first time he went down the road after eggs, Sam took two dollars, and the old man agreed with him that that was fair for a dozen. Sam carried his paper bag up the slope to Jenny, who was just awake. Barelegged, unbrushed, in running shorts and a torn black leotard, she counted the eggs out onto the bright butcher block of the counter Sam had finished the week before. On the un-nicked wood, ten eggs rocked or spun slowly and then grew still, anchored to their reflections. Jenny laughed softly over her shoulder.

"That can't be," Sam said.

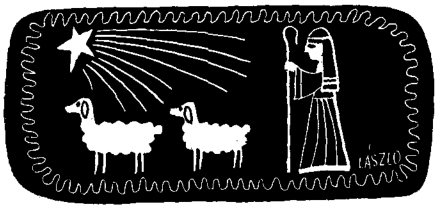
"Only ten," Jenny said; she liked it that Sam had been taken.

"Do you think he's so old he lost count? Did you know he can't even read?"

"He told you that?"

"He told me that."

"He was softening you up," Jenny said. "He can certainly count. He cheated you." She liked it, but she didn't want it to happen to Sam again. They were the only Anglos in the neighborhood; all around them were Spanish families who had held on to their scraps of elaborately subdivided land, and that, Jenny thought, took cunning. She didn't want to go up against cunning like that. It was a risk, moving into the country; it was a risk that you would be isolated by your relatively great wealth from your neighbors, watched, and, when you left your house, selectively stolen from. It was a risk that you would have to island yourself in with deadbolt locks and alarms, and she didn't want that to happen, or even to begin to happen. She would have to keep an eye on Sam for signs of weakness, for he had a heart more generous than hers. She often thought that of the two of them Sam was the truly married one. There was Sam, a husband to the marrow of his bones, and there was Jenny: people meeting her rarely assumed that Jenny was anyone's wife. In fact, she was a little offended if they did. Marriage often seemed to require one who was solid and reliable and one who gave the impression of not quite being bound or faithful, for whom fewer things were givens and about whom a great deal less could safely be taken for granted. That one was Jenny. She wasn't faithful even now, when they were on the brink of buying the house and so much was riding, in a sense, on fidelity. She was having an affair with a married Jewish surgeon in Santa Fe who had fallen into a state of unrelenting gentle depression because Jenny would now be twenty-seven miles away and their hours together would be harder to come by. He had assumed it was the end. She didn't know. Maybe it was. She and Sam hadn't made love in weeks. She generally took that as a sign she ought to end whatever affair or flirtation she was involved in—when it began to erode that private terrain she thought of as hers and Sam's. Sam had drawn a charmed circle around their marriage; inside it was Jenny's narrower circle.



She rolled an egg along the counter, and Sam caught it and cracked it into the skillet. "I don't mind that he did that," he said. "I think it's funny."

"There's something you don't get, Sam."

"What's that?" A second egg, broken airily, the parted halves bound for a moment by strands.

"He won't like you if you let it happen again. It's impossible to really like someone you can take advantage of," Jenny said.

A third egg skated across the black iron pan. "Why not?"

"It just is. Like it's impossible to be generous to a miser; some quality of miserliness rules it out. Sandoval wants to take things, not be given them. He doesn't see that the few pennies' difference could not possibly matter to you. In his eyes, pennies have to matter. So you're the loser."

"I'm feeling greedy," Sam said; he cracked a fourth egg. He collected the shells, nesting one inside another, and dropped them into the garbage can in the corner.

"Don't break the yolks, Sam."

"Maybe he needs the two dollars."

"He needs to know that you respect his eggs. He needs to know that more than he needs the two dollars. If you don't count them, it's as if they're not valuable to you. He's testing you, can't you see that?"

"I think that's what you see." A hissing from the skillet as Sam prodded with the spatula.

"Promise you won't go down there again unless you're going to count the eggs."

"Look, Jen, if he doesn't give me a dozen, I'll break his arthritic old arm for him. Good enough?"

Jenny stood softly shaking her head.

Respectful Attention

IT was fall, and there was still a great deal of unfinished business to do with the buying of the house. Jenny and Sam had a lease-purchase agreement, drawn up by their lawyer, allowing them to make any changes they wanted in the house, but in Jenny's eyes it was still only a glorified lease, and they'd sunk a lot of money into the renovations. The remaining problems were those invented, Jenny said to herself—*invented*—by the title company.

The last obstacle to closing had to do with obtaining a grant of easement. Easement in this case meant access to the land. The two women who were selling the house to Jenny and Sam had owned it for twenty years. They were aging cousins, distantly related to Sandoval, who had chosen to live together. The first time Jenny saw the inside of the house, there had been in their slightly vexed hospitality a quality she named later in the car for Sam: genteel poverty. Years ago, the two cousins had quieted the title, and essentially Jenny felt safe. She felt safe because the cousins badly wanted to sell the property, and they badly wanted to sell it to Jenny and Sam, not least because they wished whoever lived in the house to fill it with the sound of pattering little feet. Jenny hadn't disillusioned them. She didn't want children yet, but she didn't *not* want them. The other reason she felt safe was that you could always go to court and prove that there already existed, as access to the land, something known as prescriptive easement: a road to the house had been used by the people who lived there for years, so the consent of the neighbors to the use of the road was implied. But this wasn't the same, in the eyes of the title company, as a grant of easement, which must be signed by any neighbor along the road.

The neighbor at the bottom of the hill, owning land on both sides of the dirt road, orchards of long grass and crippled trees now beginning to lose their leaves, was Sandoval.

Jenny sat in the office of the title company with her fists in her lap. There was industrial carpeting on the floor and O'Keeffe's "Two Jimson Weeds" was on the wall. There were hand-glazed coffee cups for three. On the desk of the woman facing her was the survey of the land, the house, the road, and Sandoval's flanking orchards.

"Will Mr. Sandoval be agreeable?" Miss Levitt, the title-company woman, asked. "He's the only possible problem. The road crosses the *acequia*"—she tapped the minute bridge with the eraser of a pencil—"but the irrigation-ditch committee should be fine. You must get signatures from the president, the vice-president, and the secretary, all three. But they're used to that sort of thing. Now, what do you think of our Mr. Sandoval?"

"He's not ours," Jenny said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"There's no problem that I can see," Sam said, "except the small problem that Mr. Sandoval can't read."

"Mr. Sandoval can't read," Miss Levitt said. "Mr. Sandoval can*not* read, is that correct?"

"No, that is not correct," Jenny said. Sam looked at her. "Mr. Sandoval can read. It's only that he needs glasses."

"Glasses. Well, needing glasses doesn't give you any problems legally. As long as he has his glasses on when he reads the document." Miss Levitt pretended to settle a pair of invisible spectacles on her nose. She pretended to hold a paper up and muse along its lines. Jenny didn't like this; it was a violation of Miss Levitt's essential seriousness.

"And if he can't read, that gives us problems legally," Sam said.

"I should say so," Miss Levitt said. "Though I am not at all sure what the ex*tent* of your problems would be there."

"They could be bad, though."

"I wouldn't like to speculate on that," she said. "I don't get paid to speculate here. I'm not a lawyer. I think you must simply pursue your grant-of-easement agreement with Mr. Sandoval. You must simply obtain his signature as soon as possible, you see, and it must be witnessed by a notary public, of course. I think we could then set a date for closing. Sellers would be agreeable to that, I think. Sellers seem most flexible."

"We're all flexible," Sam said. "As it happens."

Miss Levitt cleared her throat. "That should be it," she said. "That is your last remaining problem. Not such a very *big* problem, is it?" And she looked straight at Jenny.

In the parking lot, Jenny snarled at her Volkswagen, and after two tries got it started. Sam leaned into the window; they had come in separate cars so that she could go shopping afterward. Sam looked down at Jenny's stockinged knees. "I'm just anxious, Sam," she said. "I'm just, you know, wound up. I hated her, I hate having problems. I can't stand living in a construction zone. I can't stand for *one more thing* to go wrong with this house. Your house."

"It's not my house, Jen. We're going to live there for years. You'll see."

"You're the one that's so in love with it. You're the one that's doing everything."

"Jen." He stroked the hair away from her forehead.

Usually she liked it when he did that; usually it could make her give in. Now she only said sullenly, "What?"

"You'll love it, too. I want you to come home."

"I'm just going shopping. I'm going to stay in town for a little while, O.K.? I just need—" She spread her hands. Sam watched the space widening between them.

Jenny went and cried on her lover's shoulder. He caught her chin (a thing she didn't like) to make her look at him and said, "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, I *want you* to meet my children. It can all happen. Things can change."

She thought how much she would hate having lunch with his three daughters, their father's brown eyes gone alert, following her every move. They'd know. Of course they'd know.

"It's just the way things with the house keep dragging on," she said. "Nothing else. I have to be home before dark."

He saw that she wanted to let him down gently. He made love to her on the couch in the corner of his office, where, she thought, patients often got the bad news. Why shouldn't he? She stared at the acoustic tile of his ceiling and his Calder mobile. *I can't see you anymore* was on the tip of her tongue. Making love to her, he was already nostalgic for making love to her, yet he was, she thought, a little perfunctory about her orgasm, like a doctor who instructs you to cough.

Jenny was on her second cup of coffee before Sam was out of bed the next morning. To celebrate, she took his coffee to him. Asleep, he was entirely familiar. He slept in an old shirt, its tail wrinkled up to show his back, with the tan ending high, like the waist of his Levi's. Jenny, barefoot on the cold floor, felt guilt, subtly compounding. Something in the way that he was half dark and half pale made him seem vulnerable. The windows of the room were deep and framed in rough-cut fir, set into the east wall. Jenny watched a magpie land on a crooked fence post just on the other side of the window. It looked at her and made coaxing Siamese-cat cries. "You want in," Jenny told it.

In the kitchen again, she sat on the architect's stool pulled up to the counter, her nightgown sleeves pushed up, the white china cup and saucer between her elbows, her chin in her hands. She could see the overgrazed mesas, dun and ochre and almost yellow, eroded in folds and tucks like the cortex of a brain, leading down to the river, where there was a ragged mist. The sun had thinned the mist from the banks until the cottonwoods were visible and burned it away completely from the hummocky fields, leaving them glistening wet.

XMAS
PLANT SALE
W GOLDSTEIN

Sam stood behind her. He put his hands on either side of her neck and began to rub her shoulders. "I'm taking the paper down to Sandoval," he said.

She felt lazy; she leaned back into his hands. She could feel the friction of her hair against his bare chest. "It's awfully early," she said.

RINCÓN: THE STRANGERS

Christmas Eve afternoon in the hot toy
Plaza, beer, me learning
"Lycidas," you coaching my lines,
We apparently invisible—no passer,
Woman or child, concedes us.

Dinner on the cliff by the suicide curve,
Tropical lobster (all tail),
Men's room with a ripped-off basin
Trembling on its pipes. Vast sight
Of the sea, calm lid on "the bottom
Of the monstrous world;" outrageous stars.

Our first Midnight Mass since Vatican II
In the glum beige church swarmed
Solid—steady jolts: no syllable
Of Latin, dignified slab-altar hung
In carcinogenic colors, whiskered
Ladies at ease in the chancel,
Machine-gunning dialect-scripture
Grim as death lists.
                                        A summit
When a prepubescent boy and girl
Advance in white, kneel, embed
The shocking-pink Child in actual
Straw as a man in azure leisure
Suit squats to flip a loud switch—red
Lights wink antiphonal relays on the stable
Roof.
            We think it's over now; our eyes
Think *Sleep*. Our neighbors in the crush,
Men with horn farmer-necks, spread
Barrel arms and seize us; you laugh
"We're mugged!" Dry kisses at our ears;
Then standoff faces again, quarter-smiles,
Intermittent tan teeth, their hard-won salutation
Spent on tall pale strangers.

Well, we bear its health back
And sustain it three days.

—REYNOLDS PRICE

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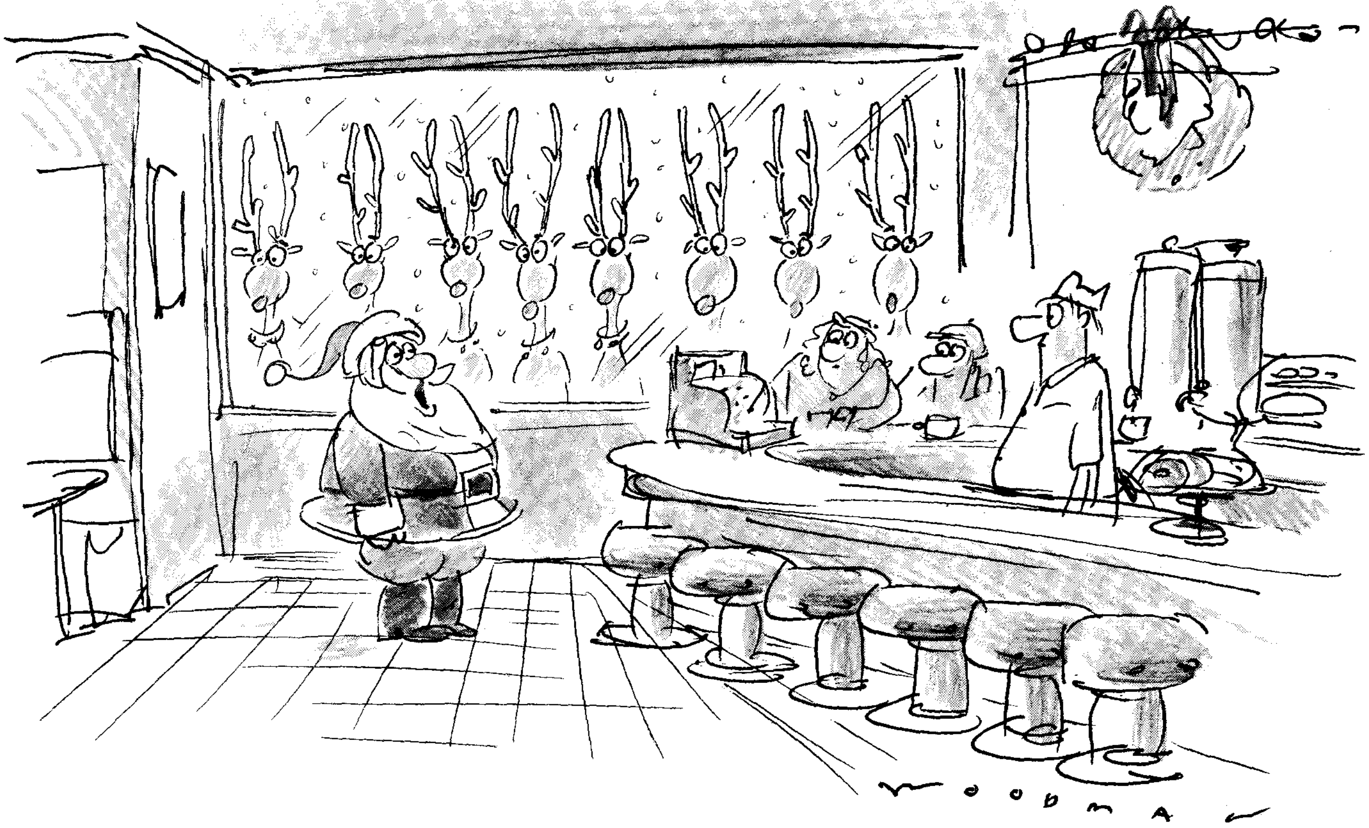


"Eight regulars and one light with sugar."

• •

"He gets up at an unbelievable hour," Sam said. "Before light."

"He's not human."

"You don't know. Old people wake up early. And he probably always has anyway—this is the country. Close your eyes."

She did. She was curious about the inside of Sandoval's house. It was of the old L-shaped architecture that meant the inner angle of the house was almost always in shade—his wife had grown roses there—and the roof was of corrugated tin, which brimmed with light like an empty mirror. Sandoval kept his yard swept and his shades drawn.

Sam worked on the muscles of her shoulders. "I'm going to cheat on the notary public," he said. "I'm going to take it in to Corey Archer over at the bank and have him sign it. He owes me a favor, and a third person in the room would only throw Sandoval off."

"Is his house cold in winter?" she said.

"Come and see. I'm sure your presence will sway him."

"Sway him, why?"

"Sways everyone."

"He's a miser and an old, old man, Sam. He's not going to think I'm anyone. He doesn't think *you're* anyone—no one is anything to him. He cares about eggs." She giggled. "He cares about apples."

"He cares about his dog."

"Then that's the only living thing."

"You've got such a cold heart, Jenny."

"No, I don't." But she felt suddenly wounded, and sat upright. "Take that back."

"I take it back, O.K.?"

It wasn't, quite.

In boots and straight-legged jeans and an old navy sweater of Sam's unravelling at the cuffs, Jenny went down the hill. Sam held her hand. She read his watch: "It's only *seven*."

It was dark in the kitchen of Sandoval's house. Jenny could see a handsome ancient cookstove over the old man's shoulder when he came to the door. The stove had recently been lit, its narrow door left open on its hinges; sparks rained out, disappearing in midair. It looked as if a tiny meteor were burning in a deep cave. Sandoval went over to the stove, crumpled a page of newspaper and fed it in, following this with several twigs and a wide sliver of cedar. In his gestures he was slow and entirely methodical, as if he were alone. Jenny breathed deeply: coffee and kindling, iron heating up and a faint scent of struck matches. The adobe walls had once, long ago, been touched with pink whitewash, a ghost of rouge that went oddly with the sombre russet of the mud, in which the fluting of pressed fingers was still dimly visible. A stained enamel sink with a rolled lip like that of an ancient bathtub; a counter of linoleum tiles, corners curled up to show the black and slightly greasy sealing compound; a coffee cup with a chipped handle, a spoon resting inside the cup, and a dishrag coiled by it as if the counter had just been washed. The old man's dog, its nose beneath its tail, slept in the corner by the stove, where charred spots dappled the pine floor. There was the smell of poverty, but also of objects thoughtfully cared for—a hoarded and extremely silent life. She could not condescend to it. Yet that was one of her impulses: recognizing that this was so made her uneasy. The old man scraped a chair across the floor. She didn't understand until Sam said softly, "Sit down." She did.

Sam smoothed the paper on the oilcloth. Among the cracks and worn patches, there were roses on a trellis. “Mr. Sandoval,” Sam said, “this is a paper I’d like for you to sign. I’ll read it to you:

> I, Esteban Sandoval, a single man, hereby grant unto Samuel J. Small and Jennifer A. Small, their heirs, successors and assigns, a non-exclusive perpetual easement for ingress, egress and utilities over, across, and under the following described parcel of land situated within the County of Santa Fe, State of New Mexico.”

Then followed the surveyor’s boundary measurements, which Sam read twice. “That means our land,” he said. “As far as that fallen barbed wire in the north corner, and the juniper stump on the slope, and then down to the arroyo, and touching Delgado’s on the other side. But this is the numbers for it.”

Sandoval listened all the way through, and then he nodded. Jenny held her breath. “Bueno,” he said. “It’s O.K. by me. Only I don’t have a pencil here.” He seemed shamed when he said this.

“I have one,” Sam said.

The old man caressed the fountain pen and knotted his horny hand around it. Jenny could see that he had arthritis: his thumb would not close against his fingers, but jutted out stubbornly, and the fan of skin between thumb and forefinger was pulled taut. He slid the paper toward him until its bottom edge rested against his bib overalls, and studied it for a moment. He wrote cautiously, in long, linked, scrolling letters, painfully, hiding the pain, taking his time. When he was finished, he drew a sort of flourishing line that linked the capitals of his first and last name. The nail of his jutting thumb was yellow and opaque as quartz. He pushed the paper toward Sam. “Look all right to you?”

The signature was very gloomy and archaic. It wobbled above and below the line that the title company’s clerk had typed for it, and the final “l” ended in a tendril, cramped to fit, which nonetheless slanted off the page. “Thank you,” Sam said.

“Yes, thank you,” Jenny said. She had a curious sensation of pity, as if they were his children and he had grown old before their eyes, as if they had drained him of something. His eyelashes were of a paleness that made the lids seem naked, but his glance at her was utterly direct, and in the faded tobacco-brown of each iris there was a pitchy dime of blue-black pupil.

“We won’t keep you from your morning any longer,” Sam said.

“You’re not keeping me from much,” he said. “And if there was anything, you wouldn’t be keeping me from it.”

He pushed himself up and escorted them into the front yard, chickens scattering before them. He was somewhat shorter than Jenny, and this made her feel lumbering and discourteous. He left them for a moment. They waited, Sam beating the signed paper lightly against his leg, until Sandoval returned with something in his hand, cradling it against the front of his overalls as if to keep them from seeing what it was. He glanced severely at Jenny. She reached out, and he tipped the two eggs delicately into her hand.

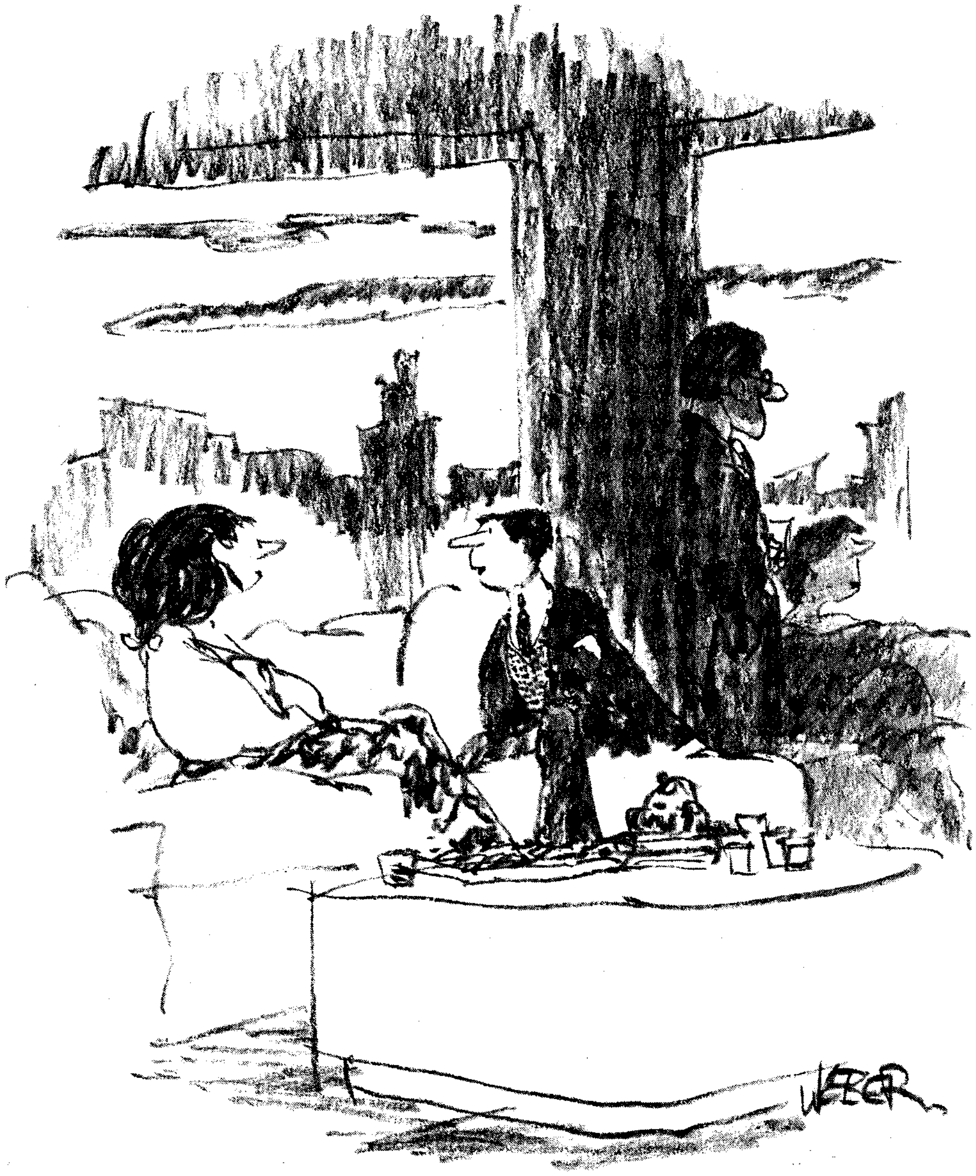
“Thank God someone taught him to sign his name,” Sam said when they were on the road. Then he sang, a little mockingly, “Our house is a very, very, *very* fine house.”

“I’m so pleased,” Jenny said.

“Are you?” Sam said. “Did you see him keep my pen? My good gold fountain pen?”

“He’s a fox,” Jenny said. “The eggs are lovely. I want to keep them. I want them never to break.”

She walked up the hill, holding the two eggs the way the old man had held them, to her breast—to warm them or be warmed, she couldn’t have said. —Elizabeth Tallent



“When you come right down to it, I’m just a collection of clichés, but I think I’ve managed to combine them in a rather exciting way.”

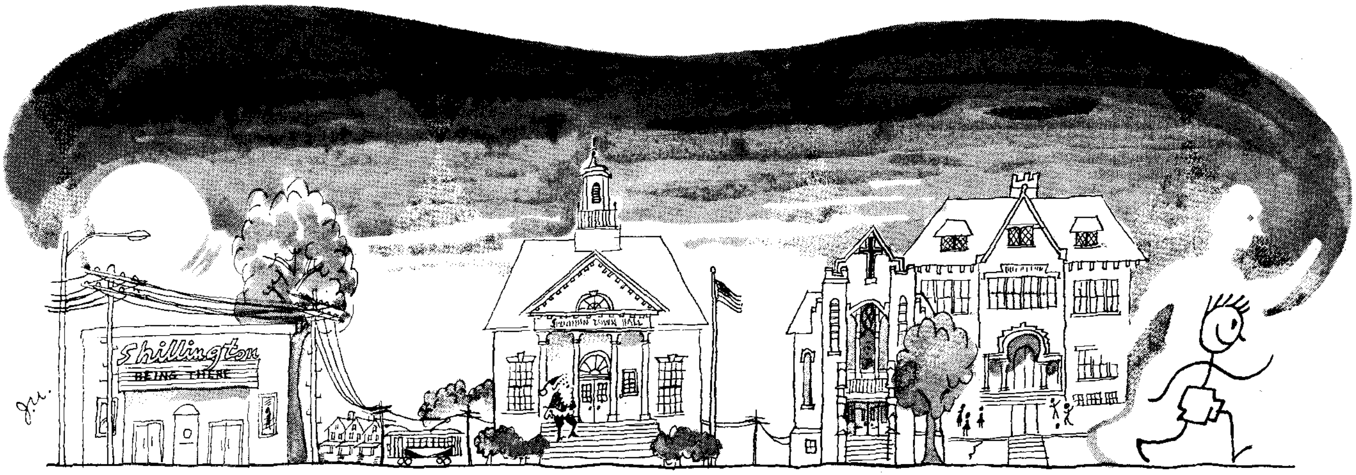
•

There are probably better titles for a play than “Oy Mama! Am I in Love!” but name one.—*Enid Nemy in the Times.*

“Hamlet.”

PERSONAL HISTORY

A SOFT SPRING NIGHT IN SHILLINGTON



HAD not my twenty-five-year-old daughter undertipped the airline porter in Boston, our luggage might have shown up on the carrousel in Allentown that April afternoon in 1980, and I would not have spent an evening walking the sidewalks of Shillington, Pennsylvania, searching for the meaning of my existence, as once I had scanned those same sidewalks for lost pennies.

The idea of lost luggage has been flavored for me with the terrible, the void, ever since William Maxwell gently said to me on our first acquaintance, in 1954, when I, newly a Harvard graduate and *New Yorker* contributor, was about to embark for England with my slightly pregnant wife, "People think lost luggage is just like death. It isn't." The words were meant to be comforting, perhaps in response to some nervously expressed worry of my own; but they had an opposite effect, disquieting. Since early adolescence, I had longed to get where now, for a brief interview, I was: inside *The New Yorker's* offices. And almost the first words spoken to me, with a certain Stoic gaiety that made clear I had definitely left behind me the Christian precincts of Berks County, concerned death. I was to lose my luggage a number of times in the peripatetic future ahead of me: in 1978 my folding suit bag vanished between Rome and Dubrovnik and I was obliged to parade through Yugoslavia, Greece, and Israel in the rumpled denim leisure suit meant to be my airplane pajamas, and was ridiculed for my sartorial gaucherie in the Jerusalem *Post;* in 1980, my big yellow suitcase was mistakenly grabbed by somebody from Long Island (I know because his similar suitcase then became, uselessly and infuriatingly, temporarily mine) in Kennedy Airport and so I had to visit the Yanomami Indians in southern Venezuela wearing ill-fitting safari clothes borrowed from the American Ambassador. In Allentown, our two bags just weren't on the carrousel, though it went round and round, and at last there seemed nothing to do but turn away, my daughter and my widowed mother and myself, and drive the forty miles south to where my mother lived and, indeed, still lives.

How relentlessly circumstantial reality is! Facts are like the individual letters, with their spikes and loops and thorns, that make up words: eventually they hurt our eyes, and we long to take a bath, to rake the lawn, to look at the sea. Where was my wife? Also on a family trip, in Florida, with her nine-year-old son by a former marriage. Why did I leave it to my daughter by a former marriage, the matured fruit of that slight pregnancy twenty-six years before, to check in at the airport? I was parking the car, we were in a rush, because we were late, in turn because since childhood I have been a late sleeper, preferring to let others get the world in order before I descend to it—a mode of efficiency, actually, that seems the opposite. Why (if she did) did my daughter botch this small assignment? Because my first wife and I raised our children to be innocents, being innocents ourselves and thinking it a nice aristocratic thing to be. Guilt, at having left, after twenty-one years of marriage, this other innocent, tinges my relations with my four children and makes for a lot of bumbling, of the lost-luggage sort.

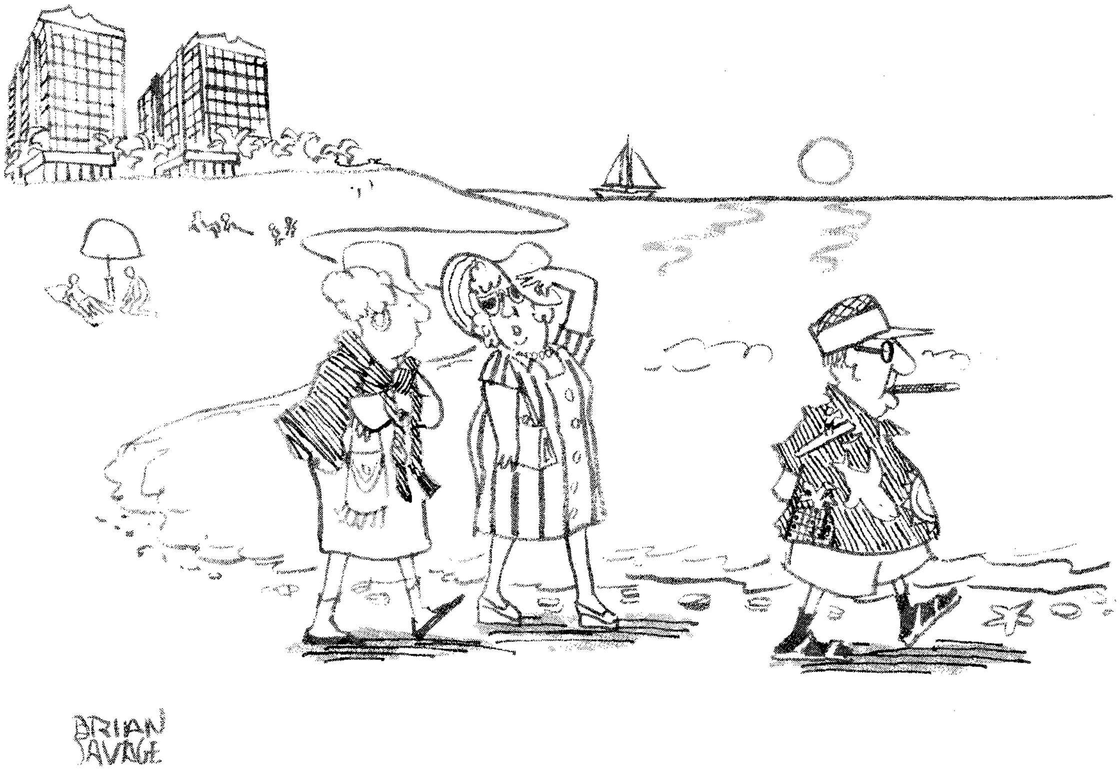
In my mother's house—another complicated story: an old sandstone farmhouse, the very one, in fact, in which she was born, and which had been reacquired forty years later by a strange bit of family derring-do—the telephone rang, at six-thirty. A voice from Allentown, brightly female, with that flirtatious-seeming drag of a Pennsylvania accent which after thirty years away still strikes me as just the right note, announced that the bags were at the airport, they had come in on the next flight. We were just walking out the door, having eaten an early supper and planned to see "Being There," starring Peter Sellers as Chance, at the movie theatre in Shillington, eleven miles away. Rather than disappoint my two female companions and, furthermore, frustrate this third female, on whom our luggage weighed heavily as a bad conscience and who was offering to bring it to us personally, I improvised this scheme: I, who had already seen "Being There," would take my mother and daughter to the movie as planned, and then I would be there, under the movie marquee, waiting for the girl from the Allentown airport, with the two suitcases. Her boyfriend lived in the Reading area, she seemed to be saying, and would be driving her.

The plan (unorthodox, but then life is like that, or at least my life has been, devoted to awkward and elaborate arrangements other people gracefully avoid) was agreed to on all sides. The theatre location was described over the phone. The girl thought her boyfriend knew where it was anyway. Then the eleven miles to Shillington were navigated and my two kin were tucked into the movie theatre, which, on this drizzly Thursday night, had attracted no line. The last latecomer bought the last tardy ticket, and I stood alone beneath the marquee. The thinnest of mists drifted across the sulfurous street lights of Lancaster Avenue and gave the passing tires an adhesive, plaintive sound. The girl from Allentown couldn't be here for another hour at best. I had nothing to do, here at the center of my earthly being.

Dasein. The first mystery that confronts us is "Why me?" The next is "Why here?" Shillington was my *here.* I had been born here—or, rather, had been brought back to it from the Reading Hospital, which was located in West Reading. For thirteen years, I had lived in the same house on Philadelphia Avenue, and after moving eleven miles away, in my family's quixotic recapture of my mother's birthplace, still returned to the town for school and social life. Shillington, I can now see with a sociological eye, is a typical town of the region, a farm region where land was precious and the brick houses, often semidetached, were closely packed. Across the street from the Shillington Movie Theatre stood a big plain building whose left side once held Stephens' Luncheonette, where I had smoked and posed and daydreamed for hours after school, and whose right side had been the Shillington Post Office, where as a child I had solemnly traded pennies for war stamps, amid a cacophony of anti-Axis posters—what we would call propaganda now but at the time seemed simple self-encouragement. Now the left half of this building was a florist's shop, the right a real-estate office. The post office had moved to a building of its own, on Liberty Street next to Grace Lutheran Church; the Stephenses had moved away while I was in college. They had been kind to me and I, I felt when they were no longer there, not kind to them. I tried to be funny at their expense, calling Mrs. Stephens Gert when her nickname was Boo (for Beulah), and I once stole a candy bar from the counter, or at least watched another boy do it without crying "Thief!" Half the high school, it seemed, came there at three-twenty, when the last class let out; but then within an hour the teen-agers who lived in Shillington would have walked home and those who lived in Adamstown climbed into their cars and driven home, leaving me with Walt Stephens and the pinball machine. I was waiting for my father, who taught at the high school and never went back to the farm before he had to. He was the only adult except Walt and Boo I ever saw in Stephens', and he came in only to take me away, and never penetrated past the region of the soda fountain, into the booth area, where the cigarette smoke and adolescent intrigue were thickest. Walt was totally bald and had a way of doing hot dogs—cutting them the long way and putting the butterfly shape flat-side-down on the griddle and then serving it in a hamburger roll with the ends sticking out—that was peculiar to him and delicious. But then to teen-age hunger many things are delicious. Cigarettes, for example, were delicious: the sleek cellophane-wrapped snug rectitude of the pack, the suave tapping out of a single "weed," the chalky, rasping initial inhale, the little crumbs to be picked from the lower lip without breaking conversational stride, the airy pluming gesturingness of it all. Time itself—the time spent idling in Stephens'—was delicious.

The center of town lay a block to my right, and I walked there. The night was drier now, and warm, with a heedless overflowing pre-summer warmth not felt in New England until May. Where the movie house now stood there had been a long vacant lot, strangely vacant in the center of town, where travelling fairs had set up their stalls and rides, in the days when the Shillington Theatre, under the proprietorship of tall, bald (like Walt Stephens, but with a different, less tapered dome to his skull), mild-mannered Mr. Shverha, had been situated a half block up New Holland Avenue. Nothing was very far from the central, five-sided corner where New Holland Avenue, Philadelphia Avenue, East Lancaster Avenue, Liberty Street, and West Lancaster Avenue met and still meet. On the five corners, beginning with the one where I stood, had been Kindt's Funeral Home, the Shillington Town Hall and its prettily planted grounds, Ibach & Bixler's Restaurant, Ibach's (no relation) Drug

"I'm so glad you came. Just throw your clothes on the bed!"



"Edward was once a member of the President's Task Force, but which President or what task I'm not at all sure."

• •

Store, and, across Lancaster Avenue from Ibach's, where I had once been struck by a car on the way to Sunday school and dragged some feet on the bumper while stubbornly clutching my nickel contribution, a curious little stone hut, or turret, where grownups paid their electric bills. This quaint structure, long since replaced by a drive-in bank, was intertwined in my mind with German fairy tales, with spidery illustrations in books that beckoned me to look deep into the past, into mankind's communal memory, frighteningly deeper than my own. Early aesthetic impressions touch, it seems, our deepest self; illustrations of snowfall, for example, whether in black-and-white line drawing or blurry four-color reproduction, move me more than any actual storm. An ideal world was projected by my childish yearning onto corny Christmas art, and it lies forever embedded there. Real Christmases, in that part of the world, were usually bare of snow—bleak, brown days, accurately depicted in Wyeth paintings.

THE lights above Lancaster Avenue had since my childhood become harder, higher, and yellower in tint. The towering horse-chestnut trees shading this corner as I remembered it had been cut down. I crossed Liberty, a block up from the Lutheran church whose Sunday school I had been heading toward the storied day I was hit by the car. (The woman driving had felt terrible, and visited me at home, where I languished for a week with a lapful of candy bars and a bandage around my head. In the police car on the way to the doctor, I pleaded that I would not do it again and should not be put in jail. In one of those birdlike panics of childhood, I had ignored Carl Leh's clear signals at the crossing and darted into the traffic. Carl was the chief of a three-man force, and very brave, rumor had it, in a shootout—shootouts in Shillington were rare, though gunshops were not uncommon. Somehow Carl seemed to live behind the building that held the old post office, and I associate the purplish glistening cinders of that bumpy little alley there with his authority. He paid no attention to my pleas, and only years later could I see the incident from his standpoint: that I was a five-year-old child, irresponsible, and his concern was not with my guilt but with my physical condition purely.) I walked west, feeling tall, on the north side of Lancaster Avenue.

Though for seven years I had walked this route to elementary school, there were houses in this block I knew nothing about—a row of three, identical, of white-painted brick, for instance. It was common, in pre-air-conditioning days, to intensify the cool of the square-pillared, brick-walled porches of Shillington with awnings, usually green and orange; these houses still wore on their porch roofs the attached hardware needed to hook up an awning, but painted over, disused, like some religious custom whose significance has been forgotten. Farther on, there had been an ice-cream parlor—a luncheonette quite lacking, because of its location near the elementary school, the high-school sexiness of Stephens'. Now it was a bar. Across North Miller Street had been LaRue's Hardware Store, its old richness of large gardening tools and musty agricultural scents of seed and feed now thinned to an interior of carpeting samples, marketed under some name sadly other than LaRue.

A few housefronts farther on, what had been Henry's Variety Store in the nineteen-forties was still a variety store, with the same narrow flight of cement steps going up to the door beside a big display window. Did children still marvel within as the holidays wheeled past in a slow pinwheel galaxy of altering candies, cards, and artifacts, of back-to-school tablets, footballs, Halloween masks, pumpkins, turkeys, pine trees, tinsel, wrappings, reindeer, Santas, and stars, and then the noisemakers and conical hats of New Year's celebration, and Valentines and cherries as the days of short February brightened, and then shamrocks, painted eggs, flowers, and baseballs? Sinister masks would hang like rustling wash on a clothesline strung within Henry's, and there were cases of such bygone candy as coconut strips striped like bacon and belts of licorice with punch-out animals. Stacked squarish things excited me—magazines, and Big Little Books tucked in, fat spines up, beneath the skinny paper-doll coloring books, and box-shaped art erasers with a faint silky

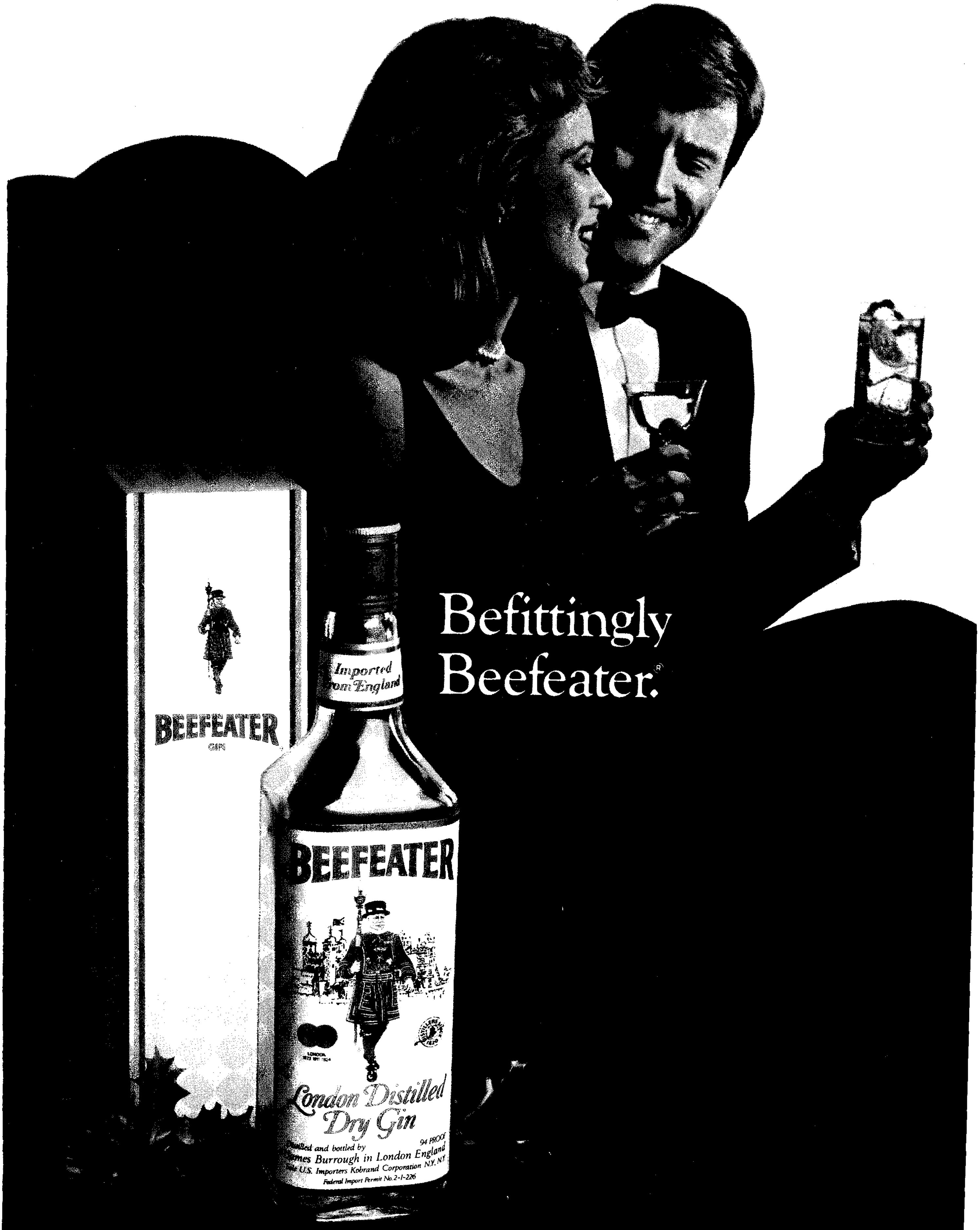
"To begin with, you were a dog in the manger last year."

powder on them almost like Turkish Delight. I was a connoisseur of packaging, and bought for the four grown-ups of my family (my parents, my mother's parents) one Depression or wartime Christmas a little thick silver-papered book of Life Savers, the many flavors displayed in two thick pages of cylinders labelled Butter Rum, Wild Cherry, Wint-O-Green . . . a book you could suck and eat! A fat book for all to share, like the Bible. In Henry's Variety Store, life's full promise and extent were indicated: a single, omnipresent manufacturer-God seemed to be showing us a fraction of His face, His plenty, and leading us with our little purchases up the spiral staircase of years. Department stores, with their escalators and clouds of perfume and ranks of lingerie, struck me and still strike me as Heavenly; in my heart's eye hangs a vision of my mother, young and slim, against a background of swagged fabrics like a glamorized movie star, in the days when she worked as a salesgirl in the drapes department of Reading's great emporium, Pomeroy's, and I, a tiny child, would visit her there, in that tall cave of stuffs. In Pomeroy's, my mother appeared as I very much wanted her to appear—at one with the thriving world. Tapping away at her unpublished stories, tending our hedged-in yard and garden, she seemed to me to be hiding from the global bustle led by Santa Claus.

Next to Henry's had been Roland's camera shop, where my mother, modern enough in this respect, would bring a roll of the film she had laboriously exposed, pacing off the distances, gazing down into the prism-shaped viewer, guessing at the light. Without those accumulating photographs, my past would have vanished, year by year. Instead, it accumulated, loose in a set of shoeboxes, in no order, and because of its randomness ever fresh, ever stunning—shuffled windows into a sunlit abyss. Though this block was mostly businesses, the buildings were irregularly set back from the sidewalk, and there was a shagginess, a confusion of weeds and evergreens, that slightly frightened me. The one story I ever managed to write about elementary school ended here, as I imagined it, in this overgrown area around Henry's, as a recognition of sex pounced out upon the naïve fifth-grade hero and the less naïve children slid by like the tail of a huge alligator.

Beyond Roland's, in the war, a "rec hall" had been established where Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine" soared up out of the jukebox and Betty Zimmerman tried to teach me how to dance. I felt wooden, holding her; how to manage the double consciousness, of my own body and feet and of my willing partner's, is a problem I never completely solved. Lacking brothers and sisters, I was shy and clumsy in the give and take, the push and pull, of human interchange. That slight roughness, that certainty of contact we need from others, was hard for me to administer; I either fled or was cruel. Taking a body entrusted to your arms and moving it across the floor amid a feverish welter of stimulations—the music, the lights, the hand in yours, the back sweating under your other palm, the voice in your ear, the scrape of your feet as far below as automobiles beneath a skyscraper windowsill—thrilled me too much; my muscles locked.

Across Lancaster Avenue stood the Shillington Elementary School, a stately edifice built seamlessly in two stages, in 1901 and 1912, as the Shillington School, with many tall windows and a rather Byzantine recessed front entrance, and in the seventies converted to a business block rented, room by room, to dentists and realtors and to therapists of the many sorts that flourish in this allergy-plagued region. In the course of the renovation, on an earlier visit, I had sneaked into the building and crept down, past stacks of wallboard and insulating wool, to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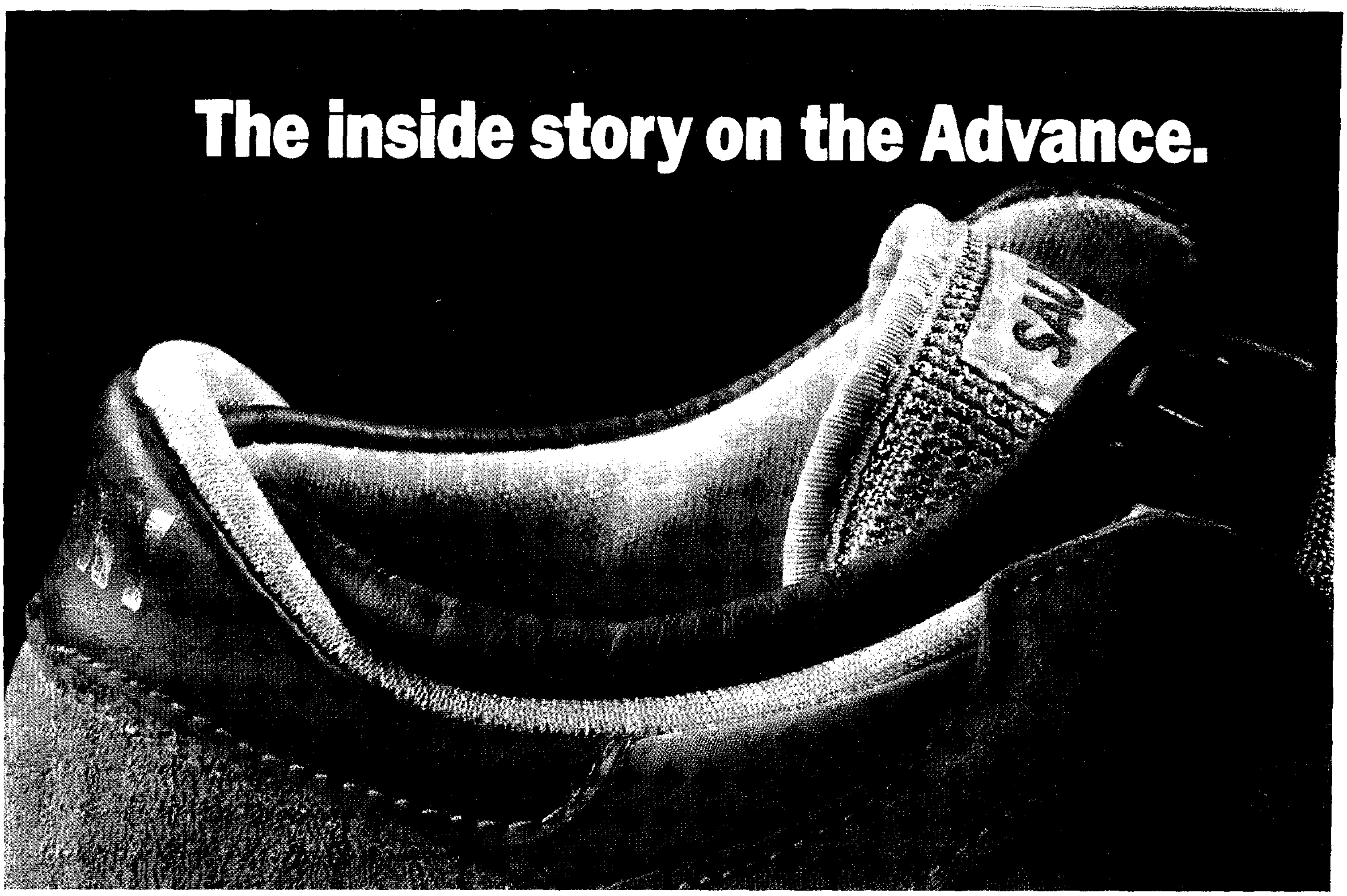

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the basement where I had gone to kindergarten. It had been a lively place then, full of skittish four- and five-year-olds and painted toys. I remember especially a big blocky wooden shoe on which one was supposed to learn how to tie laces. I'm told, nearly fifty years later, that I learned wrong; my wife says I put an extra step into the forming of the bow. And it is true, my laces are always coming undone. But I can still, ever so dimly, retaste the triumph of my first successful attempt, and the praise that showered down from our lissome teacher, Miss Becker. My sneaking visit showed the room to be empty, a barren basement, with a concrete floor. It couldn't, I felt, be the same place where so much magic took place—the glittering bottom, alive with frogs and phosphorescence, of my educational well.

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• •

Like silkworms munching mulberry leaves, we consumed, we little Shillingtonians, the school building, which had six classrooms on each of its two main floors. Divided into the A and B classes, of about thirty each, we moved to the front of the building for the first grade, back to the middle for the second, and to the rear for the third, then straight upstairs to the fourth grade, forward to the fifth, and forward again to the sixth, the A section of which was taught by the immaculate, stern, gray-haired elementary-school principal, Mr. Dickinson. After this grade, there was nothing left to do but fly through the windows onto Lancaster Avenue and east up the street toward Reading, past the five-sided corner, to the orange-brick high school, which held six grades, seventh through twelfth. As a structure, it lacked the compactness and logic of the elementary school; the adamant distinction between the A's and the B's broke down into diversified "courses" (college prep, business), and long rows of lockers in the halls symbolized anarchic new stretches of possibility and freedom. The A/B distinction, like the sheep/goats distinction anticipated in the Bible, was a hard one, and was especially hard on those on the borderline: a pair of male twins, as their marks fluctuated, were in and out of the A section via a kind of revolving door, now one and now the other and now neither. And another boy, whom I got to know in high school, felt the old onus of being a B with such force that he eventually compensated by becoming a vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange. The A's had the same side of the building as the girls' playground; the playground encircled the building like an asphalt moat, and the boys' and girls' sides were demarcated by the broad cement walks that led up to the front and back portals. Even to chase a soccer ball into the girls' side was something of a sin, occasioning a flurry of shrieks. So, male and female, A and B, we were divided up, and forbidden trespass; on the other hand, we all came from Shillington, a unique square mile of global surface, and thus we were united against the world: against Mohnton on the one side and Kenhorst on the other, against Wyomissing and Birdsboro, against the grade ahead of us (in which a number of our girls later found boyfriends) and the grade behind (which was to supply some of us boys with girlfriends), and, from the third grade on, against Japan and Germany. Mountains of flattened tin cans and salvaged rubber in a corner of the boys' playground and a new hierarchy of prizes and mock-military rankings among the class leaders were easily assimilated into the preëxistent order of bells and birthdays and field days and of class photographs late in May, on the back school steps, which came to join the treasure of lost time in my mother's shoeboxes.

I could not understand how anybody could rebel against a system so clearly benign. A certain pupil, the son of a prominent local citizen, would raise his hand to go to the bathroom and instead run home, up the alley behind the school, all the way to New Holland Avenue. The teacher, Miss Tate (wonderfully tall, and wonderfully comical when one Halloween she dressed up as a little girl with dabbed-on freckles and a giant Band-Aid on her knee), took then to assigning another boy to accompany him down to the lavatory in the basement; but when this was my duty he tricked me, by lying and promising to be good. While I trustfully waited on the stairs, he vanished from the basement lavatory; I raced to the edge of the playground in just enough time to see his figure flying up the alley. Now party to his guilt, I had to go back to the classroom breathless and red-faced and report his astounding escape. Miss Tate

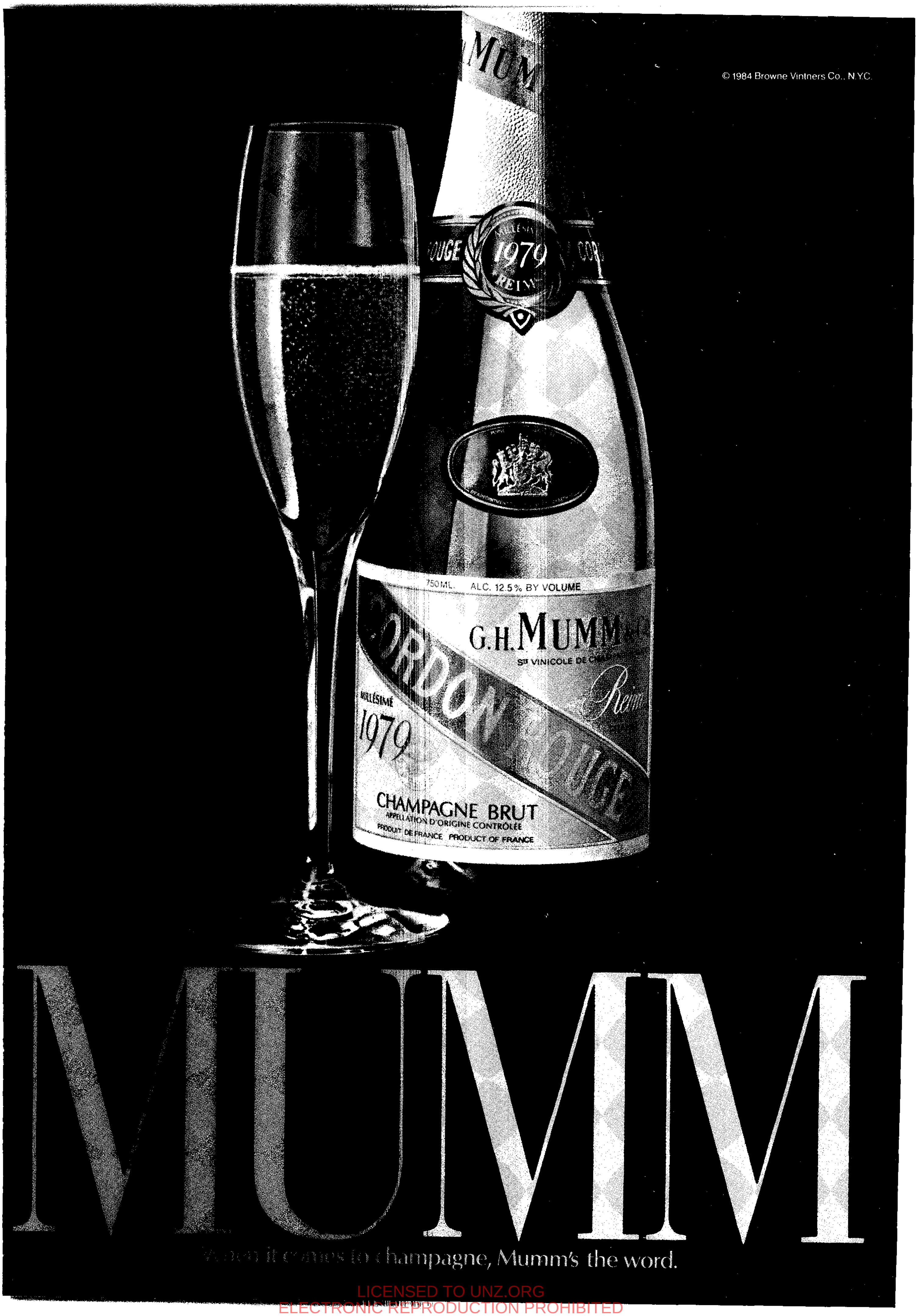
"Loved your last memo, Ted. You're beginning to find your own voice."

• •

(or was it Mrs. Fritz?) took it more philosophically than I had expected, with a wry shrug. There was more "give" in the system than obedient souls like me dreamed. A classmate we acquired, because he flunked a year, was more confrontational in his disobedience, and once butted a teacher in her stomach; repeatedly he had to be sent into Mr. Dickinson's office. Even this scandalously bad boy did not strain the system to breaking; somehow it kept him in. In later life—not altogether surprisingly, from a structuralist point of view—he became a schoolteacher, as the school's other notorious discipline problem became a policeman.

The older we got, the more we could move around. In the upper grades, the A and B sections would switch teachers and rooms for some classes, filing across the hall with much happy buzzing at even so small a breach of routine. It was in the 6B room, the homeroom of young Miss Huntzinger, that one evening I stayed after school to stencil the cover of the school's mimeographed monthly, *The Little Shilling*. The soft blue stencil was cut with styli of different shapes on a tilted frame holding a plate of glass with a light bulb under it. There was an art to not tearing the wax-coated paper as you squintingly traced the drawing underneath, and I concentrated, but not so intently as to be unaware that Mr. Dickinson, with silent tread, had come into the room. The only male teacher in the school, he was, I suppose, a handsome man—erect, always neat, with hooded eyes and hawkish profile, and not so ancient as he seemed. He spoke very distinctly, with the "Dutch" accent that made the local music, and was a calm and frightening disciplinarian, conveying in every economical directive a Germanic passion for order in the classroom. Miss Huntzinger and Mr. Dickinson softly talked over by the windows, their words lost in the swish of Lancaster Avenue traffic. My face was hot from the light bulb underneath the stencil. Dusk was gathering in the tall windows that needed a window pole to close, here in this emptied school building, where the overhead lights floated like deflated moons and my cartoon turkey or Santa Claus was building, slow line by line, white cut into blue. I realized that these two adults did not live solely to keep me and others like me in the assigned seat, room, and category until the bell rang. This day's last bell had rung, and my being in my small way "artistic" had given me access to an after-hours world, where voices were kept low and indistinct. To this quiet memory attaches a sensation that one of these two teachers came over and ruffled my hair, as if we had become a tiny family; but it may be simply that one of them stood close, to see how far along I was, because when I was finished we could all go to our separate homes.

THOUGH the girls' and boys' playgrounds were segregated areas during school hours, when the last bell released us for the day we were free to mingle and run where we would, and those who lived in my direction raced diagonally across the forbidden asphalt and jumped down the little wall at the corner onto the sidewalk. This side of Lancaster Avenue—retaining walls, cement steps, iron railings, double porches—felt to be part of my father's territory, though I walked it every day. There was the Odd Fellows' Lodge and much business in this row. There was a tailor's shop run by a dwarfed hunchback, Shorty Wartluft, who like my father was active in the Lutheran church and with whom he always had things to say. The little place (it had smelled of steam, and scorch, and the counter was low, for Shorty's convenience) was still a tailor's shop, though some of the other businesses—Photocopying, Hair Styling—were unheard of when I daily walked along here. A few doors farther, at the corner of South Miller, had been Bohn's Oyster House; one entered by a side door, and there were round oilcloth-covered tables in a long dim room muskily smelling of seashells and cigar smoke, with a kind of fish store at the back where on Sundays of exceptional festivity our family used to buy a pint of shucked oysters to carry home in a cardboard carton cleverly fitted with a handle of bent wire. Across Miller, beyond stout ball-stud-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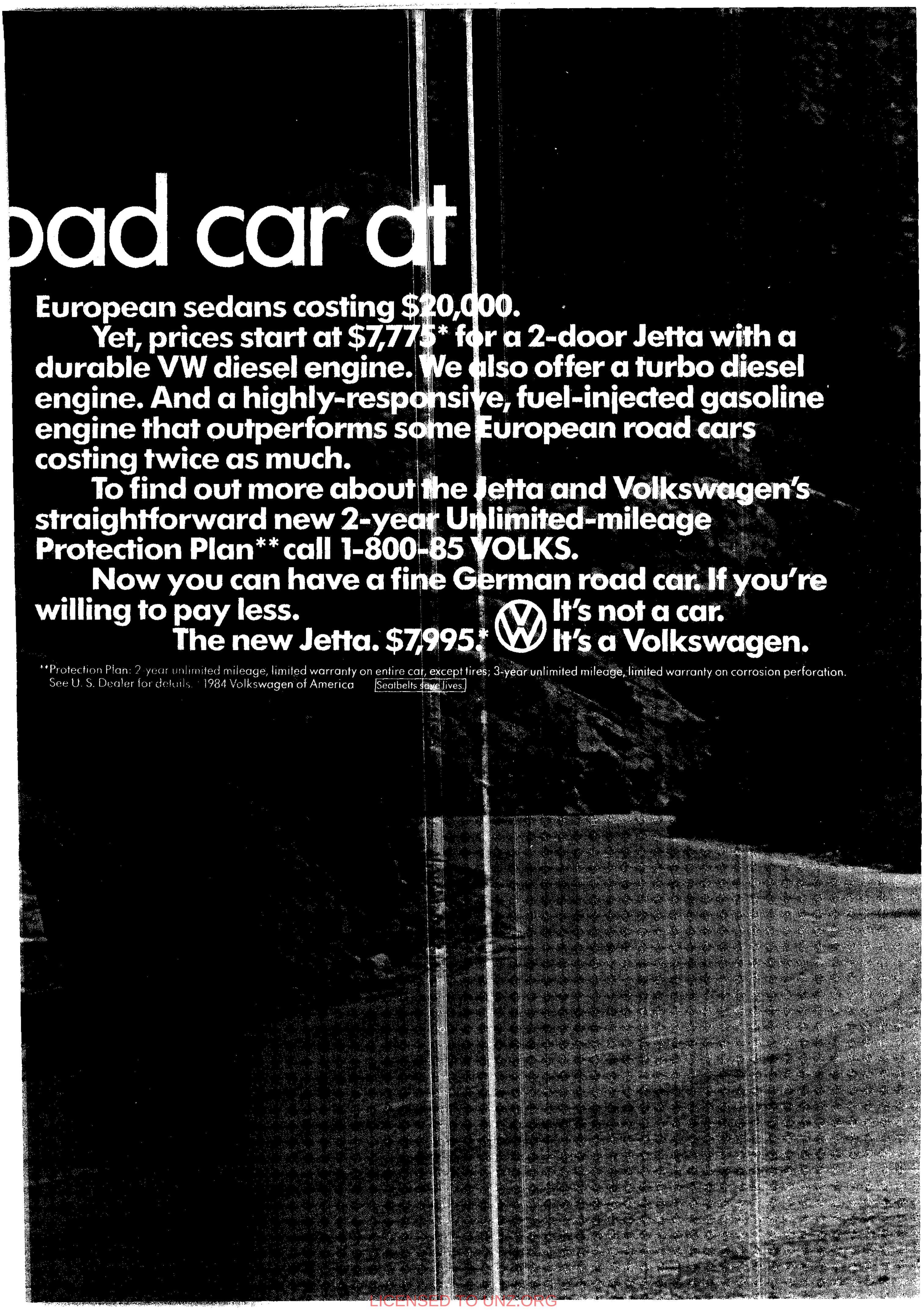

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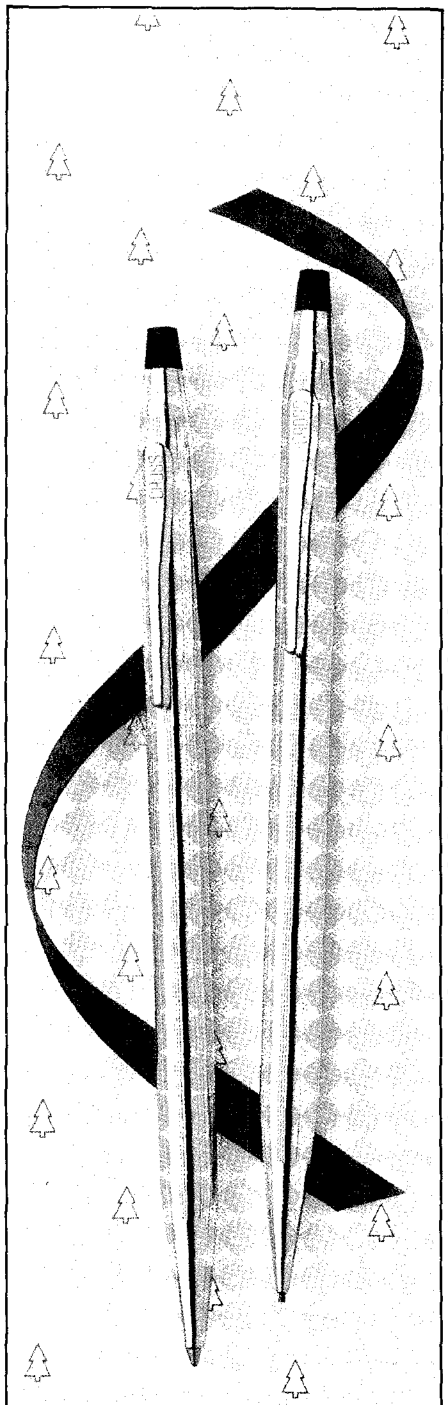

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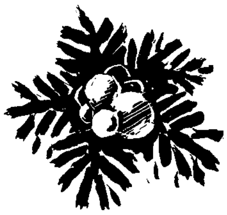
ded walls and the only deep lawn in the vicinity, Doc Rothermel had received patients in the front rooms of an impressive house whose stucco was full of sharp small stones like the salt grains stuck into pretzels. He was a heavy, slow, pink-lidded man, with a slippery lower lip; he carried with him on his dark clothes the medicinal smell of his office, where the black-cushioned waiting-room furniture produced, sat on, a sound like his own weary sighs. When he came to pay me the bedside visits that my fragility warranted five or six times a year, he unfolded a magical five-sided bag wherein phials of colored pills sat aligned in tiers like cork-headed people in a grandstand. A sweetness had rubbed off onto him from his medications; his curved round hands had the healing touch, and the triangular rubber hammer with which he tapped my knees seemed a kind of candy. Now his stout retaining walls had been knocked down and his house had been transformed into a restaurant of wild architectural inappropriateness. A protruding addition with fake Tudor timbering enwrapped his old waiting room.

The next block, to New Holland Avenue, had been crammed with commercial excitements: the A. & P., and Artie Hoyer's barbershop (where Artie for a joke would do a shuffle-and-tap, on the hairy linoleum floor), and a bicycle shop, and Mr. Boyer's jewelry shop, and, of course, Ibach's, whose rack of magazines called out to me with the happy slick voice of New York and where I once mildly astonished the Ibach son manning the soda fountain by having him leaf through a *Collier's* on the marble counter while I rapidly identified every cartoonist, cartoon by cartoon, glimpsed upside down. In front of Ibach's, one waited for the trolley car to Reading; it came every twenty minutes, just infrequently enough for a missed trolley to be a minor tragedy. New Holland Avenue climbed the hill, straight up to Cedar Top and the town cemetery. Across it, at the corner, by the curb, all the water from the ice plant farther up Philadelphia Avenue disappeared down a grating with a twisting, golden tumult that in my tame landscape had a Wordsworthian resonance. The ice plant was no more, the water no longer flowed, the trolley cars had ceased, and the tracks, whose parallel silver gave a kind of abstract arrowing look to Lancaster Avenue, had been torn up and paved over.



The soft warm air had turned humid again, and I craved rain, remembering how one could walk and stay dry under trees that no longer existed. I was on the even-numbered side of Philadelphia Avenue, the side across from my own house and hence slightly foreign. Near the corner, the Gehrets' house of gray fieldstone was the oldest house in Shillington, built (I know now) in 1742 and, for a time, the home of Samuel Shilling, who in 1860 laid out the town of Shillington. Shillington had been forest and then farmland. A century before Samuel Shilling laid out the town, the Gehret house had been owned by George Riehm, who in 1761 built the Three-Mile House, three miles from Reading on the Lancaster Pike. Near the Three-Mile House had arisen, in 1868, a half-mile dirt race track called the Speedway, of which a remembrance lingered in our high-school cheers, where the Shillington teams were called "the Speedboys"—"Come on, Speeders, skin 'em alive!" As a child, despite a frequent rumble of local history from my grandfather's direction, I had grasped little of this; but a sense of ghosts had made me always walk quickly past the Gehrets'. There was a sense, too, that Fred Gehret in his handsome old stone house—a *wide*-faced house, where narrow lots and façades were the style—was a cut above the neighborhood, which consisted, in my eyes, of peaky plain houses with terraced front lawns, gray milk-bottle receptacles on the porches, and a variety of those speckled composition sidings popular in the thirties. Who lived in them? I hardly knew, though the steps going up to the different porches felt different—some you dared step on in passing, and some you would never dare. This side of the street, involving safer crossings than the odd-numbered side, was the way to grade school and the movies, and I was usually running.

I crossed Franklin Street, and the territory warmed, for I was drawing opposite our old home. Up above a wall studded with spiky stones, Clint Shilling had lived with his white-haired wife and long-haired collies; he was not only a Shilling, the grandson of Samuel, but the town's one artist, a painter and sculptor both; when I was quite young my mother had persuad-

“Hey!”

• •

ed him to give me painting lessons, on our side porch beneath the grape arbor. Next door to the Shillings’, the Lutzes had become famous during the war, for supplying five sons to the armed forces and having a five-star flag in their window. Their huge family shared a semidetached house with the Van Derherchens, who baked and sold “sticky buns.” Next door lived Charlie Marks, who always wore dark clothes and who, fifteen years after we had moved away, was found murdered in his feed store in Reading. Did he really always wear dark clothes, or has my stage-managing memory, knowing of his grisly end, dressed him appropriately? Next to the Markses’ was the Yoders’, where Wilma Yoder with tireless good humor tried to teach me to play the piano, while her very slender mother moved back and forth semi-visibly and a fascinating circular grate in their front parlor poured out heat and a cokey smell. From her front porch I could admire my own home, the grandest in this little stretch of neighborhood. My grandfather John Hoyer had bought this house in 1922. Before I was born, and when Wilma herself must have been quite young, she had taken from an upstairs window a snapshot of my house as it was in the first decade after my grandparents moved in. Painted not solid white as it is now but with the windows and trim a dark color, and the surrounding hedge sculpted with rounded humps at the corners and at measured intervals as if it were a segmented stone wall, and the whole well-kept property prettily soaked in one of those moist little two- or three-inch snowfalls that affect me nostalgically as no New England blizzard can, the house sits proud on its half acre of Shillington, the vast flat field of the high-school and poorhouse properties white and dim beyond, and Reading’s Mt. Penn barely seen beyond them. Early in his ownership, my grandfather had caused to be built at the foot of his yard a chicken house, with large lozenge-shaped asbestos shingles; and in all that neighborhood only this structure, fifty years later, looks unchanged. The house has been expanded and modified by the owner who bought it in 1945 and has now lived in it longer than the Hoyers and Updikes did. In the yard, the cherry and walnut trees I climbed are gone. The privet hedge is gone and replaced by a tall and forbidding one of arborvitae. Little Shilling Alley, on whose loose gray stones I used to skin my knees, has been paved and straightened and renamed Shilling Street. The vacant lot across the alley holds a ranch house. And the horse chestnuts have vanished that used to shade the curb in front of our house. My mother tells a story: I was sitting on this curb as a little fellow, watching the traffic, and when she suggested I come into the house I replied, “No, I want to be where the people are.”

I was like my father in this, and walking the streets of Shillington this misty spring night was his act as much as mine; a set of cracked steps, the worn look of a porch, an unchanged angle of vista would bring him close, his diffuse and confused hunger to be “out,” searching for something, with his wonderful free walk—long straight-ahead strides and head held high. Six feet two, rather narrow-shouldered for his height, he had the best posture I have ever seen in a man. On blackout nights during the war, he would be out in his air-raid warden’s helmet; on Sunday mornings, while the three other adults hung inside the house with their chores and the Sunday *Eagle*, he was out teaching Sunday school; every weekday morning he was out, down along the narrow path between the yard and our asparagus patch, to fend for the dollar; on summer evenings, when the scissoring sound of lawnmowers and the fragrance of fresh-cut grass permeated the back yards of Philadelphia Avenue, and the many colors of the Tiffany lampshade over the dining-room table burned above my mother’s solitaire game, and my grandparents muttered and cleared their throats in their bedroom, he would be out on inscrutable errands, “rubbing elbows,” “mixing it up.” He had coated these slow-changing streets with his presence, though the town had fallen to him by accident, his in-laws’ town; he had come from Trenton, New Jersey. “Trenton Makes, the World Takes,” he often quoted proudly, himself one of its exports.

I CROSSED over and stood near the spot where as a child I had sat with my feet in the gutter, wanting to be where the people were. I had met few people during my walk, and none I knew. The sidewalks were less used nowadays than when I was a child, though the streets were busier. I stood there waiting, self-consciously, to feel something, and felt less than I had hoped. The street, the house where I had lived, seemed bleak, modest in scale, simple; this bleakness and simplicity composed their precious, mystical secret, the conviction of whose existence I had parlayed into a career, a message to sustain a writer book after book. I had often enough described my old house, its yard, the emotional nuances that hid beneath its details like so many dust mice and cobwebs; its familiar face and I had little to say to one another this evening.

A writer's self-consciousness, for which he is much scorned, is really a mode of interestedness, that inevitably turns outward. The furtive magic of Philadelphia Avenue most powerfully adhered to the view away from the corner of our yard (where there had stood a flagpole on which my grandmother, on patriotic holidays, would run up a faded flag on a frayed rope as tenuous, it seemed to me, as the connection between my closeted, elderly, somehow faded family and the active, aggressive nation reported upon in the wartime newspapers)—the view up the street, where the tall row houses of the Kegerises and the Olingers and four or five others stood behind their retaining walls so high above the street as to seem airborne. There was a dovelike grayness to their united mass in my memory, and the reality, however often revisited, has never failed to improve upon memory with a fresh enchantment. Mr. Kegerise, who walked with a cane and sat for long hours on the porch, as high above what he surveyed as any enthroned sultan, was gone; but the benevolence of the greetings he would call to even neighborhood small fry like me still lingered in the air. Before he had had his disabling stroke, when my mother was young in the neighborhood, he played the cornet, and its sound from up the street would lull her, she once told me, to sleep. This patch of tall, knobby housing, with its spindly porches and narrow cemented passageways between the house walls through which people passed into their back yards, gave a hivelike impression, of intense and contented population, quite different in tone from that in the house at my back. In the same direction as these houses lay Second Street, where in solid small brick rows lived the sexy girls, the buoyant, sassy, handsome daughters of factory workers and tradesmen. Bright life, indeed, lay about me in all directions in Shillington, while there was something of a musty stillness, of balked and abandoned tendencies, in the long white house where I ate and slept.

LLOYD:
A MAN WHO WOULDN'T KNOW A GOOD TIME IF IT HIT HIM ON THE HEAD, KNOCKED HIM OUT COLD, TIED HIS HANDS AND FEET, AND LEFT HIM IN A LITTLE TOOL SHED TO PERISH.
R. Chast

Though I had been walking not more than twenty minutes, the luggage from Allentown was drawing nearer, like a comet, and I must be present under the marquee. I headed down Philadelphia Avenue on the odd-numbered side. The dusk had deepened, and the humidity thickened into a palpable, prickly drizzle that lent my walk a heightened feeling of sheltered stealth. I knew this side of the street from the dawn of my consciousness: Hen Kieffer's store, and the Grings' house and the Pottses', where my first playmates, all girls, came from. These houses down the street, though not all the inhabitants were known by name to me, had each been as distinct to my childish awareness as the little troughs in the cement which led rain from their roof gutters out through the sidewalk to the street, and which punctuated my progress on roller skates or my scooter. As the street sloped downward, there was a just barely perceptible descent in the social scale as well: the porches got lower to the ground, and the front yards became exiguous. Over the years, there had been changes: wooden porch bannisters and pillars had been replaced by wrought iron, in a vaguely Southern, New Orleans style. Throughout Shillington, not only had houses I remembered as homes become stores but, stranger still, stores—Pep Conrad's up on Franklin and Second, Hen Kieffer's here—had reverted to being homes. How did the new residents divide up those open, shelved spaces? How did they live with all those ghostly aromas of merchandise? How did they utilize the man-high meat locker out of which Pep Conrad, his body spilling vapor like a Popsicle, would haul a gory side of beef? In Hen Kieffer's store, one bought fastnachts, squarish holeless doughnuts drenched in powdered sugar, six to the bag, and traded red cardboard tokens for meat during the war. In the Grings' front parlor, one admired their Christmas tree, as resonant in smell as a forest and tucked full of old-fashioned, brittle ornaments of glass and tin—two stamped pieces of tin fastened together with little tabs to make a semi-rounded clown, or a milkmaid with a red spot on each cheek. At

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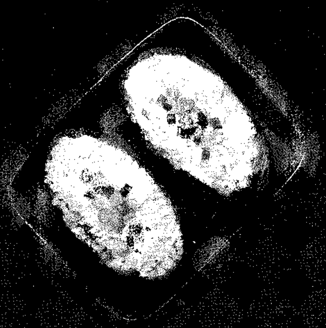
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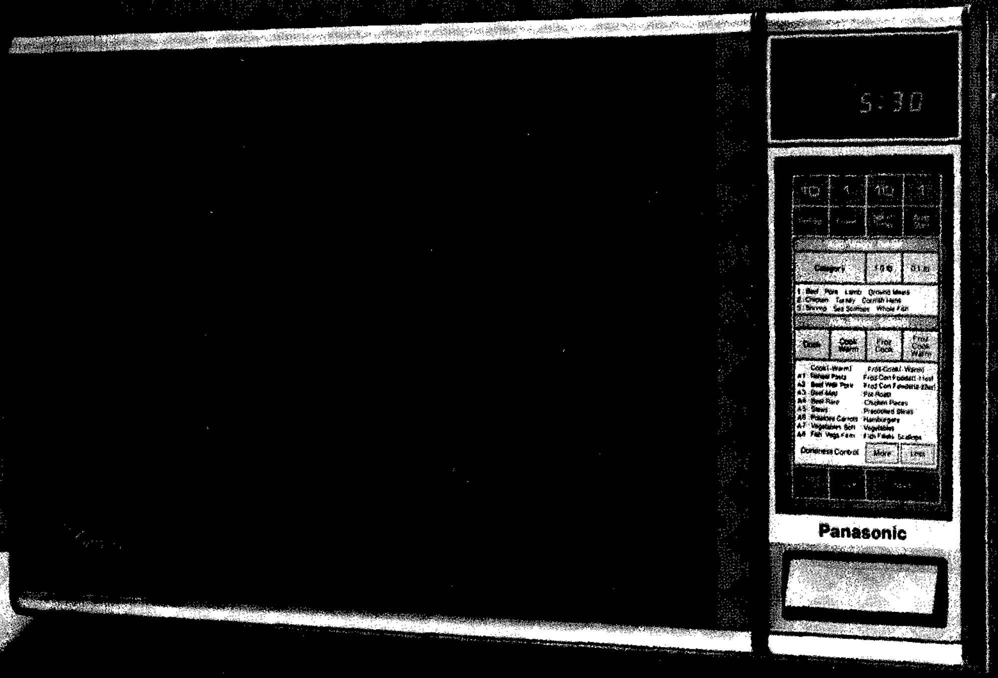

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THE MAGAZINE OF COOKING IN AMERICA

the Pottses', I felt most welcome, though not so welcome as to escape chastisement when I pressed my face to a crack in the door to see my playmate being given a washcloth bath while standing naked on a kitchen chair.

These houses, on the "safe," on "our," side of the street, however little or much I knew them from the inside, knew me—Wes and Linda Updike's boy, John and Katie Hoyer's grandson. Where now I made my way down the pavement on Proust's dizzying stilts of time, virtually floating, a phantom who had not set foot on these exact cement squares for perhaps thirty years, I had once hastened low to the ground, day after day, secure as a mole in the belief that I was known, watched, *placed.*

What *was* our standing in Shillington? Social position in America is not easy to diagram. My grandfather bought our big white house to retire in; but he then lost his money in the Crash, and took a job, old as he was, on the town highway crew, spreading oil and shovelling crushed stone. My grandmother never seemed to change her dress and ate standing up, while the rest of us sat at the table; but she was Aunt Katie to the Kachel sisters, who were, all three, beautiful, competent, and well thought of in Shillington. My father was a high-school teacher, known (I imagined) to everyone; but teachers were thought of as rather ineffectual figures, well below machinists and full-fashioned knitters in the local social scale. Updike was an unusual name, which savored of high expectations and good self-regard; it was also something of a joke, used more than once in Hollywood movies for comic minor characters, winning howls of local laughter in the movie house on New Holland Avenue. My family sold asparagus and pansies for odd money, embarrassing me; but agricultural enterprise—the most depressing activity, I felt and still feel, in the world—was not really déclassé in a town where cornfields marched up to the back yards, and back-yard gardens were common, and every woman put up preserves. I felt, on the dimly perceived social scale of Shillington homogeneity, a cut above the children who came to school from the west end of Lancaster Avenue and the tough areas toward Pennwyn or behind the hosiery mill, and a cut below those who came from the newly built section—with curved, sycamore-shaded streets, in the style of Wyomissing—of Lynoak. My mother, herself raised in expensive clothing, took me to buy my clothes at Croll & Keck and my shoes at Wetherhold & Metzger, the best stores of their kind in Reading. I was given an allowance of thirty-five cents a week, which enabled me to go to the movies three times a week for a dime and still have a nickel for the little slotted wooden barrel that was passed around at Sunday school. There was no stinting on paper and pencils and cardboard to feed my "creativity." If our Christmas tree was not as sumptuously furnished as the Grings', what I had asked for was usually under it, and a plucky little blue Lionel train that went round and round its miniature countryside of cotton snow, sponge-and-stick trees, and lead cows, with a lake that was a mirror and gave you back your giant face. Magazines came through the letter slot and coal slid with a torrential noise down the chute from a truck backed up on the sidewalk. We had no car, but then when we rented one I got carsick. It seemed to me I had whatever a reasonable boy needed—a Schwinn bike, a Flexible Flyer sled, a Joe DiMaggio fielder's glove. When, many years later, I was recalling some of these nuances in the company of my father, he interrupted me with an exclamation almost agonized: "Oh, no, Johnny—we were *poor!*"

His cry came from the heart. He earned twelve hundred dollars a year, teaching, with no raises; rather, the entire faculty was fired in May, to be rehired or not for September. His summer vacation he spent working on construction crews or doing manual labor for Carpenter Steel. When his hernia got too bad to allow lifting, he got a job as a timekeeper on a road gang. I used to dream of his being cast out by society, of his being harried, pale-faced, clad in a barrel like a cartoon bankrupt, down the Town Hall steps. One of his extracurricular school duties was to manage the money for the athletic department, and I had an impression, from fraught discussions overheard, of informal loans from these school funds to make ours reach. Our family banking was quite informal: a little metal Recipes box, with floral decorations and a red lid, sat on top of the icebox, and those with expenses took from it the bills and coins they required. Every day after lunch, I was allowed to take six cents from it, so I could buy a Tastykake at Kieffer's on the way back to grade school. When the money ran out, presumably the Recipes box stood empty until my father's next pay envelope.

But it was a world where a dime bought a sandwich and hobos would come to the door for a meal and get it. The Berks County rich, the mill-owners, kept behind their tall hedges and iron fences, and there were only Hollywood movies to remind us that a condition existed above respectable scrounging. However pinched my guardians felt, they did not pinch me; what was available I shared, and there were touches, in that Shillington life, of even elegance—our flower beds and the birdbath, the piano in the parlor with the little brass tiger on top, the oil painting of the Provincetown sand dunes that had cost thirty-five dollars and that hung like a votive image above the living-room bookcase, which was full of books my mother had accumulated at college. I didn't read them, but in the walls of my life they stood like the door to a secret passage.

Toward the end of Philadelphia Avenue, beside the park that surrounds the Town Hall, I turned and looked back up the straight sidewalk in the soft evening gloom, looking for what the superstitious old people used to call a "sign." The pavement squares, the housefronts, the remaining trees receded in silence and shadow. I loved this plain street, where for thirteen years no great harm had been allowed to befall me; I loved Shillington not as one loves Capri or New York, because they are beautiful, but as one loves one's own body and consciousness, because they are synonymous with being. It was exciting for me to be in Shillington, as if my life, like the expanding universe, projected backward, gained heat and intensity. If there was a meaning to existence, I was closest to it here. Also, there was something in my excitement of having "showed" the town: more people had heard of me now than had ever heard of Philadelphia Avenue.

The Town Hall was a stately little red-brick building with a Greek-temple façade. Inside, there were stairs, and grated windows where one could pay bills; but I went inside only once a year, at Christmas, when the movie house and the civil authorities united to reinforce the religious holiday: after a free hour of cartoons and carols in the middle of the morning, and a Hershey bar presented by Mr. Shverha, we children of Shillington trooped down New Holland Avenue and into the Town Hall to receive our free box of candy from Sam Reisch, the fat town policeman, dressed as Santa Claus. Then I would walk back home, back up into the very perspective I was now gazing into as if at an icon, with my favorite chocolates (the ones with corners, which had caramel centers) melting in my mouth and my childish awe at this long-anticipated day's being at last *here* dissolving in my heart. There was a round, after lunch, of visiting other children and admiring their presents, and perhaps, if December had been unseasonably cold, an attempt at ice skating; but the day was rarely white or very crisp, and often mild, winter manifest mostly as an ebb in the color of things. Yet the holiday did have a taste, an excited buzz in the lining of the brain, a nearness of tears in the eyes and the tickle of a shout in the back of the throat, that used to merge, it seemed to me now as I headed down the south side of East Lancaster Avenue toward the movie-house marquee, with the Christmas scenes in books, the curvaceous heaps of blue-shadowed snow and the golden windows lighted by warmth and plenty within.

I STOOD under the marquee a long while, sheltered from the gentle rain, my back against the glass-protected posters. The ticket booth had closed, and the movie going on within was felt out here as a faint leakage of mood music and muffled outbursts of laughter. Cars licked by on the asphalt, the street lights overhead burned sulfurously, silhouettes in slickers and parkas once in a while walked by, and one of them even recognized me and stopped to talk, mostly about my father, who was still more vivid in the town than I could ever be. My father has posthumously acquired a saintly reputation, but he did, it occurred to me, strive to establish everywhere a position of special treatment for himself. Once, for instance, on the basis of an acquaintance with the absent foreman, he led me into a pretzel factory in Reading and began to eat pretzels right off the travelling belt; the foreman who was on the job rushed over, bawled us out, and told us to leave. I was humiliated, but not, to any point of repentance, my father; he saw the episode as a study in human nature, and the lesson he wanted to impart to me that day—the art of pretzel manufacture, the special little toss and twist bestowed by the experts, mostly women with fat white arms dimpled at the elbows, sitting in chairs and plucking up snakes of dough as they crawled past and giving them an airy flip to make that knotted shape—has never been forgotten. With Mr. Shverha my father seemed to have reached an understanding that he could wander into the movie house at random and watch some minutes of the show while standing in the back, free. Even when he went with my mother and me and paid for his ticket, he took the seat on the end of the aisle and, if the picture failed to hold his attention (and most did fail), would leave it abruptly and stand at the rear, chatting audibly with the usher. If I had been he, I would have gone into the movie house and watched some minutes of Peter Sellers, since it looked as if the suitcases from Allentown would never arrive. But true to my docile nature I stood outside, enjoying the rain and the passing traffic and the sensation that all this would be happening whether or not I was here. Life breeds punchers and counterpunchers, venturers like my father and ambushers like me: the venturer risks rebuff and defeat, the ambusher risks, like Kafka's hunger artist, fading away to nothing while his moment never arrives. "What a fellow you are!" the circus overseer exclaims, discovering the hunger artist still alive in the dirty straw of his cage. He wanted to be admired for his fasting, even though no food had ever appealed to him. All those years in Shillington, I had waited to be admired, waited patiently, for there was considerable pleasure in the waiting, the lying low, the keeping (in one of my grandfather's favorite phrases) "out of harm's way;" in the shyness, the malicious slyness, the physical cowardice, the burrowing in the New York magazines, the English mystery novels, for the secret passageway out, the path of avoidance and vindication. I would not teach, I would not farm, I would not (down deep) conform. I would "show" them, I would revenge the slights and abasements visited upon my father—the miserly salary, the subtle tyranny of his overlords at school, the disrespect of his students, the laughter in the movie house at the name of Updike. He had, I understood, been hurt by the failure of the local Lions' Club—or was it the Masons?—to elect him to membership; and I have relished every election to membership I have received, especially those I refused. Leaving Pennsylvania, where my father had been pinned by necessity, was another such refusal, another calculated spurning. Shillington, in a sense, was where I waited in ambush to take my revenge. Never since leaving it have I enjoyed such sheer idleness: the long hours hanging out in Stephens', the long summer hanging out at the dusty playground playing box hockey and roof ball, the long afternoons spent upstairs with a book or in bed sick listening to the radio. Now I enjoyed the idleness of waiting in front of the movie house, gazing at where the trolley tracks and Stephens' Luncheonette and the post office had been.

A small mustard-colored Japanese car came down Lancaster Avenue hesitantly. I went to the curb, the car stopped, a pretty young face in the window established that I was the man who had lost his luggage. She and her boyfriend handed over the bags in an atmosphere of jollity: we had pulled off an amusing logistical feat and made everybody's day. I gave expert directions on the best way out of Shillington, and they went into the night, like logs over a waterfall.

Two sensations stood out as peculiarly blissful in my childhood, before I discovered (at the same time as leaving Shillington) masturbation. The first has been alluded to: the awareness of things going by, impinging on my consciousness, and then, all beyond my control, sliding away toward their own destination and destiny. The traffic on Philadelphia Avenue was such; the sound of an engine and tires would swell like a gust of wind, the headlight beam would parabolically wheel about the papered walls of my little room, and then the lights and the sound would die, and that dangerous creature of combustion and momentum would be out of my life. To put myself to sleep, I would picture logs floating down a river and then over a waterfall, out of sight. Mailing letters, flushing a toilet, reading the last set of proofs—all have this sweetness of riddance. The second intimation of deep, cosmic joy, also already hinted at, is really a variation of the first: the sensation of shelter, of being out of the rain, but *just* out. I would lean close to the chill windowpane to hear the raindrops ticking on the other side; I would huddle under bushes until the rain penetrated; I loved doorways in a shower. On our side porch, it was my humble job, when it rained, to turn the wicker furniture with its seats to the wall, and in these porous woven caves I would crouch, happy almost to tears, as the rain drummed on the porch rail and rattled the grape leaves of the arbor and touched my wicker shelter with a mist like the vain assault of an atomic army. In both species of delightful experience, the reader may notice, the experiencer is motionless, holding his breath as it were, and the things experienced are morally detached from him: there is nothing he can do, or ought to do, about the flow, the tumult. He is irresponsible, safe, and witnessing: the entire body, for these rapt moments, mimics the position of the essential self in its jungle of physiology, its moldering tangle of inheritance and circumstance. Early in his life, the child I once was sensed the guilt in things, inseparable from the pain, the competition: the sparrow dead on the lawn, the flies swatted on the porch, the impervious leer of the bully on the school playground. The burden of activity, of participation, must clearly be shouldered, and had its pleasures. But they were cruel pleasures. There was nothing cruel about crouching in a shelter and letting phenomena slide by: it was ecstasy. The essential self is innocent, and when it tastes its own innocence knows that it lives forever. If we keep utterly still, we can suffer no wear and tear, and will never die.

I PUT the lost luggage into the trunk of my mother's car. The parking lot was beside the movie house, and cars entered not off Lancaster Avenue but from an alley that ran parallel. It was still a good half hour until "Being There" would end, with that inspired addendum of outtakes, under the credit roll, where Peter Sellers tries again and again to relay, in his impeccable put-on American accent, his slangy message from the menacing black boy, and breaks up laughing, again and again: Sellers, so incredibly clever, so lively in his mimicry, so quick, and now dead. I walked down the alley, east, toward Brobst Street. In this direction, too, memories welcomed me. Just the texture of the fine-pebbled Shillington alleys put me

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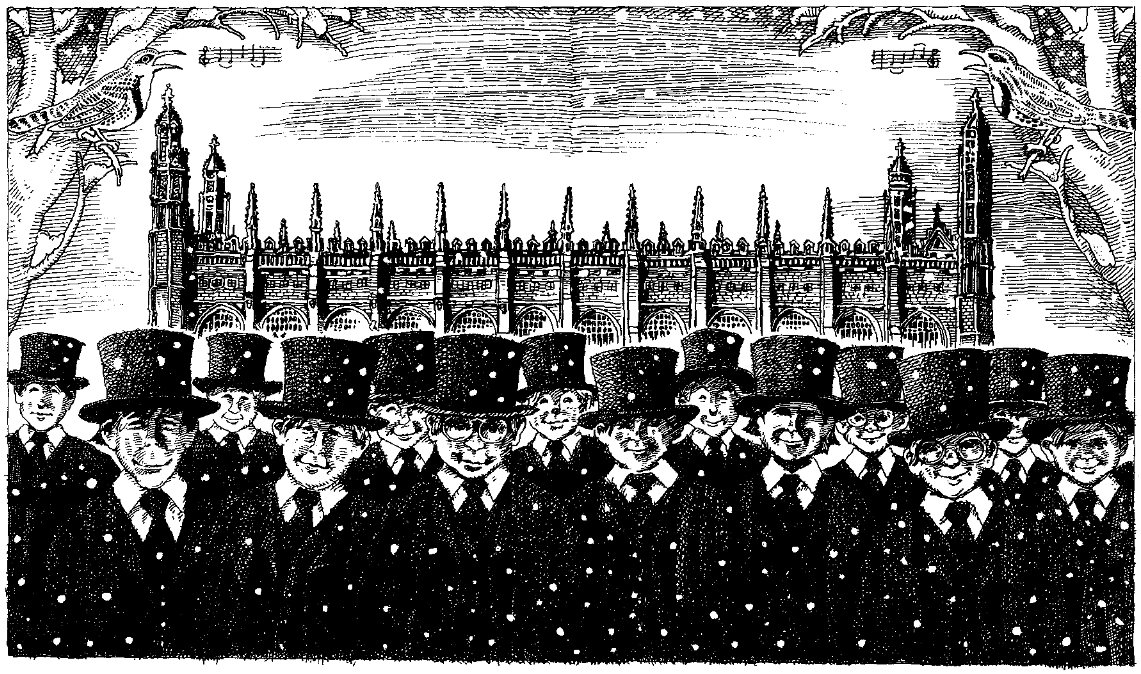

"A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols" is the traditional Christmas Eve service performed by the King's College Choir, in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, England. The festival is brought to your American Public Radio station live by Honeywell with Best Wishes for Joyful Holidays and a Peaceful New Year.

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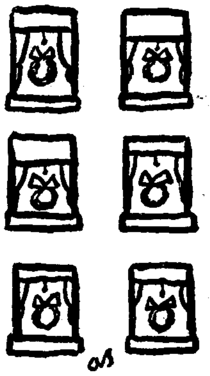
back into sneakers, slouching toward a basketball scuffle around a telephone pole. Along this alley, past Brobst, there had been the Speedway Greenhouse. Here one bought corsages for one's dates to formal dances; such erotic expenditure belonged to a later time, when I lived eleven miles from Shillington but still attended the high school. Girls wore strapless gowns of shiny taffeta then, and in the darkened gym, under the drooping twisted streamers of crêpe paper, bathed in spotlights tinted by colored cellophane, one seemed to be swimming among naked shoulders. The corsages wilted, the rented tuxedos rumpled in the heat, the sweat, the twirling exertions called forth by the wah-wah of the muted trumpets and the heart-lifting runs of the clarinet. After a slow dance, you and your partner separated stickily, and a red blotch marked where your cheek had been pressed against hers. Your hand shifted uneasily on her damp, tightly bound back, moving up from the waist to the hard ridge of the bra strap. The tops of her breasts were plumped up in a way that was not the least of her mysteries: we thought girls came naturally in such dramatically rounded shapes, their waists cinched and their hips widened by crinoline petticoats. Their arms were glossy long extensions of their shoulders' nakedness, lightly swirling with forearm hair and tipped with bangles at the wrist and with scarlet fingernails that matched their lips. Looking at my old high-school yearbook, I am struck by the darkness, the blackness, of my female classmates' smiling lips. These seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds look flashlit and starchy, with their white blouses and long Ginger Rogersish hair; but what heats, what shadowy, intense glandular incubations came packaged with the five-dollar purchase of a baby orchid in a transparent plastic box! It surprised me, as an adolescent, that at each stage of our outward venture merchants stand ready, equipped to sell us what we think we need—cap guns, cigarettes, and so on. One imagines, when young, that everything desirable must be obtained in spite of the adult world, and against its grain. But society knows us better than we know ourselves, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Miller, who ran the greenhouse, knew down to their apron pockets the symbolic value of their folded, fragrant, fragile merchandise.



I was often in love but didn't have a *real*, as they say, girlfriend until my senior year. She was a junior, whom I'll call Nora. Though my only girlfriend, she was enough—sensitive, nicely formed, and fond of me. It was courtesy of her that I discovered breasts are not glazed bouffant orbs pushing up out of a prom dress but soft poignant things, subtle additions to the female rib cage, which is distinctly yet not radically different from that of the male. She was as fragrant and tactful and giving as one could wish; in our scale of relative innocence and youth, she did for me all that a woman does, emotionally, for a man, and it was sad that our circumstances harried almost every date and stolen hour with awareness of our imminent and necessary parting. I was never allowed to relax into her; the perfect girl for me would take me away from Shillington, not pull me down into it. My avenging mission beckoned. My love for the town had to be furtive, and my dates with Nora also; I was not allowed to be a normal boyfriend but had always to be sneaking and breaking up and saying goodbye.

Now the goodbyes had all been endured, though in this half hour I was still sneaking. I continued walking east, toward Nora's old house. Emerging from the alley, I crossed Brobst Street and walked down the half block to Walnut. This section of Shillington, when newly built of snug brick semidetached houses in the twenties, had been planted with Norway maples—a dull, thickly leafed tree, branched low to the ground. The freshly unpacked leaves of spring made a comforting roof over my head as I walked along. The rain had become a real rain, gentle but insistent. The houses here, uniform and solid, unlike the variegated houses of Philadelphia Avenue, always made me feel safe; the something anonymous and interchangeable about the streets took me in. Nora lived a block up, at the corner of Walnut and State Streets, in a house with a big living-room window and a retaining wall decorated, like Doc Rothermel's, with concrete balls. The high school on East Lancaster Avenue was a block away and seemed suddenly close in my mind. One night, I had to say a word, a very few words, in introduction of some classmates at some evening ceremony in the auditorium, and had stuttered. I had a stammer that came and went, pouncing upon me when I least expected it—not, say, during the lengthy speeches of a class play but in some trivial performance like placing a phone call or saying a very few words from the stage. Humiliated, I left the stage and the school building and walked along Lancaster to State and down a block to Nora's house. It was close to nine o'clock. My status with her parents was not such that I could ring the bell; instead, I hung around on the curb opposite, hoping she would look out the window or magically sense my presence, and come out to comfort me. And she did.

On this corner across the street had been in those days an old-fashioned grocery store, with one of those curious entrances you see in Pennsylvania: a tall door set diagonally at the corner of the building, with the second floor forming a triangular overhang. This store, too, was no longer a store; gone were the tin signs and decals for 7Up and Maier's Bread. The display windows were painted white on the inside, so no one could look in, and all the windows were dark. I sat on the porch, to get out of the rain, and waited for Nora to come out of her house. But she was not there; the whole family had moved, decamped, perhaps her father like mine was dead, perhaps like me she had married and remarried. Her old house showed one dim light, a night-light or the glow of a radio dial, on in an upstairs room. Otherwise, it was dark. She did not come out. But the rain continued, hard enough to make a close pattern of dots on the asphalt under the street light, here among the Norway maples and brick houses of Shillington.

Dasein. Nothing I have described here has importance except to me, and to those few thousands who thanks to chance also live or have lived in Shillington; they will see that I haven't described it very well, for I haven't described *their* town—only mine, lost luggage by and large, a few scraps preserved by memory and used more than once, used to the point of vanishing like the wishing hide in the fairy tale, used up and wished away in the self-serving corruptions of fiction. Yet isn't it a miracle, the oddity of consciousness being placed in one body rather than another, in one place and not somewhere else, in one handful of decades rather than in ancient Egypt, or ninth-century Turkestan, or Samoa before the missionaries came, or Bulgaria under the Turkish yoke, or the Ob river valley in the days of the woolly mammoths? Billions of consciousnesses silt history full, and every one of them the center of the universe. What can we do in the face of this unthinkable truth but scream or take refuge in God? Perhaps what I loved most about Shillington is that here time had moved slowest, all but stood still in reference to a child's future that would never come, and even now, in its undoing of known landmarks, moved cautiously, as if subdued by the Hebraic promises that had come to me via the stolid church that was called and is still called Grace Lutheran.

There had been much self-conscious about my walk this night, a deliberate indulgence of a nostalgia long since made formal in many words. I had propelled my body through the tenderest parts of a town that was also somewhat my body. Yet my pleasure was innocent and my hope was primitive. I had expected to be told who I was, and why, and had not been entirely disappointed. The raindrops made a pattern on the street like television snow, or like the scrambled letters with which a word processor fills the screen before a completed electric spark clears it all into perfect sense. I studied the drops, feeling fulfilled and suspended. Rain is grace; rain is the sky condescending to the earth; without rain, there would be no life. The triangular shelter of the porch gave just enough shelter, like the upturned wicker chairs on the old side porch. Now and then a car passed, the slanting colorless lines of rain showing in the headlights. I was "where the people are." I was "out of harm's way." I was "by myself"—a phrase whose meaning could not be deduced by a stranger to the language even though he knew the meanings of "by" and "myself." A passing car slowed suspiciously, clouding my intense happiness. Perhaps by sitting on this porch—no longer, after all, the porch of a grocery store—I was doing something illegal. I, a child of the town, arrested, with my gray head, for trespassing! This head got distinctly wet as I walked back to the movie theatre, to join my mother and daughter, to resume my life. A fortunate life, of course—college, children, wives, enough money, minor fame. But it had all, from the age of thirteen on, felt like not quite my idea. Shillington, its idle alleys and darkened foursquare houses, had been my idea.

—John Updike

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Audio Apart.

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

DAMP IN THE AFTERNOON

WHEN I began trying to describe *taureaux piscine* to people in America, I was struck by how many of them had precisely the same response: "You have to be kidding!" I'll admit that I might have been tempted to use that phrase myself when *taureaux piscine* first came to my attention—this was in the South of France in the summer of 1983—except that my French wouldn't have been up to it. My French isn't up to a lot, although I know a number of nouns. I probably just shook my head in amazement, or did my imperfect imitation of that look Frenchmen in cafés use to indicate without a word that what has just been said may well be true for the simple reason that so many other silly things are. This happened on Saturday, market day, in Uzès—a lovely market town west of the Rhône, not far from Avignon. I was sitting with my wife and daughters in an outdoor café we favored on Saturdays for its proximity to the stand of a market-day *pommes-frites* specialist who would not consider offering a customer a sackful of French fries until he had fried them at least twice. On a tree next to our table, a handwritten sign announced an event that would take place in the local arena at nine that night: "*taureaux piscine.*" I do not have to be kidding.

I had been under the impression that both "*taureaux*" and "*piscine*" were among my nouns, but I couldn't think of any way to translate them except "bulls, swimming pool." The next time our table was visited by the café's proprietress—a woman who had already demonstrated her good nature by a tolerant view of carried-in *pommes frites*—I tried to get some more information. "*Taureaux comme taureaux?*" I asked, using my fingers as horns to do a passable imitation of a fighting bull. (I know several conjunctions; it's verbs I don't do.)

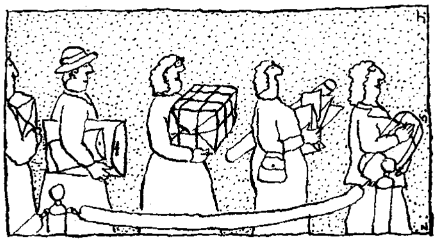
"*Oui, Monsieur,*" she said.

"*Piscine comme piscine?*" I went on, demonstrating with an Esther Williams breaststroke that I happen to do almost flawlessly as long as I'm out of the water.

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

She bustled off to see to her other customers, leaving me with a lot of questions unexpressed and, for me in French, unexpressible. I knew that the South of France, particularly the area toward the mouth of the Rhône, had its own tradition of Provençal tauromachy. I suppose you could say that the South of France, particularly the Côte d'Azur, has its own tradition of swimming pools. But how would the two go together? Why would the two go together? The answers were not immediately forthcoming. As it happened, we were unable to attend the *taureaux piscine* being held in the arena that evening. We did have a couple of English-speaking acquaintances who had lived in Uzès for some time, but they had never heard of *taureaux piscine.* I made a careful survey of wall posters in Uzès and in any other town we happened to drive through that next week. No *taureaux piscine.* I began to think that I had missed the opportunity to see a unique coupling of bulls and swimming pool. It occurred to me that I might be left with only that astounding name—*taureaux piscine.* Aside from the energy it produced with that jarring juxtaposition, it had struck me from the start as a name of great euphony. It was clearly at its best when used as something like a war cry, with all four syllables plainly and loudly enunciated —"TAU-REAUX-PI-SCINE!" In fact, as we drove through the countryside around Uzès, I occasionally found myself shouting "TAU-REAUX-PI-SCINE" out the car window into the wind, as if to announce to the residents of the next village what my quest was. The next Saturday was our last Saturday in Uzès. We went to the same café. I saw the same sign on the same tree: "*taureaux piscine.*"

We arrived at the arena late. By chance, we had guests that weekend, and some of them were reluctant to rush through dinner, even though I kept telling them that, for all we knew about *taureaux piscine,* the best part might be right at the beginning. The arena looked like the bullfight arena of a Spanish provincial town except, of course, that in the middle of the ring there was a swimming pool—a rather small swimming pool, with only a couple of feet of water in it, but still a swimming pool. From the stands it looked like one of those plastic swimming pools that people in the suburbs buy at the discount store and stick out in the back yard for the smaller kids to splash around in. There were a few dozen teen-age boys in the ring. There was also a bull—a small bull, with blunts on the points of his horns, but still a bull. In other words, the bull in *taureaux piscine* was a bull, and the swimming pool was a swimming pool. Upon my oath.



Within a few minutes, it was clear that *taureaux piscine* has an extraordinary aspect that I had not anticipated during the week I'd spent simply amazed at its existence and enamored of its name. It is the only sport I have ever encountered that has only one rule: If you and the bull are in the pool at the same time, you win. If you do it again, you win again; a limitation of the rule would be a second rule. The boys in the ring that night seemed to be having trouble winning. An announcer talked constantly over a public-address system—exhorting the boys, taunting the boys, praising the bull, increasing the number of francs that would go to any boy who managed to share the pool with the bull. The boys, most of whom were dressed in bluejeans and T-shirts, spent a lot of time jumping up and down to attract the bull's attention, and a lot of time running from the bull once they had it—usually ending the run by leaping over the inner fence that separates the ring from the stands in a bullfight arena. Occasionally, two or three of them would simply stand in the pool waiting for the bull to join them—like those towering but ungainly centers in the earlier days of basketball who planted themselves under the basket—and would have second thoughts about the strategy once the bull actually approached. Suddenly, one boy, realizing that he had attracted the bull's attention from just the right angle, started his run toward the *piscine* simultaneously with the bull's charge, and dived in head first just as the bull rumbled through the water. I thought it was a brilliant, daring move—something I might have been tempted to describe, if I had been a fan of somewhat longer duration, as "what *taureaux piscine* is all about."

I have to say that it was not enough to make *taureaux-piscine* enthusiasts out of my companions. One of my daughters said that *taureaux piscine* was at least boring and maybe cruel. One of our guests said it was a mess. Somebody, I am obligated to report, said to me "You have to be kidding!" even after he had seen *taureaux piscine* with his own eyes. I liked it. Of course, as someone who had spent a week in a state of excitement over the very existence of *taureaux piscine*, I might have been expected to have a certain proprietary feeling about it. That did not blind me to its faults. "I'll admit it lacks finesse," I said after the head-first hero had shaken himself off, collected forty francs from the announcer, and rejoined his fellows. Still, how could anybody fail to be engaged by it? How, for instance, had *taureaux piscine* come about? It was as if a game had been invented by the wild man in the old-fashioned Hollywood story conference—the one who's there to come up with something like "I've got it! Her long-lost father is the King of England," so that someone else is jogged into saying, "Well, not the King of England, but some sort of English aristocrat might not be a bad idea." The wild man says, "Here it is—a bull and a swimming pool," and, for some reason, nobody says, "Not a swimming pool, Harry, but we could have a nice little obstacle course or something like that." Why had Americans spent so much time and energy analyzing the Spanish bullfight while completely ignoring *taureaux piscine*? I intended to take care of that oversight the following summer. During the winter, while driving along turnpikes, I occasionally opened the window and shouted "TAU-REAUX-PI-SCINE," just to keep my hand in.

Dana Fradon

"My God! I went to sleep a Democrat and I've awakened a Republican."

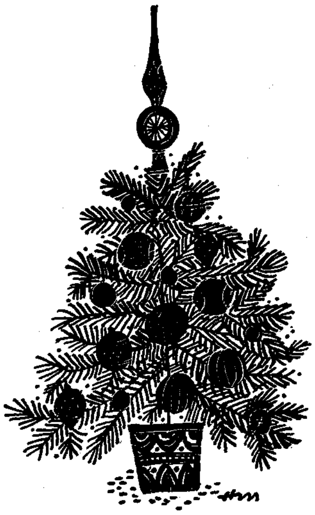
• •

IT'S not as if you could just call up the United Taureaux Piscine League and ask for the summer schedule. We got back to France the next June, but I couldn't seem to find any *taureaux piscine*. We were staying in a town just east of the Rhône—still in the part of Provence where any good-sized village is likely to have both a bullfight arena and a café that serves as headquarters for the local *club taurin*. There was no shortage of posters with pictures of bulls on them. It was already high season for the Provençal version of bullfighting, which is often called La Course Camarguaise—after the Camargue, a vast salt marsh in the Rhône delta, where most of the bulls are raised. A French bullfight isn't exactly a fight. There are no swords or capes or elaborate costumes. In the variety that has become an organized professional sport, the bull has a sort of rosette, called a *cocarde*, attached to his horns; the participants—men who are dressed in white pants and white T-shirts and white sneakers—run in a long arc that passes in front of the bull, try to snatch off the *cocarde* with what amounts to a comb, and then try to get themselves over the barrier before the bull can demonstrate his displeasure. The participants, called *raseteurs*, are competing against one another rather than against the bull; they amass point totals that are listed regularly in the newspapers, like the winnings of professional golfers. The leading *raseteurs* become famous in Provence, as do the leading bulls. *Raseteurs* are not in the least embarrassed by having to leap over the barrier all the time. A Spanish matador who ran out of the ring, of course, might as well just keep going, but for a French *raseteur*, carrying only a four-inch comb by way of protection, a *coup de barrière* is the logical exit. In the magazines devoted to La Course Camarguaise—I read a number of them, looking for notices of *taureaux piscine*—nearly every picture seems to be of a *raseteur* leaping over the barrier toward the stands, followed at a distance of an inch or two by an angry bull. It would be gratifying, I suppose, to report that the French version of tauromachy—sporting, non-lethal, good-humored, relatively unpretentious—is more exciting than the Spanish *corrida*. But I found that a little of it goes a long way. For my money, I thought as I watched some renowned *raseteurs* go through their paces one afternoon, the performance could be improved greatly by the simple addition of a swimming pool.

In my search for *taureaux piscine*, I found that the French, not being locked into bullfighting as a ritual, had developed all sorts of variations on the theme of La Course Camarguaise. Particularly during a festival, a Provençal town is likely to complement the performance of the *raseteurs* with less formal events, which are designed to include anyone who feels like having a go. In the simplest form, a small bull or cow is let out into the ring, and the local boys swerve in front of it on their way to the barrier—trying to pick off a *cocarde* or, in the more common version, simply trying to show how close they can get. A number of games take off from there. Lydie Marshall, a French-born friend of ours who had volunteered to act as a provider of verbs for my quest while she was visiting us in Provence, tracked down a friend of hers who had once participated in a game called *taureaux pastèque*, or *taureaux* watermelon. It's one of those games which sound simple but turn out to be complicated. Every contestant is given a piece of watermelon to eat, and the one who finishes first wins. The complicating factors are that the watermelon can be eaten only while the contestant is seated on a bench, the bench is in the bullring, and so is a bull. One of the games I heard about sounded almost as ingeniously simple as *taureaux piscine*. It is called *taureaux football.* Two teams engage in a game of soccer. The only difference from conventional soccer is that there's a bull in the ring.

I had a certain amount of curiosity about *taureaux football*. It was obviously a game that could include some subtle strategic wrinkles. For instance, would the best strategy be simply to play soccer, glancing over your shoulder regularly for the bull, or would the best strategy be to have one man stand behind the opposing goalie and try to attract the bull's attention?

I did not let my curiosity about *taureaux football* deflect me from the thrust of my research—*taureaux piscine*. Where was it? I got some guidance from a woman we fell into conversation with in a town called Eyragues while watching an *abrivado*—an entertainment in which a bull is run up and down a street within a phalanx of Camarguaise horsemen while the brave lads of the town try to pry him from his blockers, sometimes by the tail. She said that *taureaux piscine* was much more common toward July, when the evenings could be counted on to be warm. Of course! I should have realized that a sport requiring its successful participants to run around in soaking-wet clothing had to be played in warm weather. It was clear that I could not yet be described as a true student of the game.



I HAD never thought of looking for *taureaux piscine* at the Nîmes Feria. Nîmes, among a few other places in Provence, regularly stages absolutely traditional Spanish *corridas*—it happens to have a Roman arena perfectly suited to that purpose—and the Feria is a festive week of Spanish bullfighting that can inspire some citizens to talk about how much the people of Nîmes have in common with the people of Seville. The Feria always presents leading Spanish matadors. The bulls are from renowned Andalusian bull ranches. The press coverage is marked by the sort of purple *corrida* prose I have treasured ever since, many years ago in Seville, I read that a matador named Diego Puerta had in his fight the previous day "written brilliant pages in the book of valor." During the Feria, we read in the local newspaper that "the presentation of Curro Caro was a sonnet of artistic success" and that "in the space of an instant, no more, but an instant that seemed an eternity, with the fourth bull Emilio Muñoz created a masterpiece of purity." I couldn't see where *taureaux piscine* would fit in with talk like that. Then, toward the end of the Feria, I happened to glance through the schedule of events and saw that there was a *taureaux piscine* that very evening at eight o'clock. We headed for Nîmes.

The *taureaux piscine* was not being held in the Roman arena. It was in a small arena that belonged to the Nîmes school of bullfighting. During the Feria, the bullfight-school arena was the last stop along a sort of midway of food booths and carnival rides and a bandstand that featured, the evening we were there, Alain May et les Mod Beats. Lydie quickly found the man in charge—Lucien Moulin, who works for the city of Alès, twenty-five miles or so north of Nîmes, and stages *taureaux piscines* on the side. Moulin said that for the Feria he had arranged and announced five *taureaux piscines* a day, each with six bulls—a pace so gruelling that he had abandoned his normal practice of introducing each bull with his own trumpet fanfare, and settled for a taped rendition over the public-address system. The *taureaux piscine* was squarely in the tradition I remembered from Uzès—although with a closer look I realized that the swimming pool was made not of plastic but of hay bales and a canvas tarp. Moulin spoke constantly over the public-address system—play-by-play and offers of great rewards from various sponsors and taunts for the brave young men and jokes that tended to dwell on mothers-in-law or on the potential consequences of being followed very closely by a bull. Occasionally, a triumphant young man would stand before Moulin, dripping wet, to be tossed fifty or sixty francs in coins. I thought that one tall boy wearing bluejeans but no shirt might have been said to have written brilliant pages in the book of valor if he hadn't slipped a bit in the mud that forms from the splashing just outside the pool. A boy wearing a T-shirt that said "Écoutez Radio 102" made a leap toward the pool that I would consider at least a rhyming couplet of artistic success.

After the last bull had left the ring, we had a chat with Moulin. I was hoping to learn something of how *taureaux piscine* had developed—from a chance puddle at a Camarguaise bull ranch, maybe, or through some old Provençal connection between bulls and rivers that I hadn't yet put together. When I asked if special bulls were required, Moulin said he always got his bulls from Jean-Marie Bilhau, whose father, Émile, had invented *taureaux piscine*.

"Did he say 'invented *taureaux piscine*'?" I asked Lydie.

"That's what he said," Lydie replied.

Invented *taureaux piscine!* There was an inventor of *taureaux piscine!* I asked Moulin if Émile Bilhau was still alive. Moulin said that the elder Bilhau was up in years but still quite active. I could presumably drive down to his place, near Saint-Gilles, and have a chat with him. I felt like a baseball nut who was about to have a beer with Abner Doubleday.

SAINT-GILLES is a town whose signs identify it as Gateway to the Camargue and City of Roman Art. I found Émile Bilhau a few miles outside of town in a place called Mas d'Estagel—a place that began as a medieval monastery, was converted into a hotel, and is now used by Bilhau and his wife as a kind of rural catering hall for parties and special events. The buildings are surrounded by fields and vineyards. Next to a sort of picnic ground where outdoor parties are held is a roughly made bullring. Émile Bilhau turned out to be a small, straightforward country man who looked something like a Provençal version of Barry Fitzgerald. He said he had been interested in horses and bulls all his life; as a young man, he told us, he became the only rider in France who could leap from a horse onto the back of a bull—a trick he picked up from watching a visiting American rodeo. He acknowledged that he was indeed the inventor of *taureaux piscine*. While I was taking that in, he added that he had invented *taureaux football* as well. He had nothing to do with *taureaux* watermelon.

It all came about, he said, while he was managing the arenas at Saint-Gilles and Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, a Camarguaise seaside resort that is particularly renowned for taurine events. He had decided that the *courses de nuit*—the amateur events held in the evenings during the festivals—were boring. A lot of young men just ran around with bulls; nobody in the stands knew exactly what was going on. The solution he came up with, in 1957 or 1958, was *taureaux piscine*. In other words, *taureaux piscine* had come about for the same reason that, say, Ladies' Day in baseball had—as a way to build the gate. I liked that. It did not lack finesse.

Bilhau decided that any of the games could be improved by an announcer. The announcer, he believes, is the key to *taureaux piscine*—the person who involves both the participants and the audience. Bilhau, of course, was the first announcer. One of his trademarks, he told us, was picking out young men in the ring and giving them heroic names—Napoleon, maybe, or Charlemagne. He still announces occasionally, but ordinarily he contents himself with renting out bulls to other *taureaux-piscine* promoters. He can also furnish the hay bales and the specially designed tarp for the pool—a contraption that, it almost goes without saying, he invented.

But how, I asked, had he come up with his greatest stroke of invention—the combination of bulls and swimming pool?

"I wanted to find the comical point of view," Bilhau said. "What is there that's comical? There's water. There's a custard pie."

If Abner Doubleday could have expressed himself that succinctly, I suspect, baseball would not be so difficult for foreigners to understand. I was definitely in the presence of the inventor—a man who could have tossed off *taureaux* custard pie if he had been in the mood. I decided that Saint-Gilles should add to its sobriquets. It is not simply Gateway to the Camargue and City of Roman Art. It is also Birthplace of *Taureaux Piscine*.

I MET Jean-Marie Bilhau the next Sunday. A local *club taurin* was holding a *ferrade* at Mas d'Estagel, and Émile Bilhau had invited us to attend. A *ferrade* is a sort of informal rodeo and picnic; in the principal event, calves run across a large field toward a branding fire, and horsemen try to push them over with long poles that look like jousters' lances. Jean-Marie told me that *taureaux piscine* had been a great hit in Barcelona, and that he had plans to take it to Germany and Italy. He asked me how I thought it would go over in America. It was not a question I had considered. I had thought of *taureaux piscine* as something I would attempt to explain to Americans the way other explorers had explained, say, mah-jongg or Greek folk dances. I hadn't thought of having *taureaux piscine* right there—in Madison Square Garden or the Los Angeles Coliseum. "You have bulls there, right?" Jean-Marie said.

I told him our bulls were less the sort that charged young men than the sort whose back you jumped onto from a horse. He said that bringing along his own bulls would be no problem—the Spanish had invented a sort of box to carry bulls on airplanes. I suppose the second generation is always more technologically oriented.

"America is ready for *taureaux piscine*," he said.

"You may be right," I said. I was just being polite. But the more I thought about it, as we drove through the vineyards away from Mas d'Estagel, the more clearly I could see *taureaux piscine* in America—the analytical stories in the sports section, the opening night in the Garden, the interview on local TV with some soaking-wet hero from the Bronx. I opened the window of the car. I shouted into the wind, "TAU-REAUX-PI-SCINE!"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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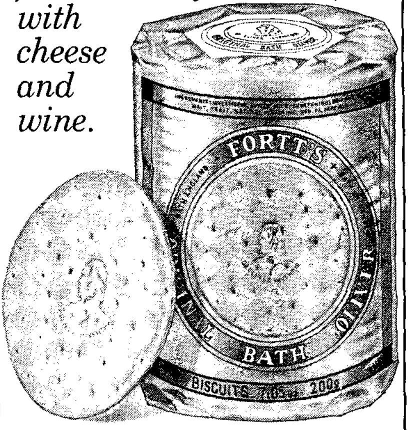

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Riches in Little Room

TWO short pieces by Elliott Carter were introduced to America last week by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. "Riconoscenza" (a title that combines senses of recognition and gratitude), for solo violin, celebrated the eightieth birthday of the composer Goffredo Petrassi. It was first played at the Pontino Festival, in Italy, in June. "Canon for 4" (which is subtitled "Homage to William"), for flute, bass clarinet, violin, and cello, honored the achievement of William Glock. It was first played at the Bath Festival (where, in 1980, Carter's "Night Fantasies" had its first performance), in June, on the occasion of Sir William's retirement as the festival director. Neither is a miniature or mere albumblatt; each lasts about four minutes and is plainly destined to outlive its occasional origin. Carter—in a conversation with the cellist Fred Sherry printed in the Lincoln Center program book—says that neither work is a study for a larger composition: "These pieces were individual pieces that worked for themselves." (He is engaged on a large composition for IRCAM and Pierre Boulez's Ensemble InterContemporain, due for its Paris première in May and its American première in 1986.) "I was just interested in trying to solve the problem of writing short pieces." The conversation ranges beyond the two new works:

> The composer who has always meant the most to me, all my life, has been Mozart. He's interesting because he was very concerned with the change in human feeling, constantly seeing things in different and varied lights.

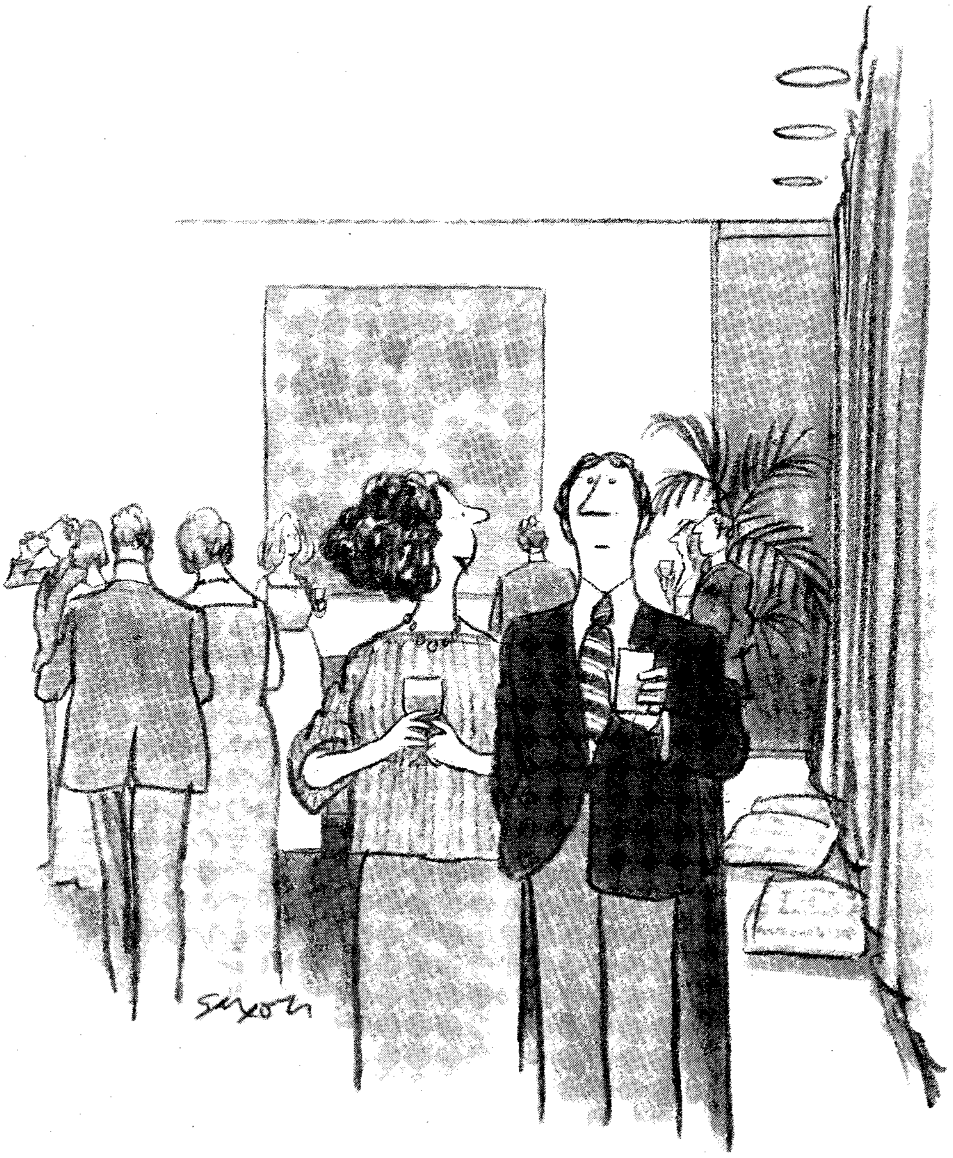
And:

> Much of the music of the twentieth century has disturbed me because it's trying to avoid just this flexibility, developing a primitive, almost hypnotic effect which I find very dangerous, having lived through the time of Hitler.

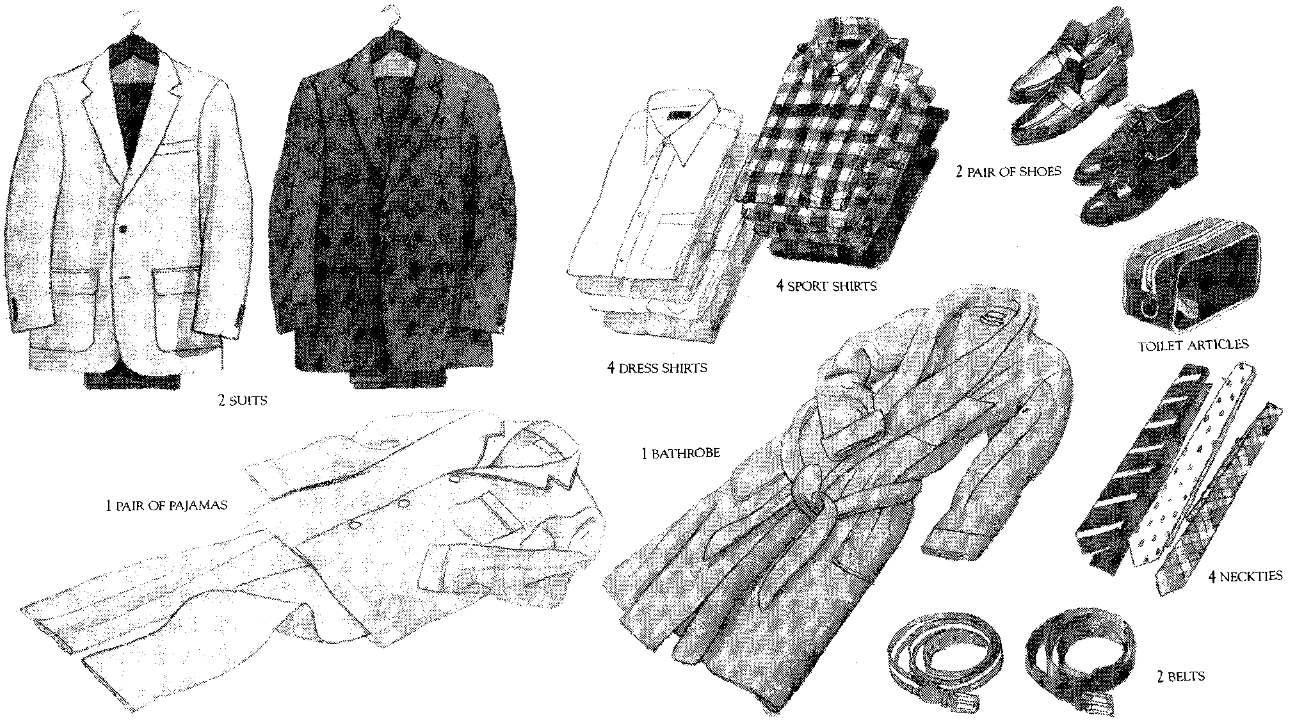
Mr. Sherry remarks on the "rapid and incredible changes" that characterize much of Carter's music, and instances the Symphony of Three Orchestras. The composer in reply talks of "one of the most interesting things music can present—the way human feeling can change and vary—the way we look back on what we've just experienced."

"Riconoscenza," a large adventure in small space, is concerned with seeing things in different and varied lights and looking back on what we've just experienced. It's a flight for the solo violin, but every so often he and, with him, his listeners pause—hovering, *tranquillo*, on long-sustained consonances (thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths), as if to consider and reconsider before moving off again. Ground level is represented by G, the violin's lowest note. At first, the pause points seem to be harmonies resting for the most part on the open strings—G, D, A, E—but soon it becomes plain that things are not as simple as that; the implied progressions defy any easy analysis. And so "Riconoscenza" becomes a challenging piece, limpid yet elusive.

The three-page score of "Riconoscenza," which is published by Boosey & Hawkes, is satisfying and beautiful to contemplate. But—as Frederik Prausnitz observes in the introduction to his "Score and Podium"—"central to the musical experience itself is the fact that, although a qualified beholder may find beauty in a page of music, his listeners will not see that page [but] will hear it performed." ("Score and Podium," published last year by Norton, is subtitled "A Complete Guide to Conducting;" embedded in the clear technical advice is a consistent philosophy of the way creators' musical visions are made manifest to the listening public.) Mr. Prausnitz quotes Roger Sessions' remark "I am convinced that the performer is an essential element in the whole musical pic-



"Remember how we used to look in the window driving by? Now here we are—the people at the Klingers' party."



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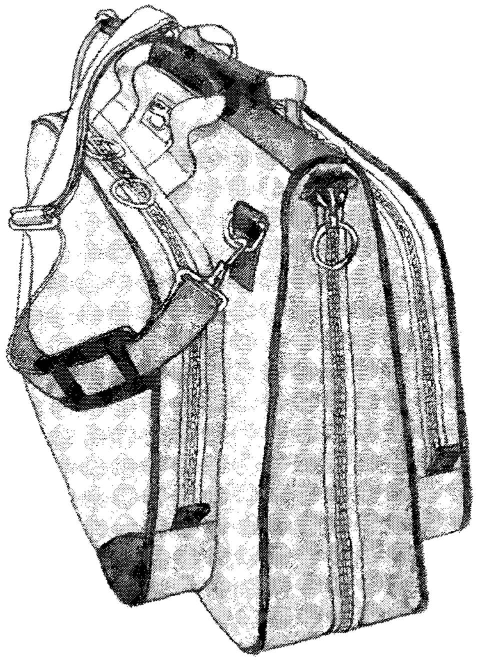

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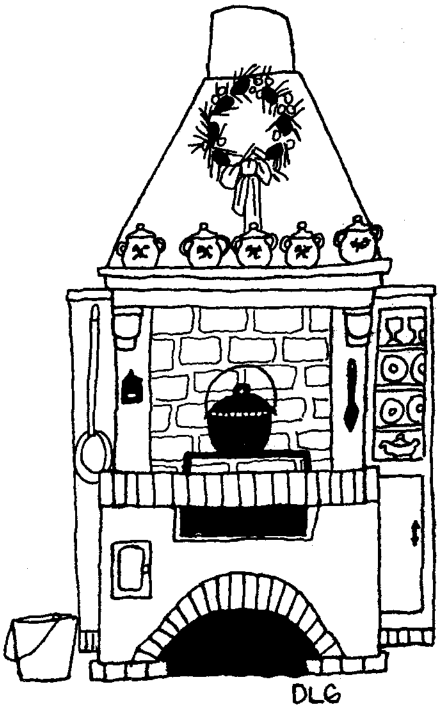
ture." Similarly, Carter, in that program-book conversation, says, "I consider the music I write as concerned with performers; the music is concerned with dramatizing the performer's activity." The first American performer of "Riconoscenza" was Eugene Drucker, a violinist of the Emerson Quartet. To suggest that he didn't discover all that the piece has to offer is perhaps no harsh criticism; it merely suggests a listener's eagerness to hear what other performers will make of the work. All the same—the three printed pages are laid out before me as I write—it was hard not to feel that Mr. Drucker was simply getting through the notes and, harder, coping with the tricky metrics rather than being in full command of the composition and interpreting it.

"Canon for 4" is at once musically denser and more readily charming. The charm derives in part from the play of instrumental timbres (the work lends itself to performance by a "Pierrot" ensemble) and in part from the pleasures, as in Bach's Art of Fugue, of audible contrapuntal play. In the score, the cello line is indicated as "basic form," the violin line as a retrograde inversion, the bass-clarinet line as a retrograde, and the flute line as an inversion. One can't consciously hear all that happening, through a composition a hundred and thirty-two bars long, but—particularly in the central episode, *tranquillo*, where the rate of incident decreases and one melody at a time spins on its way through sustained harmonies—one can observe and enjoy some of the structural detail. The turning point on the bar line between measures 66 and 67 is plain: the flute runs for a few paces beside the violin and then, as it were, takes over the baton. The tempo signature, 6/8, is constant throughout—rare occurrence in a Carter score—and the pulse, dotted-quarter about 69, stays constant, too, but within the regularly marked-out course the music moves at many paces. A call to attention—a sharp short chord, a gesture from the flute—opens the work. (Reversed—as a gesture of farewell from the violin, a final chord—it ends it.) Then the four players burst forth at once, with melodies so devised that, although each has its own rhythmic shape, their lapping causes every sixteenth of each measure to be sounded, toccata-like. Initially, the players set out as two couples: flute and clarinet are in step, violin and cello play a two-part invention. Then they become individuals. Quite soon, the texture thins, the pace becomes less emphatic, and group activity turns to conversation. Dotted sixteenths appear, producing a two-against-three metrical interplay. Long notes appear, and it is beautiful to hear one instrument's quick response to another's sudden fancy. The notation avoids the mathematical intricacies of, say, the Second and Third String Quartets: there is just one septimole (each player, of course, has it in turn), in the flow of the running theme through the center point. Perusing the score is a delight in itself: I keep finding new subtleties of construction and feel I have barely touched the surface of its ingenious secrets. But more important is the way the music sounds: the product of calculation, certainly, but of joyful, lyrical calculation such as Mozart's must have been when he worked out the canons and combinations of the "Jupiter" finale. The performers were Paula Robison (flute), Virgil Blackwell (clarinet), Philip Setzer (violin), and David Finckel (cello), and I thought they played brilliantly.

The concert is due to be broadcast by WNYC on March 3rd.

Carter's picturesque Symphony of Three Orchestras, a Bicentennial commission, was given its first performance, in 1977, by the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Boulez. The work is dedicated to them. Last month and this, the Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, revived the piece. I heard the last of the four performances. It began impressively. Although Gerard Schwarz's playing of the great trumpet flight—soaring, arching, suddenly dipping—that rises out of the shrill dawn tumult of the start is legendary, Philip Smith's solo was also impressive. Boulez and the Philharmonic (with Mr. Schwarz on first trumpet) have recorded the symphony, in a very fine performance (CBS), but the music needs space—large physical space. The three orchestras are arranged on the platform according to a careful plan. Perspectives shift. Sound answers sound. So the live Philharmonic performance offered something that a record can't. But, after the good start, it did not have the lucidity of the Boulez interpretation. The colors were bright, but the details were not sharply focussed. What should be keen and clear seemed incoherent, not precisely balanced. Returning to the record, one can hear "the tunes" again, and find that it all makes sense.



The concert will be broadcast by WQXR on March 24th.

Carter performance on the highest level was heard in Cincinnati earlier this season, when Ursula Oppens and the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Michael Gielen, played the Piano Concerto, of 1965. It's a heroic work, violent and dramatic: a battle without quarter between ideas represented by the soloist, with her small band of supporters and sympathizers—seven other solo players—around her, and ideas represented by the rude might of the main orchestra. It's a work that engages listeners in the fight, recruits them on the soloist's side, rouses feelings of something close to hatred for what the orchestra represents. The conflict is not a simple matter of the orchestra's trying to batter the soloist into submission—though sheer brute force of sound is at times one of the weapons employed—but a subtle matter of ways of thinking and ways of behaving represented by harmonies, timbres, dynamic levels, and the shape of melodies. I'd heard Miss Oppens play the concerto before (in New York in 1978, with the Philharmonic and Mr. Mehta). I'd read high praise of performances in Britain given by Charles Rosen and by her. I'd not before heard so stirring and cogent an account of the work as a whole, one where everything seemed to fall tellingly into place. Mr. Gielen has the ability to make hard music not easy—the Carter Piano Concerto can never be *easy* listening—but gripping, emotionally intelligible, intellectually exciting. The orchestra's stretches of sullen inertia—soft dense chords that gather like stifling fog banks—and its jabs and jeers and volleys were vividly realized. The seven soloists of the concertino were eloquent. (Phillip Ruder's violin and Thomas LeGrand's bass clarinet deserve special mention.) And Miss Oppens, in a virtuoso role calling for technical and emotional resources of the highest order, was astounding—glittering in bravura, graceful in cantilena, passionate in protest, lyrical in the long, humane recitative of the second movement, poignant in the soft, wounded bars of the close.

The concert is due to be broadcast by public-radio stations in July.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

DEAR FRIENDS & CUSTOMERS:

I've been pricing rugs for the coming sale . . . chopping away at the prices, hour after hour. All of this must have made a very deep impact on my subconscious, because last night I had a dream. I know a lot about rugs but not much about dreams and the subconscious. But let me tell you the dream, just as it came to me.

With a bundle of rugs under one arm I was walking along an extremely misty road. The ethereal silence gradually gave way to the gentle sound of bells. The mist, like the vapors of dry ice in the movies, began to disperse. Ahead I saw a gate, golden and gleaming. It was closed, blocking my way. Gradually the sound of Christmas carols began to blend in with the bells. Drawing closer, I saw a man outside the gate in a Santa Claus costume, ringing a bell near his Salvation Army painted chimney. Shuffling a bit awkwardly, due to my bundle of rugs, I reached in my pocket for some change and dropped several quarters down the chimney. Oddly, it took ten or eleven seconds for the coins to hit bottom. "Strange," I thought. I looked at the Santa, his beard a bit askew, and he winked.

"Could you tell me the name of this town?" I asked.

"Town?" he asked. "Ah, but you don't know yet." He gestured toward the sparkling gates. "These, my friend," he said, "are the Pearly Gates."

"Well I'll be damned," I said.

"No . . . evidently not," my Santa-friend responded.

"Then . . . you're Saint Peter?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "I'm just one of Peter's little helpers. They told me that you'd be along soon. Here, let me ring for Saint Peter. No doubt he will have some questions to ask you."

He pressed a small white button. While waiting, I listened to Christmas carols. Bing Crosby was singing about a White Christmas.

"Bing Crosby made it here?" I asked.

"Just the voice made it," Santa said. "These are early 78 recordings. They never wear out up here."

I would have pondered that remark if there was more time, but a jingling and jangling of keys announced the approach of someone. A dignified man appeared.

I said, "St. Peter, I presume?"

"Yes," said the bearded old gentleman, as he unlocked the gate. "Say, what's that you've got under your arm?" he asked.

"Rugs," I said. "Oriental rugs."

"Oh, yes. You're the rug dealer," St. Peter said, locking the gate behind us. "I was hoping that one of you would make it up here someday. I have a liking for Oriental rugs myself."

I knew it was risky but I couldn't help asking him, "Would you like to look at some excellently priced rugs?"

I could see that he was interested. Rightfully so. But, he hesitated and said, "I don't remember any regulations that forbid it. And after all, it's nearly Christmas." He then looked me squarely in the eyes, and asked, "The prices . . . James, are they the best . . . the *very best* . . . you can offer?"

I searched my conscience and said firmly, "Yes."

I unrolled the rugs and he examined them. It was a crucial moment for me. This was the big sale that I simply HAD to make.

He looked at the sale tag and spoke with infinite authority, "This price IS excellent young man, you've made a sale!"

I was elated. My first sale beyond the Pearly Gates . . . and to St. Peter himself! What a piece of business! Naturally, the itch to share this news with someone arose in me. I asked, "By the way, are there any other rug dealers up here . . . some of my competitors? I'd enjoy talking shop with someone."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible," St. Peter said. "None of them are here."

"None of them?" I asked. "But some were my friends . . . fine people."

"Oh, they were fine enough as people," St. Peter said. He put his hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way. "But, James, my boy . . . they just didn't offer the deals."

Suddenly there was a buzzing. St. Peter fumbled in his cloak, evidently, he was being "beeped." But the buzzing continued. It went on and on. Why couldn't St. Peter stop this distressing noise? Suddenly, jarringly, I was in my bedroom . . . the alarm clock. The noise was the alarm clock. It had all been a dream.

Was I disappointed? Certainly. It's always a little hard losing a good sale. But we won't lose many during this coming event.

The prices . . . well . . . if they were good enough to get past the Pearly Gates, even in my dreams, they will certainly please and delight you. The sale list eloquently tells that part of the story. These are the prices that make our sales so popular.

This sale will be a special celebration of a successful year . . . the approach of the Christmas season . . . and our 9th anniversary in the Stark Street location. I have every reason to believe that this event will be a success for you and for me. A very great success. Afterall . . . somebody up there likes us.

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JAMES OPIE

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JAZZ

The Early Blue Notes (Continued)

MOSAIC RECORDS, continuing its invaluable plan to reissue the best of the Blue Note recordings from the late thirties and early forties, has now brought out "The Complete Recordings of the Port of Harlem Jazzmen" and "The Complete Blue Note Forties Recordings of Ike Quebec and John Hardee." The first album has just one L.P. and consists of ten numbers—five set down on April 7, 1939, by Frankie Newton, J. C. Higginbotham, Albert Ammons, Teddy Bunn, Johnny Williams, and Sidney Catlett, and five set down two months later by the same group plus Sidney Bechet and with Meade Lux Lewis replacing Ammons. The Quebec and Hardee album, on four L.P.s, has forty-nine tracks, fourteen of them previously unreleased. They were done with eight different small groups between 1944 and 1946, and among those on hand are Tiny Grimes, Catlett, John Simmons, Marlowe Morris, the late Trummy Young, Milt Hinton, Oscar Pettiford, Buck Clayton, Keg Johnson, John Collins, and J. C. Heard.

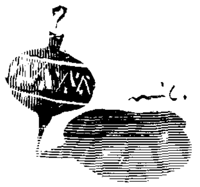
An extraordinary number of good jazz recordings were made in 1939. These include Count Basie's "Dickie's Dreams," Duke Ellington's "Tootin' Through the Roof," the Benny Goodman Sextet's "Soft Winds," Lionel Hampton's "Haven't Named It Yet," Erskine Hawkins' "Tuxedo Junction," John Kirby's "Royal Garden Blues," Jack Jenney's "Star Dust," Woody Herman's "Woodchopper's Ball," Andy Kirk's "Big Jim Blues," Glenn Miller's "In the Mood," Jelly Roll Morton's "Mamie's Blues," Jimmie Lunceford's "Uptown Blues," Muggsy Spanier's "Relaxin' at the Touro," Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul," Billie Holiday's "Fine and Mellow," and Rex Stewart's "Solid Old Man." But none of these surpass the Port of Harlem recordings. The recordings constitute the second and third sessions done by Alfred Lion for his new and revolutionary jazz label, and he assembled a group of musicians who he hoped would go, without ceremony or delay, directly to the heart of jazz. Made at the height of the big bands, which depended largely on monochromatic ensembles interrupted by brief solos, the Port of Harlem recordings were given over almost completely to improvised solos. They also concentrated on the blues, slow and medium. They were not designed for the giddy, the loose-wigged, the jitterbug. Lion wanted his musicians to go *down* into the instrumental blues further than anyone had gone before, and that's pretty much what they did.

The personnel on both dates was drawn from the new Café Society Downtown (Ammons, Lewis, Newton, Williams), from Louis Armstrong's big band (Higginbotham, Catlett), and from the Spirits of Rhythm (Bunn). Bechet, of course, had his own groups. It was a daring combination. Newton was a gentle, lyrical trumpeter, a legato performer who liked to drift down his solos, and Higginbotham was an eloquent trombonist who liked to shout and exult. Bechet, with his enormous vibrato and domineering melodic ways, took his own musical world with him wherever he went, and it didn't matter to him if it fitted or not. The pianists were solo boogie-woogie players, not much used to working with ensembles, and the rhythm section was modern but adaptable. (Catlett purposely plays old-fashioned, down-home drums, using press rolls and on-the-beat rim shots as well as beautiful tongue-in-cheek Baby Dodds ricky-ticky on his bass-drum rim; compare his dashing, driving ultra-modern work just six months later with Hampton on "Haven't Named It Yet.") "Daybreak Blues," from the first session, is built around Newton, who, instead of playing blue notes and smears, constructs a lovely melody in his first solo. (He does this again in the opening of "Port of Harlem Blues.") Higginbotham is equally full of melody in "Wearyland Blues," which is built around him, and in "Port of Harlem Blues" the two men commune, establishing a musing quietness that carries through the easy ensemble at the end. The tempo goes up slightly in "Mighty Blues," which has two clarion Higginbotham choruses. (The Blue Notes are among the best and most consistent records Higginbotham made.) "Rockin' the Blues," the last number of the session, is a stomping boogie-woogie band number that Catlett carries in the palm of his hand.

The second session, with Bechet, has a different feeling. The first two numbers are again set around Newton ("After Hours Blues") and Higginbotham ("Basin Street Blues"), and are notable for Higginbotham's great four-bar breaks—especially the next to

"First off, lighten up on the daily bread."

the last. This is made up of soft, yearning descending notes, and is the sort of aside a blues improviser sometimes gets off when he is thinking of old, lost times. Newton and Higginbotham rest on "Summertime," which is a Bechet extravaganza, and was a kind of hit for Blue Note. Bechet, with Catlett prodding him, turns it into a bravura sermon. The remaining two sides are by the whole band, and they are rolling, soaring slow blues that come to a fiery conclusion in the jammed closing ensemble of "Pounding Heart Blues." The original Port of Harlem 78 r.p.m.s sounded as if they had been recorded in a closet, and the first three numbers on the Mosaic reissue still do; the rest have been opened up, although there is a disturbing cavern effect here and there. (Eight of the ten numbers were done on twelve-inch discs—a rarity for the time, and certainly a contribution to their looseness and sense of space.) But the sound doesn't matter. The dignity and beauty and simplicity of the music pass directly from the players into the listener.



THE tenor saxophonist Ike Quebec was born in 1918 and died in 1963. He became known in the mid-forties through the Blue Note records that Mosaic has now reissued and as a member of Cab Calloway's band, and he had a brief return to favor in the late fifties when he again recorded for Blue Note. He was one of that small, evanescent group of first-rate second-rate musicians—others have been Clyde Hart, Don Fagerquist, Eddie Costa, and Tony Fruscella—who travel along the edges of jazz, make their quiet, original mark, and are gone. A member of the Coleman Hawkins–Ben Webster school, he had a big, hoarse tone and a big vibrato, and he took up a lot of room when he played. He tended to dominate his recordings, both because of his sound and because of his attack, which was direct and emotional and sometimes impassioned. He dominated his listeners, too: whole solos stay in the mind forty years later, as do various short passages, such as the devastating three-note phrase with which he opens his solo on "Mad About You." Unlike Hawkins, who was not particularly comfortable with the blues and preferred the harmonic ladders of the thirty-two-bar song, Quebec was at ease with both the blues and standard songs. He grafted blues emotions and sounds onto his slow ballads, and he brought the lyrical urgency of ballad playing to his blues. There are five different Quebec sessions on the Mosaic reissue, and they range from quintets to septets. There are valuable numbers in each session: "She's Funny That Way" and the great "Blue Harlem" from the first; "If I Had You" and "Mad About You" from the second; "Dolores" and "The Day You Came Along" from the third ("The Day You Came Along" has never been released before); the master of "I Found a New Baby" and both takes of "I Surrender Dear" from the fourth; and "Basically Blue" and the first take of "Someone to Watch Over Me" from the last. Listen to Buck Clayton on "I Found a New Baby" (he is uncertain on the alternate take) and to Keg Johnson on the master of "I Surrender Dear." He was the tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson's older brother, and he was a complex and original soloist who never got his due.

John Hardee was a Texas tenor saxophonist who was born in the same year as Quebec and died last spring. He enjoyed a small success in New York in the late forties, then went back to Texas for good. He did three dates for Blue Note, and they reveal his big Southwestern tone and his sure sense of swing, but they also show that he was an uncertain improviser, whose melodic lines lacked logic and continuity. Sid Catlett is on drums on the first two sessions, and he makes Hardee work.

The new Mosaics can be ordered from Mosaic Records, 1341 Ocean Avenue, Suite 135, Santa Monica, California 90401.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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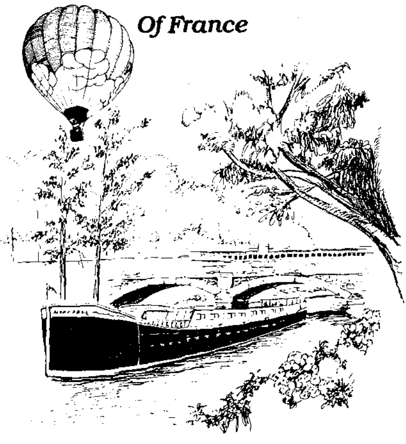

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AROUND CITY HALL

GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!

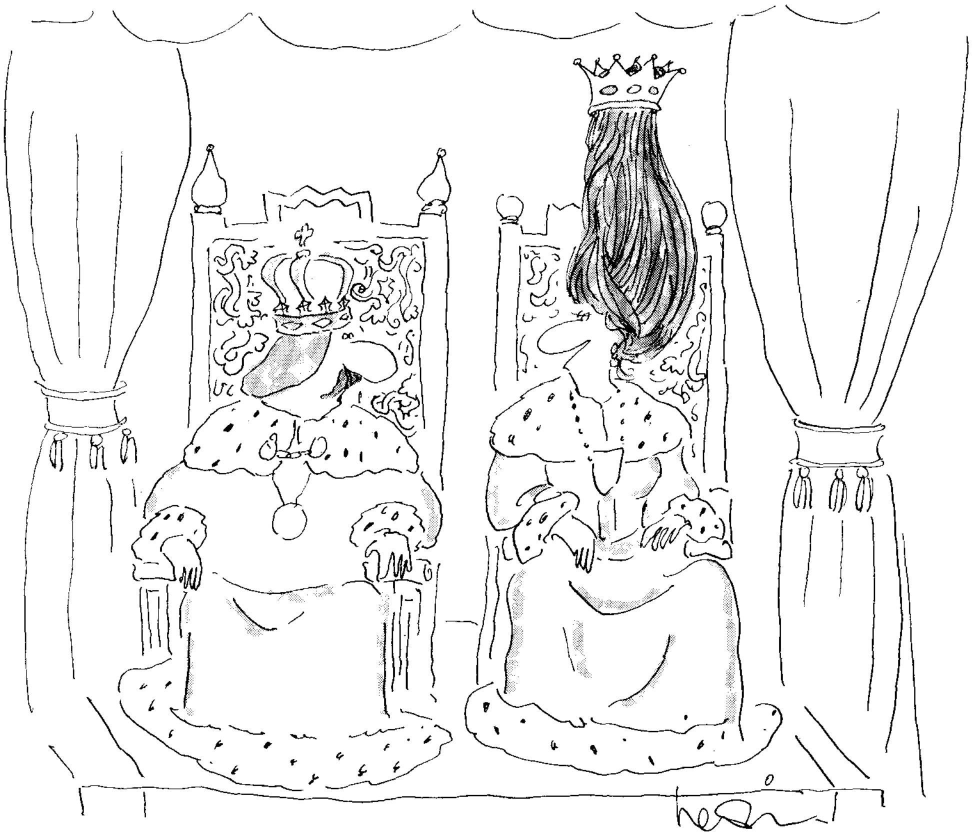
SIMPLY because some events during a crowded year don't attract wide public attention it doesn't follow that they are entirely out of mind. In this Presidential election year, the fact that New York had thirty-six electoral votes—the largest number of any state except California—meant that one or another of the candidates on the national tickets was sure to be in and out of the state nearly every week. One of the more interesting local examples of 1984 political tourism was a visit to Staten Island made last summer by Barbara Bush, the wife of the Vice-President, for the purpose of dedicating a topiary. A topiary is a plant sculpted as a piece of ornamental art, and the evergreen plant that the Vice-President's wife honored had been shaped to look like a Galapagos tortoise named Jalopy, a popular resident of the Staten Island Zoo since 1936 who had died the previous December. The zoo's directors had considered spending several thousand dollars for a bronze version of Jalopy but had settled for the topiary, most of whose thousand-dollar cost was met by the Chase Manhattan Bank. As part of the dedication ceremony, Mrs. Bush watered the topiary, remarking that she had never watered a plant shaped like a turtle before. "VICE-PRESIDENT'S WIFE HONORS FALLEN TORTOISE" read the headline in the Staten Island *Advance*. She commended Jalopy for his bravery during his last illness. "I'm just sorry I never got to know Jalopy," she told the three hundred Staten Islanders who had gathered for the ceremony. Some weeks later, when, speaking to reporters on the Bush campaign plane, she, in effect, called her husband's opponent in the Vice-Presidential race a rude name, some local Democrats commented that she had been less gracious to Representative Geraldine Ferraro than she had been to the memory of Jalopy. The trip to Staten Island may have been worth it, since it was the only one of the city's boroughs carried by the Reagan-Bush ticket.

Another gratifying experience in connection with the election was that of David Garth, the local political consultant, whose consultative efforts have had some disappointing results in recent years; he presided over Mayor Edward Koch's losing campaign for the gubernatorial nomination, for example, and last month his candidate for the House of Representatives, Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein, lost to the incumbent, Republican Bill Green. Garth did better in predicting the outcome of the national election. When the Washington *Post* asked a lineup of political experts to stake their reputations by saying on November 4th what, in their view, would happen two days later, and promised "a genuine crystal ball" as a prize, Garth predicted that the Democrats would gain two seats in the Senate and, when he was asked for a "hot hunch," said that in Iowa Tom Harkin would beat Roger Jepsen, the incumbent Republican. He put the Republican gain in the House at fifteen—only one more than the unofficial tally—and although he was slightly off (by four points) on the proportion of the popular vote won by President Reagan, he accurately predicted the electoral vote as five hundred and twenty-five to thirteen. The *Post* named him the hands-down winner of the genuine crystal ball, which duly arrived. Lars-Erik Nelson, the Washington columnist for the *Daily News*, was not among those consulted by the *Post*, although his prediction was right on the mark. Mimicking the Reverend Jesse Jackson's claim about the significance of 1984 to American blacks, Nelson wrote in his column, "Our time has come! Our time has come!" What had set him off was the endorsement of Walter Mondale, a Norwegian-American, by the onetime Presidential candidate John Anderson, whose roots, Nelson pointed out, were Swedish. He predicted that if the Scandinavian bloc rallied its strength the Mondale ticket would anyhow carry Minnesota.

Not all of this year's memorable incidents that, though significant, escaped widespread attention had to do with the election, of course. Shortly before he left City Hall, at the end of 1945, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia arranged to have the name of Sixth Avenue changed to the Avenue of the Americas. This was

"Let's do something silly."

not the deed that caused him to say, "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut," though it might well have been. Over the ensuing decades, few New Yorkers ever called the street anything but Sixth Avenue, and the confusion of tourists whom they tried to help get around Manhattan was, on occasion, pitiful. Last summer, the Koch administration sensibly decided to have both names affixed to the street signs. Miguel Perez, another *News* columnist, who writes about the problems of the local Hispanic population, took instant offense. He suggested that the new signs were a preliminary to renaming the street "Avenue of the Anglos," and he called them "another insult to New York Latinos and all Hispanic Americans, another attempt to deny us a rightful place in this society." In what was surely one of the more unfair charges levelled against the present mayor, he said the new signs were a "subtle insult, based on Koch's racial politics." The *Times* had written approvingly of the change, and this, Perez said, meant that in its view "the Americas are no longer worth honoring." Ramon Velez, a former City Council member, accused the city of keeping Latinos down, "with the boot on our necks." So far, no Latin-American country has filed a formal protest. A second potential international incident that proved to be avoidable here last summer concerned the Police Department's robot. The robot is part of the equipment the department uses to investigate packages that might contain bombs. One such package was noticed in front of the Polish Consulate, at Madison Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. On being transported to the area, the robot poked about, discovered that the suspect package contained only garbage, and left it where it had been found. In Warsaw, the Polish government's press spokesman, Jerzy Urban, charged that the Police Department had gone out of its way to lay a load of garbage on the Poles. After extensive explanations and diplomatic maneuvers, what could have been a malodorous—if minor—foreign-policy crisis was averted.



"*I think I like you better with your hair down.*"

• •

FOR decades, 1984, reflecting the message in George Orwell's novel of that name, has been a fashionable metaphor for grim alterations in the political environment. One result of last month's decisive election is that from now on 1984 may signify to many Americans not a year associated with ominous change but one in which the voters opted for hardly any change at all. Most of the voters who were plunged into an Orwellian depression by the November 6th returns were, of course, Democrats, quite a few of them residents of this city. Reagan took the state by five hundred and thirty-four thousand votes—an eight-point margin—carrying all upstate counties except Erie (which includes Buffalo), Albany, and Tompkins (which includes the college town of Ithaca). Mondale took the city by four hundred and seventy-five thousand votes—a twenty-two-point margin. Those who tend to wonder about the historical significance of landslides like to point out that the last time a Republican Presidential candidate carried New York City was 1924, when Calvin Coolidge took all sixty-two counties in the state. On the day after Election Day, a Democratic visitor to the city, Jimmy Carter, said sadly of the President's big victory that Reagan had convinced the American people that "everything is just hunky-dory, and that we don't have to worry." Carter was in town attending a fund-raising luncheon for Habitat for Humanity, a Georgia-based group dedicated to building housing in needy areas in this country and elsewhere. He had also been in town for a week in early September, working as a carpenter, along with his wife and a number of his Georgia neighbors, on the renovation of a burned-out tenement on the lower East Side. The Georgians were quartered in a Baptist church on West Fortieth Street. One morning, reporters followed them as they walked through the oppressive sleaze of the Times Square area, with Carter leading the singing of "This Is the Day the Lord Hath Made." Those who go as far as to wonder about the historical significance of having been elected President could point out that during Carter's stay, despite the obvious photo opportunities, not a single politician was reported to have stopped by to see the man who less than four years earlier had been the nation's President.

The Democrats' generally low state of mind only reinforces President Reagan's characterization of them during the campaign, when he accused Democratic leaders of looking on the dark side of everything, in contrast to the ebullience of the G.O.P.'s campaign themes. On the toy counters this Christmas season, there is a villainous-looking doll called Murky Dismal, made by Mattel, who inhabits an imaginary toy world called Rainbow Land, the home of a doll called Rainbow Brite, who is a big commercial smash. A verse on the box that Murky Dismal comes in explains that this fellow, Rainbow Brite's philosophical rival, "likes to chase rainbows away." ("He doesn't like colors. . . . He wants life to be shades of gray!") No serious claim has been made that Mattel's jingle writers, assigned to describe Murky, and the President's speechwriters, assigned to go after the Democrats, might have got their material from the same source.

A few days after the election, Richard Viguerie, the publisher of the *Conservative Digest*, wrote an angry Op-Ed article in the *Times* objecting to what he called the "feel good" strategy of the President's campaign directors. (G.O.P. leaders had even tried to get permission from the Broadway producer of "La Cage Aux Folles" to use a number called "The Best of Times" from that show as their 1984 campaign song. They were turned down, although, according to the composer, Jerry Herman, "it wasn't really for political reasons.") Viguerie said that the all's-right-with-the-world motif had been one of the "all-time greatest blunders in American politics," since it had helped Democratic incumbents as well as Republicans. " 'Reëlect everybody' was the unintended message," he complained. Wherever the accountability lies, New Yorkers will not have a big problem adjusting next year to new faces in their delegation to the House of Representatives. Nationally, ninety-six per cent of the incumbents who ran for reëlection to the House were winners—a few points higher than usual. In this state, the success rate of such candidates was a hundred per cent. Of the fourteen members of the House from this city (only two of them Republicans), thirteen ran for reëlection—the exception, Queens Representative Ferraro, being otherwise occupied.

The reëlection of incumbents wasn't the only political tradition that held here in 1984. In 1976, Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug gave up six years of House seniority to run for the Democratic nomination for the Senate. In a crowded field, she split the liberal vote with Paul O'Dwyer, then president of the City Council, and former United States Attorney General Ramsey Clark, and lost by one per cent of the vote to Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Four years later, Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman gave up a House seat she had held for eight years to run for the Senate. Although she won the Democratic primary, in the general election the liberal vote was divided between her supporters and those of Senator Jacob Javits, who, having lost the Republican primary, continued in the race on the Liberal Party ticket. Javits got eleven per cent of the vote; Republican-Conservative Alfonse D'Amato defeated Holtzman by a margin of under two per cent. While no such narrow margins or electoral complexities were involved in Ferraro's defeat, it is nonetheless true that in a period of eight years three women representatives from New York City who had been moving up smartly in the House hierarchy have surrendered their seats to run unsuccessfully for higher office. New York, celebrated for its pushy ways, is partial to the view that it is in the vanguard of practically everything, and, indeed, when Shirley Chisholm, of Brooklyn, was elected to the New York delegation in the House—from which she retired in 1982—she became the first black woman to sit in Congress. However, unlike other states, which do not necessarily fancy themselves as being in the forefront of things, New York has never had a woman senator (or, for that matter, a woman governor). During much of the nineteen-seventies, three women represented New York districts in the House, but, beginning in January, there will be no women in the New York delegation. After her defeat in the Senate race, Abzug, who is now in private law practice, ran unsuccessfully for mayor of this city, which has never had a woman mayor, and was later defeated in a race for the House in another Manhattan district. In 1981, Elizabeth Holtzman was elected district attorney of Brooklyn, although her primary opponent was strongly supported by the county machine and by Mayor Koch. Her victory was credited to an informal coalition of Democratic liberals, blacks, and union leaders—elements famous on the local scene for not being able to leave off quarrelling among themselves long enough to get a political act together. In 1982, members of this alliance, who had been largely powerless since the conservative-minded Koch took over City Hall in 1978, put aside their differences again to help Mario Cuomo defeat Koch in the Democratic primary for the governorship. Since then, every week or so various coalition members have issued pronouncements on the critical importance of unseating Koch next year, when he will be running for a third term as mayor. So far, however, they have been unable to agree on a candidate who will agree to run against the Mayor, whom polls show wiping out all contenders.

As for the third woman member of the New York House delegation to be defeated in a try for higher office, Geraldine Ferraro has said that in the months after she leaves Congress at the end of the year she plans to do some lecturing, write a book (with Linda Franck, who helped Rosalynn Carter with her best-selling memoirs), and join a law firm. She is considered a likely candidate to run against Senator D'Amato, who is up for reëlection in 1986. Her name is also brought up from time to time in connection with next year's mayoral race, although the suggestion usually comes from rather frivolous political bystanders who are tired of hashing over the only too familiar qualifications of other possible Koch opponents and would welcome her as a wild card on the municipal scene. Asked about politics by Washington reporters, Ferraro said cheerfully (at least one Democrat has kept on smiling), "There is always tomorrow—which I am not going to sing to you today."

THE release of the Treasury Department's tax-reform plan at the end of last month, followed a few days later by the Office of Management and Budget's proposals for bringing down the federal deficit, only deepened the gloom of local residents who had predicted the worst (from their point of view) from a second Reagan Administration, and even caused some diminishing of the feel-good response to Reagan's reëlection on the part of his devout supporters in areas like Wall Street. "Catastrophe!" and "Disaster!" were routine evaluations from some of those responsible for governing the state and the city. The O.M.B. program would mean the elimination of most grants for community development and mass transit, and a sharp reduction in nutritional and other programs relied on by the poor.

And, by Governor Cuomo's calculations, one element of the proposed tax-reform plan—elimination of the deductions for state and local taxes—could cost the forty per cent of New York taxpayers who itemize their deductions several billion dollars annually. The fact that New Yorkers pay among the highest state and local taxes of the residents of any state is often referred to by local politicians making the case for more help from Washington. What is usually not mentioned is that, because state and local taxes are deductible on federal returns, New Yorkers pay among the lowest federal taxes of any Americans. If this aspect of the Treasury's tax-reform plan should get through Congress, there might well be an exodus of New Yorkers—and their businesses—to states with lower tax rates, many of which are in the Sun Belt. A Treasury report commented that American taxpayers were free to vote "with their feet," and Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, a former New Yorker, said that his "heart will not break" for the itemizers among New York taxpayers, whom he described as "wealthy." After his Treasury Secretary's remarks, a favorite term here for the famously amiable President in man-in-the-street interviews and letters to the editor was "Scrooge." Koch, although he was the Republican as well as the Democratic candidate for mayor in the last election, said, "You would have to liken President Reagan to Scrooge, now that we're at the edge of Christmas." As for the proposed budget cuts, out in California Johnny Carson did an imitation of the President saying to Tiny Tim, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to cut back on your crutch subsidy."

Being identified with the curmudgeon of "A Christmas Carol" is a special hazard at this season, as the President's counsellor, Edwin Meese, discovered last December after he mentioned that he had never been given any solid evidence that there were hungry children in America. The name of Meese—who may be sworn in before long as Attorney General, and would then be in charge of enforcing federal justice—was changed to Scrooge in headlines all over the country. In their indignation, some observers were not willing even to give Meese credit for just having a bit of Dickensian fun when he responded by saying that, like him, Scrooge had suffered from "a bad press." "Let's be fair to Scrooge," he said, hitting a new note in the fairness question. He explained that Bob Cratchit had been comparatively well paid. "He lived in a house, not a tenement. His wife didn't have to work. . . . He was able to afford the traditional Christmas dinner of roast goose and plum pudding." (No hunger there.) Scrooge, said Meese, "had his faults, but he wasn't unfair to anyone." Mayor Koch ran the risk of being accused of similar bah-humbugging last spring when he said that some of the city's homeless people are homeless by choice rather than necessity. Although they might not be typical, he said, "it's a life style." (The President had expressed the same view a few months before.) In making the claim, the Mayor was relying on more than hearsay. One cold evening many months earlier, accompanied by a *Times* reporter and photographer, he had ridden in one of the city vans that roam local streets to pick up homeless people and take them to shelters—shelter is provided nightly for nearly seven thousand men and women who would otherwise have no place to go. Notwithstanding Koch's reputation for persuasive rhetoric (he was known as New York's Great Communicator until Cuomo took over the title), only one woman, of all the homeless he approached, agreed to go to a shelter, the rest preferring to huddle on the streets. This may have been more of a commentary on the shelters than on the motivation of the homeless. Noting that, by law, they could not be forced to go along, the Mayor, quoting Mr. Bumble in "Oliver Twist," said, "The law is a ass."

Despite the evidence that the condition of the homeless was sometimes indeed voluntary, Koch's homeless-by-choice remark might have guaranteed him a Scrooge label, except that it was made in an interview with the editors and reporters of the *Post*. It is established tradition at the offices of the city's three major daily newspapers—and particularly at the lofty *Times*—that if one paper breaks a news story the two others, if it is at all possible, will pretend that the events never happened rather than give credit to a rival journal. Tradition went out the window at the *Times*, however, after the editors there learned the details of the Treasury's tax-reform proposal. In a lead editorial headed "DROP DEAD, AGAIN," the *Times* declared that the plan "would be far more devastating than Washington's refusal to help during the 1975 crisis, which prompted the famous *Daily News* headline 'FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD.' " The same week, the investment banker Felix Rohatyn, who played a large role in resolving the 1975 crisis, delivered a speech to a gathering of local Jewish philanthropists in which he called the plan "the most lethal federal assault on the state and the city since the Ford Administration told us to 'drop dead,' " and Cuomo said, "It's 'Drop dead, New York' revisited." The *News* has had its troubles recently; in the last two years, it has lost two hundred thousand daily readers. However, it still has a million three hundred thousand—the second-largest circulation in the nation (after the *Wall Street Journal*)—and its 1975 headline, written by William Brink, then the managing editor, is clearly immortal.

THE Dickens title that was most often invoked in the city this year was "A Tale of Two Cities." Early in his keynote speech at the Democratic National Convention, Governor Cuomo told the delegates that President Reagan's response to a suggestion that there were troubled areas in America had been "This country is a shining city on a hill." In some ways, the most remarkable thing about the passage in the Cuomo speech and the paragraphs that followed is that cities were being mentioned at the Convention at all. During much of the nineteen-sixties and early nineteen-seventies, the plight of the cities was often dwelt upon in speeches by politicians intent on being elected to national office. The word "urban" was used almost as a political turn-on. At the Conventions of both parties, there was talk of putting a big-city mayor on the ticket as a Vice-Presidential candidate—John Lindsay in 1968, for instance, and Boston's Kevin White in 1972—just because such a candidate would appeal to urban voters. At this summer's Republican gathering in Dallas, a delegate from South Chicago said sadly, "I haven't heard the word 'city' spoken all this week." Nor, except for Cuomo, did the Democrats have much to say about the problems of the nation's cities—problems that have not gone away.

In quoting Reagan, Cuomo was actually quoting the President's version—one that the President has often used over the years—of the reassuring promise that John Winthrop, the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, had given to his fellow-passengers on the ship Arbella of what they would build in the new land: "We shall be a city upon a hill." Before he set sail, Winthrop had practiced law for some years in London. To him, as to most Europeans of the seventeenth century, a city was a promised land rather than an inconvenient cluster of intractable pathologies, which is how the urban world is often seen today. "A shining city is perhaps all the President sees from the portico of the White House and the veranda of his ranch," Cuomo told the Democrats in his keynote speech. "But there's another city, there's another part to the shining city. . . . In this part of the city there are more poor than ever . . . more people who need help but can't find it. . . . And there are people who sleep in the city's streets, in the gutter, where the glitter doesn't show." There was despair, he told the President, "in the faces you don't see. . . . This nation is more a 'tale of two cities' than it is just a 'shining city on a hill.' "

Inevitably, it was only a short time before the Governor's words in San Francisco in mid-July were being taken by some residents of New York, Cuomo's home town, as a parable for conditions here and a reminder of what could not be seen from the veranda of Gracie Mansion. Later that month, a front-page story in the *Times* by Michael Goodwin proposed that this city, with its gleaming new towers—now lit up for the holidays, they are more dazzling than ever—was increasingly a city of haves and have-nots. The story pointed to the rise in the welfare rolls, the growing number of homeless people, the high rate of high-school dropouts, the fact that so many of the new jobs often referred to in City Hall press releases had gone to people who collect their money and go home to the suburbs at night. Samuel Ehrenhalt, the regional commissioner of the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, remarked, "Just as Dickens said, for some people this is the best of times. But for some people this is also the worst of times." Other reporters and commentators took up the theme. Mayor Koch fought back, insisting that his programs have benefitted all sectors of the city's population—that during his regime the quality of life has improved for all New Yorkers. To the half dozen or so of his fellow-citizens who may or may not decide to run against him in next year's election, the temptation to make comparisons between the city's glitter and its grunge will no doubt prove even more irresistible after the mayoral election year actually begins. Just ahead are long months in which, as is customary in such circumstances, Koch's rivals will assure New Yorkers that their town is a shambles—a tactic that often works—while the incumbent mayor, following another winning political pattern, insists that everything will continue to be hunky-dory if only he can fend off the Murky Dismals of this world.

THE problem of finding a Koch opponent became a crisis last September, after the announcement by Basil Paterson, a former secretary of state in Albany and a onetime deputy mayor under Koch, that, partly because of illness in his family, he was withdrawing his name from consideration. Paterson was someone whom nearly all his fellow black politicians in the city had been eager to rally behind, and he was also highly respected by many white New Yorkers. The lead editorial in Harlem's *Amsterdam News* the following week said, "Basil had made it easy for all of us. He was perceived to be the only one amongst us whose appeal cut across ethnic, religious, partisan, and racial lines." With a poetic touch not often found in political editorials, it went on to say, "In our political orchestra, he was the cello. Without him, it will be much more difficult to achieve the fullness of sound. But it will be done, if only because it must." So far, it has not been done. His departure has meant that most of the black politicians who were insisting that the time had come for New York to have a black mayor—as do so many other large cities—are now willing to consider someone who is not black, if such a person is seen as having a chance of achieving what they consider their primary goal for 1985: defeating Koch. The candidate who some believe has the best chance of doing so—if there is any chance—is Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council. Meanwhile, the Koch reëlection effort is moving full speed ahead. At a fund-raising dinner last week, the Mayor gathered in well over a million and a half dollars, which brings him close to the three million that he has said he hoped to have in hand when the campaign formally begins. A member of the dinner committee was Theodore Sorensen, a former speechwriter for John F. Kennedy ("Ask not what your country can do for you"), whose wife, Gillian, serves, by appointment of the Mayor, as the head of the city's Commission for the United Nations and for the Consular Corps. When, before the dinner began, a guest referred to "the campaign," Sorensen's comment was "What campaign?" And when he was asked what the big fund-raiser was all about if there was no campaign, he answered, "To make sure there is no campaign"—which is the way democracy often works now in this country, at all levels of government. Some of the funds Koch has raised have been used to send out six hundred and seventy-five thousand letters asking for help in his reëlection effort. By accident, one of the letters was addressed to Carol Bellamy. "For Ed Koch to ask me for campaign funds is like Goliath asking David to buy him a slingshot," she commented.

As his leaderless opposition thrashes about, the Mayor seems to have chosen for himself whom he is running against: John Lindsay, who, after two terms as mayor, left City Hall in 1973, four years before Koch was elected. He now practices law, often in the international field, serves as chairman of the board of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, and long ago made it clear that he will never again be a candidate for political office. Every few days, there is some mention of Lindsay from the Koch end of City Hall. Often, he is identified as the man responsible for nearly everything wrong with the city which the current mayor had to set to rights. In one recent week—on William Buckley's "Firing Line" and in an interview with George Arzt, of the *Post*—Koch described Lindsay as "incompetent," and as someone who was "disliked" and, in his days at City Hall, had "failed miserably." Lindsay's comment, when Arzt told him about Koch's attacks, was "Remarkable!"

Another former mayor whom Koch

mentions often, but always approvingly, is LaGuardia, whose portrait hangs in his office. It was moved there from a relatively obscure spot in the City Hall rotunda by Lindsay, in his mayoral days. Koch made a brief appearance at a dinner in honor of LaGuardia's hundredth birthday, two years ago, and stopped by the table of Marie LaGuardia, Fiorello's widow, to give her a warm greeting. It was Lindsay, however, who acted as master of ceremonies. This fall, when Mrs. LaGuardia died, Koch did not attend her funeral, an omission for which he was chided by some of his advisers. Through his press secretary, he explained that "I was not a close personal friend of hers." Lindsay delivered the eulogy. However, when public television prepared a one-man show featuring the actor Tony Lo-Bianco as LaGuardia, the choice for the background commentator was the present high-spirited mayor. The show, which included newsreel clips of the Little Flower as mayor, made him seem to be an unusually energetic public servant who had a lot of fun vanquishing his enemies, racing around town, and, of course, reading the comics to the city's children. Koch commented admiringly on LaGuardia's approach to governing New York, and said that LaGuardia was the first mayor "to really understand the media." A few days before the program was shown, Koch observed in the column that he writes every week for the Staten Island *Advance* that some of the people who had tried to defeat him in 1981 were at it again, complaining that he was enjoying his work. Bellamy had recently said that Koch likes "the glitz and the glitter . . . but the running of the city doesn't interest him anymore." The important thing, the Mayor wrote—and his hero LaGuardia would surely have agreed—was to get the job done but also to have fun: "I've also come to realize that not every issue or problem is best addressed by glum expressions . . . and predictions of doom." His critics, he said, "want me to be a plastic, humorless mayor," to which his response was "Never." —ANDY LOGAN

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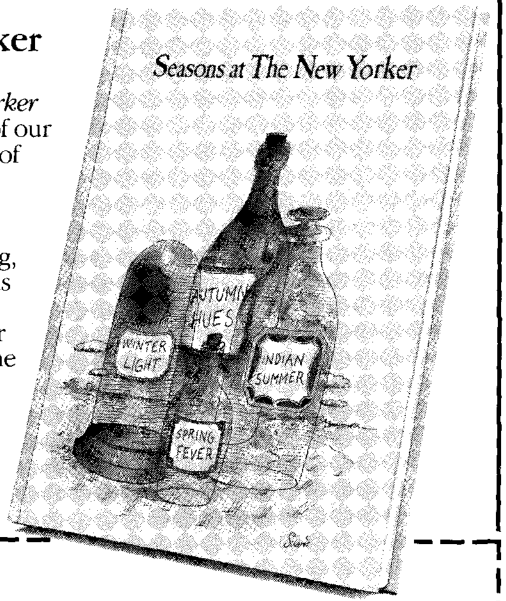

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

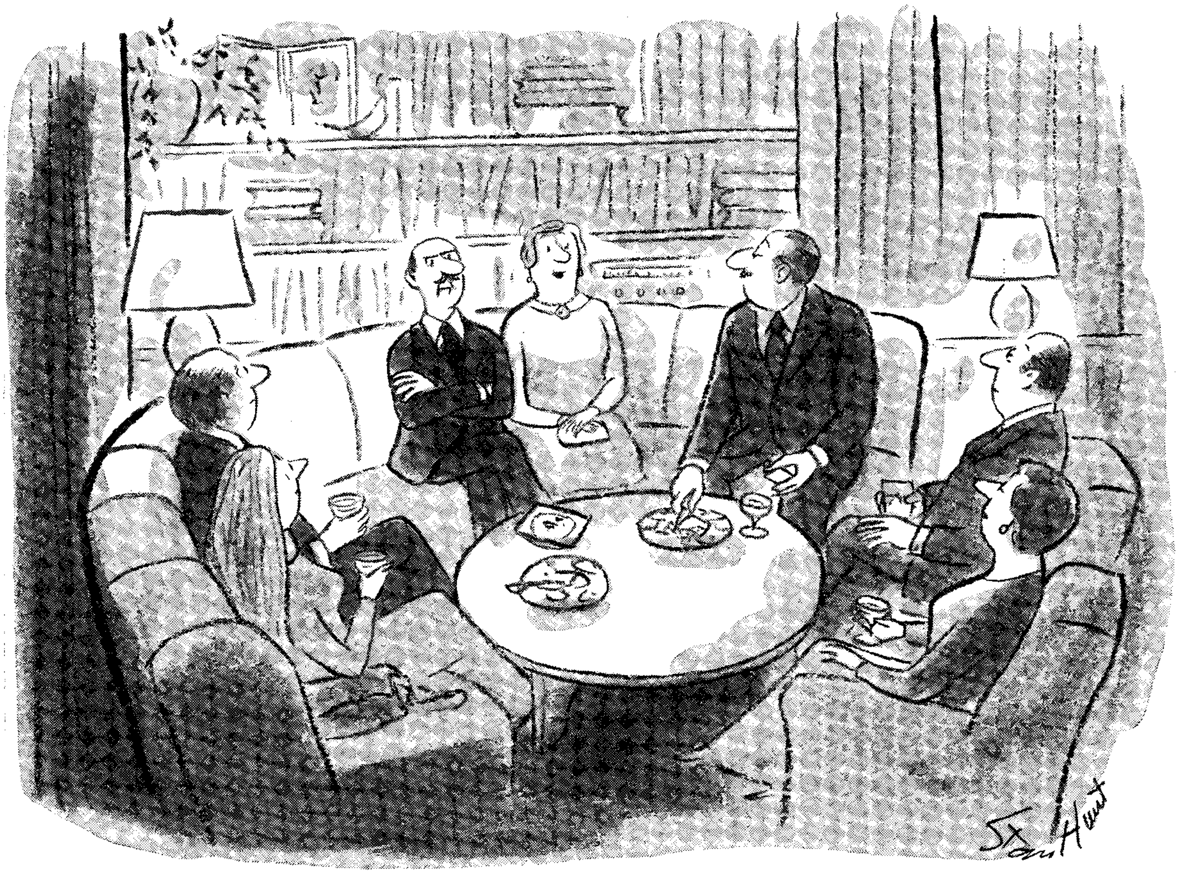
David and Goliath

THE David is David Lynch, who made "Eraserhead" and "The Elephant Man" and is a painter-director of feelings and moods, of dreams, hallucinations, textures. He's entranced by the interactions between the organic and the mechanical—by corrosion and rot. He likes to have strange things growing—things like polyps. Lynch is awestruck by what is generally considered disgusting; he's hypnotized by it. He shows you what he sees, and you find yourself looking at things that you normally couldn't bear and tuning in to his hypnotic state. You're caught not just by images but by silences and discombobulating sounds and editing rhythms that give you the dreamy willies. The Goliath is "Dune," Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, with its own galactic system, hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a Messiah—Paul Atreides, who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war and deliver this make-believe universe from darkness and evil. The stories that make up the first "Dune" book were written on the West Coast, printed in installments in the magazine *analog*, starting in 1963, and then put in hardcover in 1965, and the book and its sequels have together sold something like fifteen million copies and are now going stronger than ever. Those are intimidating figures, and the book's reputation as a sci-fi masterpiece is intimidating, too.

Herbert fantasized about man's changes in consciousness, and about the battle over consciousness-altering drugs. The conspiracies and power struggles of the ruling families of the four planets are centered on the narcotic spice that is mined on the arid planet Arrakis, which means "dune" in the language of the natives—the Fremen. The spice gives people special powers—it raises consciousness, turns the whites of the Fremen's eyes blue, makes space travel possible, and prolongs life—but it's also addictive, and if it's used to excess it causes mutations. It holds this universe together, and Lynch brings on the giant man-eating sandworms that live beneath the desert on Dune and grow to be more than a thousand feet long. "The worm is the spice," we are told, "and the spice is the worm"—they are the same creature in different stages of its life. Undulating under the sand, these killer worms—they're as long as skyscrapers are tall—thrash up reddish and ochre dust, and when they come near the surface they zap the air with streaks of static electricity. They put on quite a show, though they're not as squishy as you might hope they'd be in a David Lynch movie.

It doesn't take long to realize that basically this isn't a David Lynch movie—it's "Dune." Lynch doesn't bring a fresh conception to the material; he doesn't make the story his own. Rather, he tries to apply his talents to Herbert's conception. He doesn't conquer this Goliath—he submits to it, as if he thought there was something to be learned from it. He's being a good boy, a diligent director. And though Herbert's prose can prostrate a reader—it's dry, with gusts of stale poetry—Lynch treats the book so respectfully that he comes out with a solemn big-budget version of "Up in Smoke."

The movie opens in the year 10,191, and the first half hour is practically an orientation course. Lynch has so much to do laying out the basic elements of Herbert's vision and setting the interplanetary treachery in motion that he doesn't get around to clarifying what the narcotic means to this galaxy, or to gripping the audience, either. The exposition doesn't seem to point the way to anything; the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. And several of the principal actors—those playing the Atreides family, especially—are like walking, talking pictures in a book of legends. Luckily, others (mostly in minor roles) are blissfully warped, so that we do a double take at our first sight of them, and even if they're knocked off disappointingly fast—in some cases they go right from an introduction scene to a death scene—they make their presence



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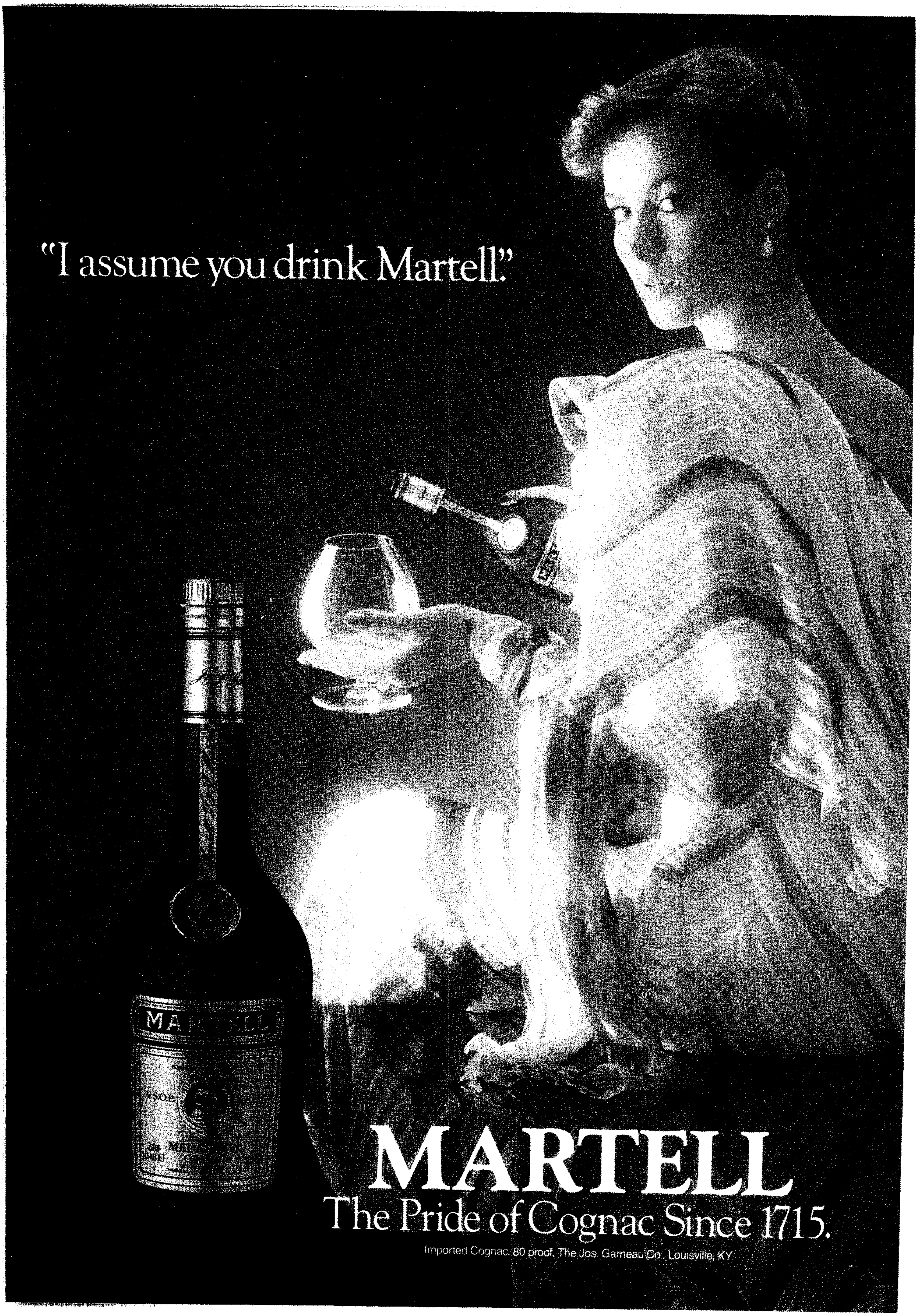
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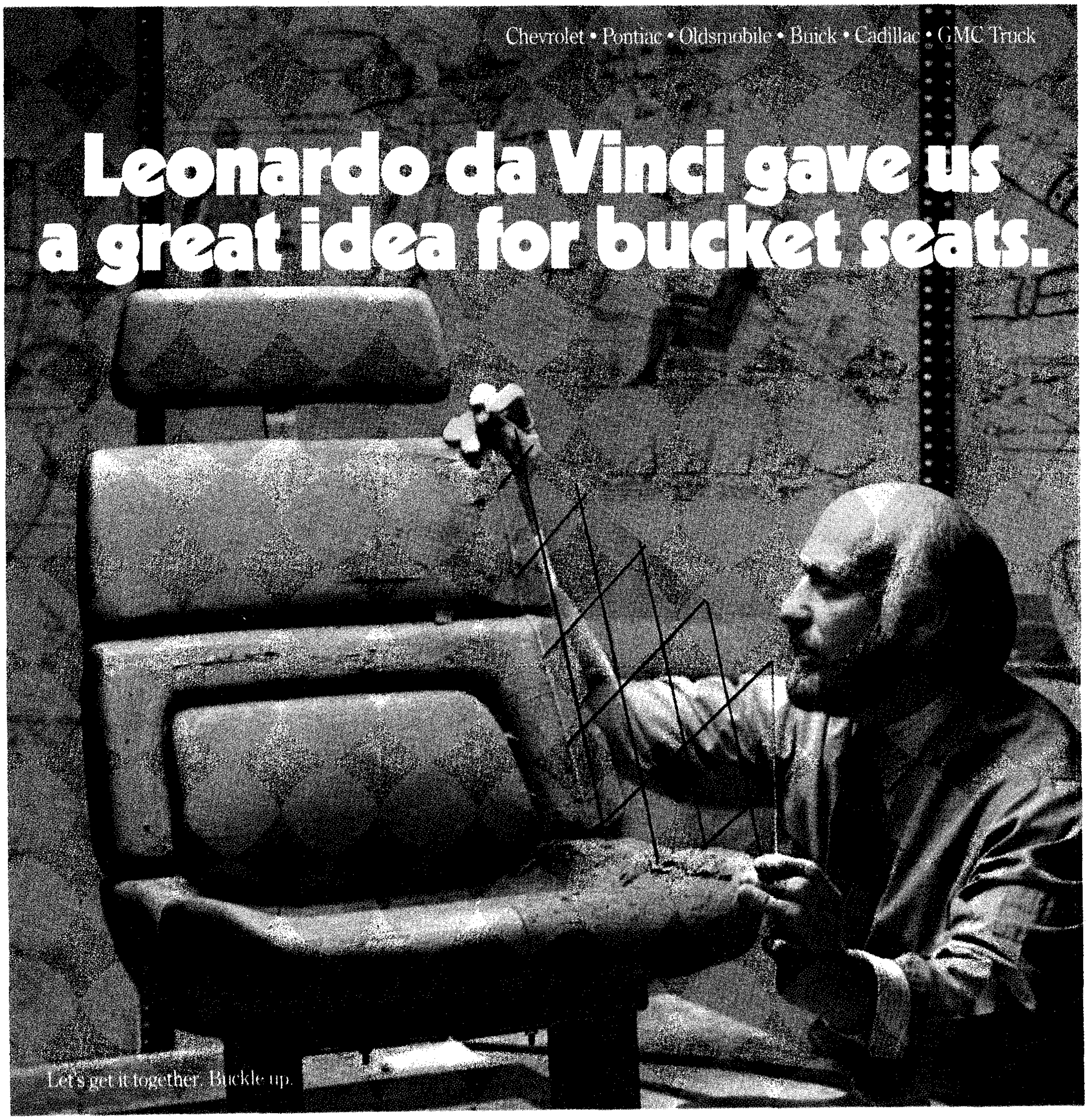
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felt. Herbert's grandiose vision plays into only a few of Lynch's strengths, yet it's these strengths (rather than the fidelity to Herbert) that keep giving you something to look forward to. And, surprisingly, Lynch's best work here is almost all in comedy.

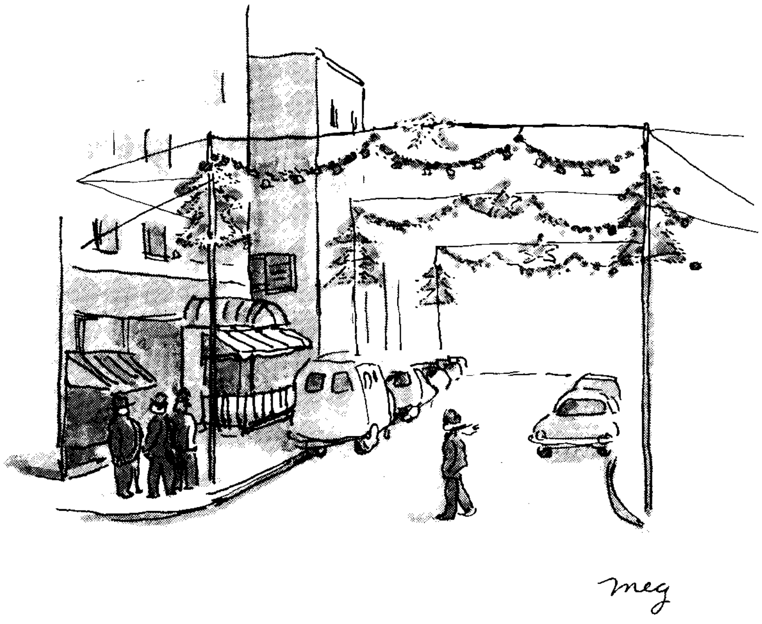
Lynch is at his neo-Dickensian ease when he presents the addicts: the fat and fey, red-haired Baron Harkonnen (Kenneth McMillan) and his red-haired nephews (Sting, of the rock trio The Police, and Paul L. Smith, who was Bluto in "Popeye" and the brutal chief guard in "Midnight Express"). The Harkonnen family, rulers of Giedi Prime—an ugly planet of oil and factories and industrialization (and one that seems to be devoid of women)—have been in charge of spice production on Dune, and perhaps they have overindulged. They seem to be mutating into something like overgrown Katzenjammer Kids. They're manic and giggly and mean. Kenneth McMillan's wild, grinning Baron is so spiced up that he normally floats in the air about eighteen inches off the floor. When he's excited, he goes much higher. (Padded out to weigh maybe four hundred and fifty pounds, and with a belly like a beer keg, he's the biggest Peter Pan ever.) McMillan's slobby Baron is certainly the villain of the year: his face is a mass of festering, suppurating boils, which his doctor (Leonardo Cimino), who's as mad as he is, treats with such adoring care that you're not really sure if he's lancing them or tending them like a gardener and trying to make them blossom. The Baron's sadistic pleasures and games can be guessed at when you catch glimpses of his retainers—their mouths and ears are stitched closed. You don't have to guess when you see him go gleefully high up in the air and then plunk down on a young boy. You don't recoil, though. Everything to do with the Baron is a marvel; that includes the plugs in his body, and his garments—he's trussed up in straps that look like gigantic soiled Band-Aids. And he always seems to be having an uproarious good time. His nephews love him for the spectacle: he's obscenely funny—a comic-strip Nero. (And Nero didn't levitate.)

You don't recoil, either, when Lynch presents you with a spice-produced mutant—a Third-Stage Guild Navigator, it's called—that some generations back was human. It looks like an enlarged brain, with a fish mouth and elephant eyes; it's all pinkish innards, and it floats in a tank of spice gas like an octopus in an aquarium. This huge tank is carried into the gold throne room of the Emperor of the Galaxy (José Ferrer), whose home world is the planet Kaitain. The tank is set down on the green jade floor, and the monster talks to the Emperor. It does more than that: speaking for its Guild, it gives the Emperor orders. And the power-broker Emperor, who appreciates his dignified golden splendor—he's even blessed with a lovely golden-haired daughter (Virginia Madsen)—and is dependent on the Guild, which controls all interplanetary travel, is happy to oblige.

These orders set the plot in creaky motion. The Guild, which has secret plans to rule the universe, wants Paul Atreides killed. The Emperor sets a trap for Paul's father, who is Duke Leto Atreides (Jürgen Prochnow), the ruler of Caladan, and lives high up in a wood-panelled castle in his Earthlike planet of forests and water. In order to separate the Atreides family from its loyal subjects, the Emperor offers the Duke the biggest plum he can: the Duke is to move his family and staff to Dune and take control of the spice mining. As soon as the Duke arrives on Dune and is isolated and helpless, the red Baron attacks, slaughters him, and sends the Duke's concubine, the Lady Jessica (Francesca Annis), and their fifteen-year-old son, Paul (Kyle MacLachlan), out to die in the desert as worm fodder. And it's there in the desert that Paul grows into a mystical warrior-leader. Of course, in this feudal future all these rulers have their entourages of associates, attendants, spies, and betrayers, and there's much planet-hopping between the Emperor's gold throne room on Kaitain, the wooden Atreides castle on Caladan, the repulsive home site of the slob Baron on Giedi Prime (with its strident, psychedelic green walls, it's like an industrial prison or a public urinal), and the fortress cut into the rock which is the seat of the repressive government of Dune.

Lynch and his designing crew have done a fairly amazing job of simulating the different ecologies of the planets—their building materials and architectural styles and furnishings. And the cinematographer, Freddie Francis, lights the various sets and locations to bring out the different color values and, in some scenes, the quality of the air. The visual textures are glorious, and the golds and greens work on you. Nothing looks new, or right from the manufacturer; Lynch likes things aged, weathered—he likes decay. (And he likes dissolves—which are a metaphor of decay.) The people are dressed in styles that echo many different old cultures—among them Renaissance Venetian, Victorian, and (for the Harkonnens) punk—and this could be witty if only there were a hint of tackiness about the clothes. But they're so elegant that there's nothing to laugh at. Tackiness, though—and the wrong kind—is always present in the insistent, droning score, by Toto, with contributions by Marty Paich, Brian Eno, and others. And, despite the care that has gone into the staging, the editing rhythms are limp and choppy, and the narrative loiters on dull scenes and then rushes past the climactic ones.

The script, which Lynch wrote, has the kind of functional dialogue that pulls an epic movie down; you feel a thud when the teen-age Paul, still in his happy castle life on Caladan, reflects out loud, "Things have been so serious here lately." And at the



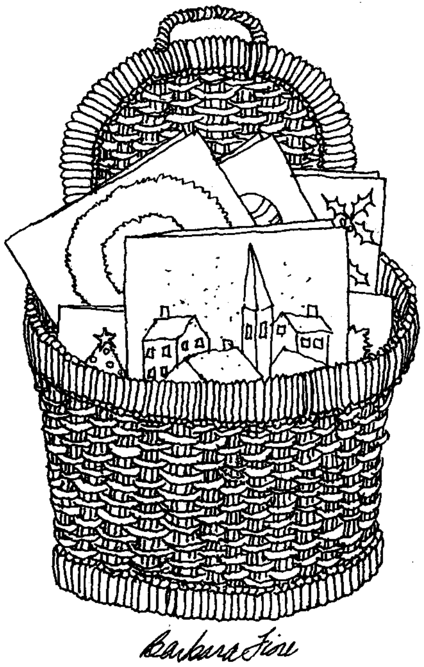
time the handsome, resolute Paul and his beautiful, stiff-backed mother were first dumped on the desert, there were moments when I longed for the sight of a dreaded worm. Lynch seems lacking in vulgar show-biz talents; he doesn't ever get his heroic characters to lighten up. Francesca Annis's Lady Jessica is alarmingly stately, and even the miraculously gifted Sian Phillips—who, with her head shaved and almost no eyebrows, plays a sorcererlike Reverend Mother—seems a shade monotonous here.

If you ask what makes the bland Paul more fit to lead the native tribes of Dune in their rebellion against Harkonnen rule than the robust native leader (Everett McGill), the only possible answer is that the prophecy stipulated that it was to be Paul. He has less personality than anyone else in the movie—except, maybe, his father, the Duke, and his true love, Chani (Sean Young). He's just a polite, indomitable storybook hero. And when Sting, as the most agile of the Harkonnens, comes out of a steam bath stretching like a cat and just stands there half-naked, displaying himself—all arrogance and spiky aplomb—he's spellbinding in a way that makes you wish David Lynch could cut "Dune" loose from its "ordained" plot. Trying to be faithful to Frank Herbert's woozy mythology, Lynch presents a singularly ambiguous and unappetizing Messiah story. I don't know how we're supposed to take this hero-savior Paul, who speaks the word of God but is also very quick to make a virtue of expediency when he decides to marry the Emperor's blond daughter and keep his true love as a concubine. And I don't know how we're supposed to react to his leading the Fremen warriors, with their blue, blue eyes, to domination of the whole Empire. The cry of these highly disciplined troops is "Long live the fighters!" There's nothing in the tone of the film to suggest an attitude toward any of this.

Lynch himself appears in a straight-arrow role as the engineer at the controls in the spice mine. Too bad that he's also such a straight arrow as a director here. The movie is most otherworldly when he does something Lynchlike—something marginal or unexplained. It's otherworldly, too, when the creepy, precocious eight-year-old Alicia Roanne Witt, as Paul's little sister Alia—a miniature sorcererlike Reverend Mother—pricks the swollen, leering Baron with a poisoned needle and pulls a plug in his chest, and he hits the ceiling. Or when Brad Dourif (he's the Harkonnens' human computer) smiles to himself like a new Dwight Frye eager to pop a spider in his mouth. Or when Linda Hunt, who's the housekeeper of the fortress on Dune—and the most imposing housekeeper since Cloris Leachman in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein"—speaks, in her firm you-will-hear-what-I'm-saying tones. What a voice she has, and what a sense of comic authority! If she declared herself the rightful heir to the Emperor's throne, the audience would go wild cheering for her.

IN "48 Hrs.," Eddie Murphy played a thief, and the joke was in his sleekness and suavity, in contrast to the uncouthness of the profane white cop played by Nick Nolte. With Nolte on the receiving end, Murphy was a hipster delivering non-stop zingers. In the new "Beverly Hills Cop," Murphy is on his own, yelling and fast-talking, and hotfooting the picture to keep it going. He has no zingers—he just rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity—but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. The whole picture is edited and scored as if it were a lollapalooza of laughs. And, with Murphy busting his sides gaffawing in self-congratulation, and the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if yes, this is a wow of a comedy.

The movie is about a Detroit cop who takes a vacation to go to Beverly Hills and hunt down the men who killed his best friend. But the plot is slipshod and insignificant even by TV cop-show standards, and we're not so much as given a scene in which to develop some feeling for the friend. The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. This isn't a movie about an underdog—he's Mr. Top Dog, Mr. Cool. He goes to an expensive, full-up hotel, without a reservation, and pulls an elaborate whitey-baiting number in order to get a room; he's so intimidating he's given a suite, and the audience seems to love it, even though the script, by Daniel Petrie, Jr., hasn't provided any pretext for why he goes to this hotel. (The reason is simply to get laughs for baiting whitey.) Murphy bounces around town outsmarting the hotel clerks, the restaurant staffs, the crooks, the flunkies, and, especially, the police officers. The Beverly Hills cops can't drive anywhere without smashing into each other, and there's no plot point to the car pileups—it's just to give you a laugh at what jerks they are. The picture starts off with a big, pointless car chase in Detroit—just in case you were feeling nostalgic for your TV. And there's no rationale for the mayhem at the end, in which everybody in the cast seems to be running around with a submachine gun blasting.



The director, Martin Brest, handles a few of the minor characters well. Judge Reinhold, a young man with an old man's name, has some soothing low-key comedy moments as a credulous, velvet-voiced cop. Stephen Elliott uses his deep, lordly tones effectively as the police chief. And Bronson Pinchot does a sweetheart of a comedy turn as the amiably swishy Serge, who works in an art gallery and speaks in an unidentifiable accent. Pinchot sets his own comedy rhythms, and he steals a couple of scenes from Murphy—a relief, because Murphy's aggressive one-upmanship through most of the film kills your interest in him as a performer. Your reaction to these other actors reminds you of what unforced laughter feels like.

According to this movie, street wisdom means: You talk dirty and you lie. And if you're a cop you're contemptuous of the law. What the picture is about is merchandising: in its first weekend, Eddie Murphy alone did bigger business than Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds rolled together in "City Heat." Murphy is half their age and twice their gross.

THE love roundelay "Choose Me," written and directed by Alan Rudolph, on a budget of $835,000, is pleasantly bananas. The characters, who wander in and out of a bar called Eve's Lounge, are lighted as if Edward Hopper lived across the street and Reginald Marsh prowled the alley; they're all vaguely amnesiac, and their dialogue is overintellectualized in a hammy-hilarious way. The songs are performed by Teddy Pendergrass, and he's just right—he does what Tom Waits is supposed to do. The entire movie has a lilting, loose, choreographic flow to it. Rudolph and his cinematographer, Jan Kiesser, have developed a swoony camera style befitting the romanticism of a movie in which everyone is obsessively looking for love. A friend once wrote me that ten minutes into Rudolph's first film, "Welcome to L.A.," he had the urge to walk out and find somebody doing something: running a jackhammer, fixing a tire, cutting hair —anything routinely useful. This movie may give him the same urge, but it's fun in something like the way that Jacques Demy's 1961 "Lola" was fun. "Lola" was about a girl whose faith in her illusions was vindicated; "Choose Me" is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock. It's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way—it seems to be set in a poet's dream of a red-light district. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget comedy-fantasy has some of the most entertaining (and best-sustained) performances I've seen all year.

Eve is played by Lesley Ann Warren, who has a rare kind of off-and-on beauty. She has acres of eyelids in a face that can seem young and fresh or agelessly old. At moments she's Garboesque, but in the next breath she may remind you of someone as contemporary as Susan Sarandon or Margot Kidder. Her acting isn't as steady as that of the other key performers, but she brings her pivotal role the mystery that is essential to the film. (In some odd way that I won't attempt to explain, her beauty authenticates Rudolph's vision.) Geneviève Bujold has the dippiest and funniest role: she dispenses sex-therapy advice on a radio show, and when she's feeling hot she gets listeners hot. Over the years, Bujold has developed a marvellously close rapport with moviegoers; she can make us feel we're reading her mind. And here she has us entering into every twist of her character's nuthead frigidity and nymphomania; after a while, we giggle happily at sight of her, anticipating that she'll do something naughty, and she doesn't let us down. Rae Dawn Chong is the film's biggest surprise. As the part-black wife of a European racketeer, she puts a sophisticated, comic spin on her line readings, and she's ripely sensual and dirty-minded. The movie has elements of interracial fantasy: the hookers in the street outside Eve's place pair up and triple up with their johns in racially mixed combos—they meet and go off together like dancers, in rhythm with the music. Rae Dawn Chong's amours are more intense, and much more fleshly. She's presented like the occasional exotic black woman in French movies—her husband calls her "*mon petit chocolat*"—but her wit is strictly American. The only big flaw in Rudolph's sex-farce construction is that she's left stranded about half an hour before the close of the picture, and the romanticism loses some of its lift when she isn't around.

The central male role—the starring role—is played by Keith Carradine, who may never have been this impressive before, even in his performances for Robert Altman. He's playing a perhaps crazy stud, who comes to Eve's bar straight from the mental ward. It's a literary conceit of a role—the kind that almost invariably makes an actor look like an idiot. He has to suggest that he's a lunatic who's saner than anyone else, and yet emanate danger and untrustworthiness. Carradine carries it off, while boyishly hopping into all three of the women's beds. He's not callow anymore. The years have given him a handsome, sculptural presence, and he manages to validate every bad idea Alan Rudolph throws at him. Other directors aren't this lucky.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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[*From the Boston Globe*]

"I wish the article had never appeared, but that's the way life is," Segal said in an interview yesterday. "The New York Times was the prism through which this lightning rod of attention found its way to the book, there's no question about that. But to say the long arm of the New York Times reached out to muzzle us—that's not true."

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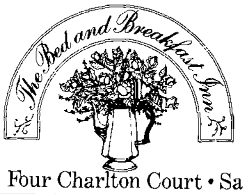
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BOOKS

The Resurrection of George V

WITHIN a year or two of the death of King Edward VII and the succession of his forty-four-year-old son as George V, Max Beerbohm wrote a mock-tragic ballad that bemoaned the passing of the Edwardian age—which Kenneth Rose, in a new biography, "King George V" (Knopf; $19.95), calls "that imbroglio of adultery, improvidence and blackmail." An imaginary lord-in-waiting and lady-in-waiting exchange their laments:

HE: Last evening
I found him with a rural dean
Talking of District Visiting. . . .
The King is duller than the Queen.

SHE: At any rate he doesn't sew;
You don't see him embellishing
Yard after yard of calico. . . .
The Queen is duller than the King.

It was the view of the fashionable world. After the interminable six decades of Victoria's uniquely decorous reign, the haut monde had for nine years registered delicious tremors of shock or pleasure at the Edwardian extravaganza. The curtain fell on it with pudic rapidity the morning after the old king's death, when the new king, noticing that the Royal Standard was flying at half-staff over Buckingham Palace, ordered it to "float in full majesty over his own residence, Marlborough House." There was nothing tentative or apologetic about the setting of a new royal style, which was to mark a contrast as drastic as that between the physical presences of the father and son: a neat little spaniel had replaced the shaggy buffalo. It took some time, indeed, for the new man to be recognized in public as the King Emperor. "Na then, which is t' King?" inquired one Yorkshire coal miner of another. "It's t' little chap i' the front wi' a billycock hat."

Once the formalities of the succession were over—the address to the Privy Council, the audiences with Cabinet Ministers, the imperial grandeur of the funeral, and what, as a shy man, the new king felt to be "the terrible ordeal" of the Coronation—it was assumed that George V would retreat into his domestic mold, which might be a suburban parody of kingship to London society but was to the people at large a reassuring sign that the Edwardian goings on had been an aberration: a brief and godless departure from the general view of the monarchy as a symbol of public duty and private honor which Queen Victoria alone had rescued from the ineptness and debauchery of the court of George IV. The new king did not let them down, and his soothing daily routine gradually got out to the papers. (He would have been appalled at the vulgarity of its being said to be "well publicized.") It confirmed his own rueful response to the people who deplored the dullness of the new court: "Dull perhaps, but certainly respectable." He awoke at seven, bathed, trimmed his beard and anointed it with lavender water, dressed impeccably in the suit or uniform that the protocol of the morning required, descended to tap the barometer, worked on state papers, wrote up his diary, read through the *Times*, and sat down to breakfast on the stroke of nine. Thereafter, he received ambassadors, Ministers, and such, and walked exactly a mile round the Palace garden before lunching with the Queen at one-thirty sharp. Afterward, he slept in an armchair for precisely fifteen minutes, fulfilled the afternoon's engagements, and spent an hour with his stamp collection (which came to be among the most comprehensive and valuable in the world). In the early evening, after an hour or more with the dispatch boxes, he retired to put on his white tie and tails and the Garter star before dinner with the family. A little reading, a patriotic tune or two on the gramophone on festive evenings, and at ten minutes past eleven he was on his way to bed. It was much the same at Windsor and at Balmoral, though in Scotland he dressed in a kilt and wore the Order of the Thistle. His life in these three royal residences, with their attendant banquets, balls, investitures, and the like, represented the necessary round of duty, which had to be borne until, once or twice a year, he could retire to his beloved Sandringham, in Norfolk—not, until his mother died, to the

WHY THE HELL CAN'T THEY ALL JUST DO THIS ON THEIR OWN, WITHOUT MY STANDING OUT HERE FREEZING?

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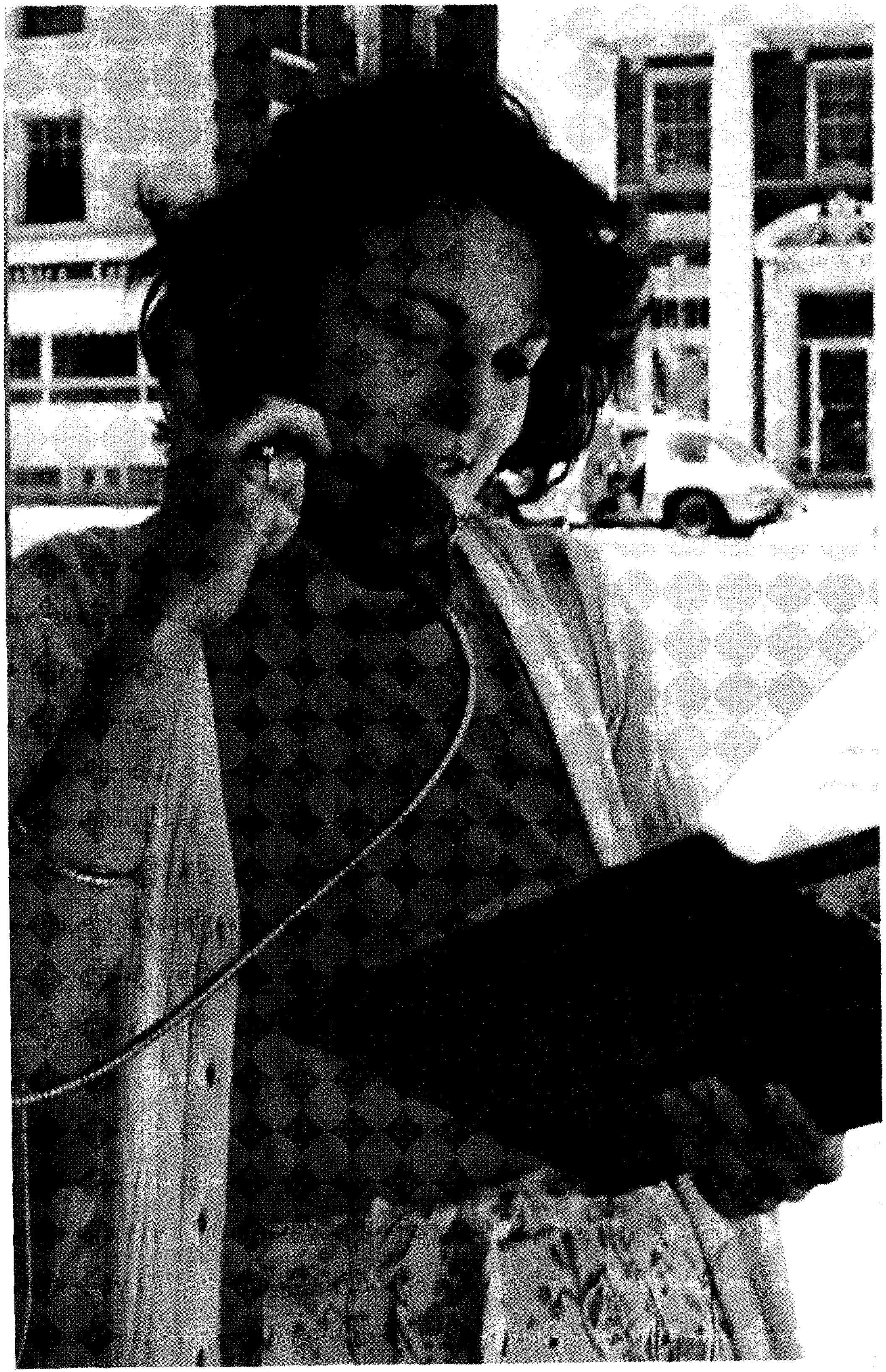

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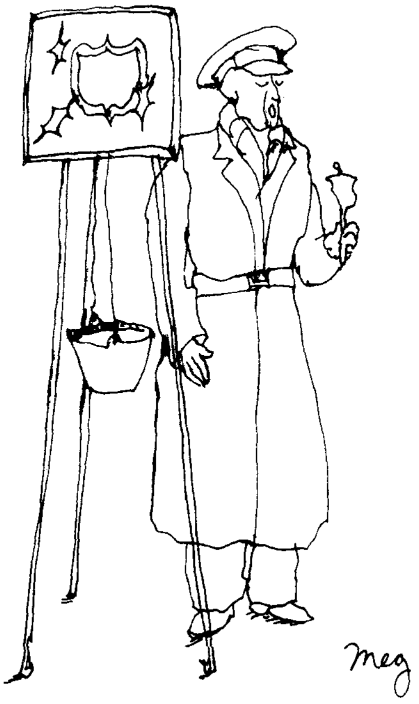
large house but to a gloomy little brownstone villa where he could devote himself to his three passions: his wife, his stamps, and his shooting. (He was for many years considered the crack shot of Britain, and when the birds flew high and fast, one bystander reported, he brought down thirty-nine birds with thirty-nine shots.) An early visitor there was the Archbishop of York, Cosmo Gordon Lang—the future Archbishop of Canterbury who was to deplore with the regularity of a tolling bell the sins of Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson. This pious man was ravished by the new king's mode of life: "It might have been a curate and his wife in their new home."

Before the King could settle into this blameless routine, there were, however, some noisome Edwardian scandals to be cleaned up. The nastiest of them concerned the Countess of Warwick, mistress of Edward VII until her conversion to Socialism, who now found herself deep in debt. She proposed to market her royal love letters. The King's astute private secretary kept up the pretense of bargaining for them long enough to have the King's solicitor whisper to the High Court that publication in Great Britain might be illegal. The Court so declared, after a closed session, whereupon Lady Warwick made eyes at American publishers. A Conservative Member of Parliament, the founder of the Dunlop Rubber Company, quickly and secretly paid her sixty-four thousand pounds (say, about three million dollars today) to settle her debts—a patriotic gesture for which the King was later pleased to create him a baronet. The King was undoubtedly put out by this threatened blackmail, but, unlike Archbishop Lang's imagined curate, he was certainly not shocked by the cause of it. He adored his father, and, while not sharing Queen Alexandra's airy tolerance of a troop of mistresses as "my husband's toys," had accepted them as a parental weakness while making it plain to a close friend that in the new reign there would be no more "meddling of certain ladies. I'm not interested in any wife except my own." This was not the dictum of a puritan. What his subjects could barely remember, if they had ever known it, was that he was never at a school or university. He was privately tutored in the early years, and the tutor went along with him when, at the age of twelve, he was sent off to be a naval cadet aboard a training ship. But between fourteen and seventeen he was in a warship on a world cruise, and he served in the Navy without favor or privilege until his twenty-seventh year. He probably had fewer illusions about the ways of the world than most of the ex-public-school boys of his acquaintance. He privately ticketed his eldest son's mistresses as "the lace-maker's daughter" and "the South American whore." His vocabulary had been enriched by the wardroom and the quarterdeck, and in his frequent moments of ire or impatience he indulged it, to the predictable discomfiture of his queen.

The more genteel of these traits and habits, if not the disposal of the Edwardian skeletons, were soon known to the general public, or could be guessed at. They were not the stuff of gossip, and the tattling journalists turned elsewhere for their meat. The monarchy was no longer a source of raffish innuendo, and outside the calendar of the Court Circular the royal couple's comings and goings were reported respectfully always and ceremoniously only on the occasion of state visits—most fully and notably after the arrival in India for the Coronation durbar. The new king, in short, very soon achieved his aim of leading as private a life as was possible for the titular ruler of a quarter of the earth's population. He would be seen until long after the day he died as a decent, kindly, and rather dull man, a dutiful husband and father, and a conscientious performer of the rituals of the shadowy calling of a constitutional monarch. Even his Ministers, in the early days, felt great relief at the prospect of a monarch who could be expected to exercise neither Queen Victoria's persistent and passionate interference in all affairs of state nor King Edward's plaintive laments for the policies of Liberal governments. George V had been educated exclusively as a sailor. Until the death of his oldest brother, he had not expected to inherit the throne. He had gone to school very late on the mysteries of the British Constitution and was unlikely to practice any but the most formal duties of the monarchy.



It may be wondered, then, why anyone would want to write something other than an official biography of such a man. That Mr. Rose could today compose a picture of this king which reveals a man as quirky as Pepys and as full-bodied as Dr. Johnson is at first glance a puzzle. Certainly it is a tribute to the author's wit and great gift for characterization. But it goes to the larger question of the vastly expanded resources of biography in our time and the quite new freedom to use them. In the history of literature, biography in the familiar forms we know is a very late growth—no older than, say, thirty or forty years. And it is worth noting how this came about. From Plutarch on into the seventeenth century, a biography was either an incidental element in a history or an encomium simply—to a king, a soldier, a cleric, an admiral, a dead husband. The French had introduced the idea of "characters," not in our sense of eccentrics but as studies of social types who, like the characters in the old morality plays, represented single human vices or virtues. In England, Thomas Fuller had softened the moral lessons to be drawn from the lives of eminent men by introducing into his "Worthies of England" anecdotes admittedly "delightful," so that "the reader, if he do not arise . . . with more piety or learning, at least may he depart . . . with more pleasure and lawful delight." Only in such a startling seventeenth-century oddity as John Aubrey, whose "Brief Lives" reads today like notes for a *New Yorker* Profile, can we appreciate by default the whole vein of human individuality missing down the centuries from the published lives of famous men composed either as obituary tributes or, more often, as textbook illustrations of the good life. It is significant, though, that the definitive, two-volume edition of "Brief Lives" was not published until two centuries after

Aubrey's death, with the omission of passages that the editor deemed too coarse for a Victorian audience. A picture of a wholly rounded man, complete with his virtues, failings, daily habits, idiosyncrasies, dogmas, prejudices, private doubts, had to wait for Boswell. His "Life of Johnson" came too late to be a model. Six years before it was published, in 1791, the word "respectability" first appeared in print. And it is fair to surmise that Dr. Johnson would have been known to us only as a learned critic and lexicographer if he had been in his prime in the middle of the nineteenth century. By then, respectability had become the compulsory criterion of public life, and its heavy hand descended as a censor on the arts and expunged from the writing of biography almost every human foible or activity that did not accord with contemporary ideas of decorum. (It seems incredible today that Dickens' closest friend, John Forster, should have toiled through nearly a thousand pages of the definitive biography and included—and then only in the transcript of Dickens' will—a single, unexplained mention of his first-named legatee, Ellen Ternan, about whose "tragic and far-reaching" association with her father Dickens' favorite daughter was to say, "My father was like a madman . . . Nothing could surpass the misery and unhappiness of our life.") It is true that another Victorian characteristic, a habit of ferocious industry, produced a huge corpus of the letters of famous men, from which at last it was possible for the outsider to explore intimacies that the subject himself—Byron, Macaulay, Dr. Arnold—had chosen to disclose. In America, from such acceptable sources, Gamaliel Bradford (on Robert E. Lee) and Van Wyck Brooks (on Mark Twain) were later able to produce a new kind of biography, which used the subject's private writings to dig deep, and sometimes pretentiously, into his troubled soul. (George Saintsbury had anticipated the form as "psychography.") It is customary to say that the really dramatic escapee from the laundry of nineteenth-century biography was Lytton Strachey. But he, too, was working out of the official record and the materials that his subjects had made available to the public—or, at least, to the researcher. The novelty of Strachey's approach to his eminent victims was that of thumbing his nose at them; he simply mocked the long tradition of respect for the respectable.

In fact, that inhibiting tradition lasted long after Strachey, and has been nowhere so binding as in British biographies of the Royals. The best biography of George V before its eclipse by Mr. Rose's rich and absorbing portrait was that of Harold Nicolson, published in 1952. It was designed as a character study but also as a history of the King's exercise of his constitutional power, which almost everybody outside former Prime Ministers and constitutional historians like Sir Ivor Jennings and Sir Charles Petrie regarded as a negligible function, withered into impotence since the English Revolution and the Bill of Rights of 1689. Nicolson's work was a timely reminder of the king's modest inherent powers and of the effects on government policy of knowledgeable advice. (The contrary belief—that the King of England was still an absolute monarch, hardly less powerful than Henry VIII—seems to have flourished in Continental Europe until well into the twentieth century. Some of Hitler's miscalculations sprang from it. When he took the wild gamble of marching into the Rhineland in 1936, with no Army or Air Force to speak of, he was enormously relieved to have a message confirming reports that the British and the French would take no punitive action. "At last!" he cried to Albert Speer. "The King of England will not intervene. He is keeping his promise." Of course, the King had given no promise, and would have been a candidate for abdication if he had.)

This main theme apart, the private character of the King was not a thing that Nicolson thought it proper to go into, short of lèse-majesté. For example, when he has to deal with the King's relations with his children (a constant irritant, which did much to provoke a stammer in one son and the abdication of another), he writes, with obvious distaste, "Even in this political biography it is necessary—if only to assure the reader that no single shadow has been shirked—to make some allusion to the fact that the King failed to establish with his children, at least until they married, those relations of equable and equal companionship that are the solace of old age." The "allusion" ends, after one page, with the bald sentence "The Prince of Wales did not marry during his father's life time."

Between Nicolson's official—and, as we believed, definitive—life of George V and Frances Donaldson's "Edward VIII" lie twenty-two years, and they enclose the permissive age, which unshackled more restraints than those applied to sexual behavior, Presidential peccadilloes, theatrical dialogue, vernacular speech, and the uses of the First Amendment. It led in Britain to the easing of the release of state papers and the Windsor Archives, and in America to the Freedom of Information Act. By 1974, when Lady Donaldson's life of Edward VIII came out, many of the main actors in the Abdication were willing to talk about it or deliver up their unpublished diaries and memoranda. Even so, Lady Donaldson had to note that "the friends and contemporaries of Edward VIII do not wish to go into print." But out of the proffered materials and, obviously, out of such telling sources as Cabinet minutes and captured German documents she was able to re-create the life and character of a British monarch in a book far franker and richer in human detail than anything that had gone before. However, because George V appears in her drama not as an independent character living out his own life but as a baleful influence on his eldest son he comes out of it very badly indeed: Nicolson's benevolent patriarch is recomposed as a bigot, a domestic tyrant, an achingly carping parent. He was, to say the least, an inadequate father, alternately baffled and enraged by that son's restless energies and bouts of melancholia.

It could be superficially said that Mr. Rose has redressed the balance. But that would hardly be more than an incidental chore in a work about the whole life and character of George V. Mr. Rose has been the beneficiary of all Nicolson's sources: the Royal Archives, the family diaries and correspondence from Queen Victoria on, the diaries of the King's private secretaries, Cabinet documents and minutes, and so on. But he has also had royal permission to quote unpublished passages from the royal sources. He has had access to the private papers of the King's close friends, of many Cabinet Ministers, and of all the Prime Ministers from Asquith to Baldwin, so that we have, from all the Ministers the King had to deal with, their pri-

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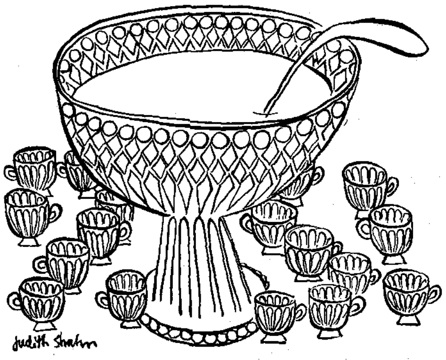
vate reflections on his capacity and his humors. It is not that this cornucopia of sources disgorges undreamed-of secrets but that Mr. Rose, in the nineteen-eighties, is not constrained to suppress anything by that cultivated instinct of "good form" which was bred in the bone of such an old patrician as Harold Nicolson. Without ostentation or a touch of prurience, Mr. Rose has broken once for all the reverential trance that has been for royal biographers a leash more inhibiting than any Official Secrets Act.

The result is a portrait, of extraordinary depth and verve, of a new man of fascinating complexity. Some of the lineaments of the popular stereotype are confirmed: the King's personal kindness, his frequent salty language, his troubled, if fatalistic, concern for the poor. His well-known fastidiousness about etiquette is revealed as an almost hysterical obsession: a bad portrait is one that does not correctly display the military decorations; he goes into a tantrum when his eldest son appears in the new fashion of trousers with cuffs ("Is it raining in *here*?"). There never was any doubt that his marriage was an idyll. But Mr. Rose shows that it remained so at a high cost to the Queen. She yearned to renew her early interest in Italian painting, but the King hated foreign travel and in the last seventeen years of his life spent only two months abroad. (If he was not the first Englishman to say "All abroad's bloody," he could well have been.) The Queen was a connoisseur of ancient monuments and English antique furniture; he preferred buying his furniture in the Tottenham Court Road. The Queen tried once or twice to adopt the more informal fashions of the nineteen-twenties, but the King dictated that she should stay throughout her life with the late-Victorian fashions she had worn when he met her. The King was a countryman to his marrow; the Queen was bored to distraction by shooting and only in her seventy-third year learned to recognize a haystack.

The contradictions in the man abound. A lifelong Tory without a taint of snobbery. A literary philistine who enjoyed equally the novels of John Buchan and of Hemingway. The symbolic commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the Empire and the archetype of the sailor king, who in 1921 urged "the total scrapping of all capital ships and submarines and also of aeroplanes and gas warfare." A fervent imperialist who was disgusted by the refusal of British diplomats, soldiers, and civil servants to treat Indians as social equals. (At the Palace, he made a point of placing visiting Indian princes on the Queen's right hand, in the presence of the highest peers of the realm.) A downright capitalist who, hearing a mine owner call the 1926 striking coal miners "a damned lot of revolutionaries," turned on him with the furious rebuke "Try living on their wages before you judge them." A monarch most at ease with his old shipmates and with his royal cousins who cherished an entirely unpatronizing close friendship with J. H. Thomas, an aitch-less railway-union leader who had left school at nine and was the only man outside the royal circle to be invited for an annual two weeks' stay at Balmoral.

For all the wealth of fresh and revealing anecdote, Mr. Rose's book is most valuable in exposing a stable compound in the King's character which made him, to the surprise and the concurrence of Ministers as far apart in political principle as the High Tory Lord Curzon and the Socialist Ramsay MacDonald, an engaged and serious adviser. That compound allied two elements: an acute perception of the essential character of the men who served him and an unerring sense of how much political or social strain the country could take at any given moment. It is easy, in following the unruffled course of his domestic life, to be lulled into the inference that he reigned in a placid time. In fact, his reign covered a period of unequalled turbulence. He was no sooner on the throne than the Liberals threatened to emasculate the House of Lords by having the King flood the upper house with enough newly created life peers to guarantee the passage of all Liberal legislation. He privately approved the idea of life peers and saw that the Lords must sooner than later yield their traditional veto power. But he recognized the mischief of achieving this end by the threat of public humiliation. He coaxed, he sympathized, he flattered the most influential peers by hinting at the magnanimity they would show in allowing the Liberal government's aim to be achieved by the passage of a restrictive new Parliament Bill. After six weeks of his discreet intervention, it was done.



After this first crisis—as he much later confessed, the most serious and exhausting of all the constitutional crises of his reign—came the ominous move to give limited Home Rule to Ireland, which threatened a civil war in Ulster and eventually precipitated one in both the North and the South. After that, the Great War, an uneasy peace, and, with unprecedented unemployment, the first Socialist government and an epidemic of strikes, which culminated in the General Strike of 1926. The financial crash and the formation of the first peacetime coalition government. The great Depression and, at the end of the reign, the constitutional battle foreshadowed by the Prince of Wales' infatuation with Mrs. Simpson. George V did not live to see that debacle, but in a moment of startling prescience, six months before his death and more than a year before the crisis broke on the Empire, the aging King told Baldwin, "After I am dead, the boy will ruin himself in twelve months."

In facing these political and social upheavals, the King played, but was careful never to show, a persuasive hand. It was persuasive because, after the smoke of the antagonists had cleared, it was seen by most of them to be a sensible hand. Unlike his grandmother, he did not harass or hector his Ministers. Unlike his father, he remained almost cloistrally above party, and conceived friendship with each succeeding Prime Minister to be an obligation of his constitutional role. He employed, often with consummate skill and always with an accurate grasp of the weight of public opinion, the three prerogatives a British monarch may constitutionally exercise: in Bagehot's famous phrase, "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn."

So this kindly, gruff, and irascible eccentric, who sounds one minute like Talleyrand and the next like a precious Wodehouse invention (to a footman who drops a tea tray: "That's right, break up the bloody Palace!"), emerges as probably the wisest of English constitutional monarchs. The wedding of the wildly discrete elements of his character into a com-

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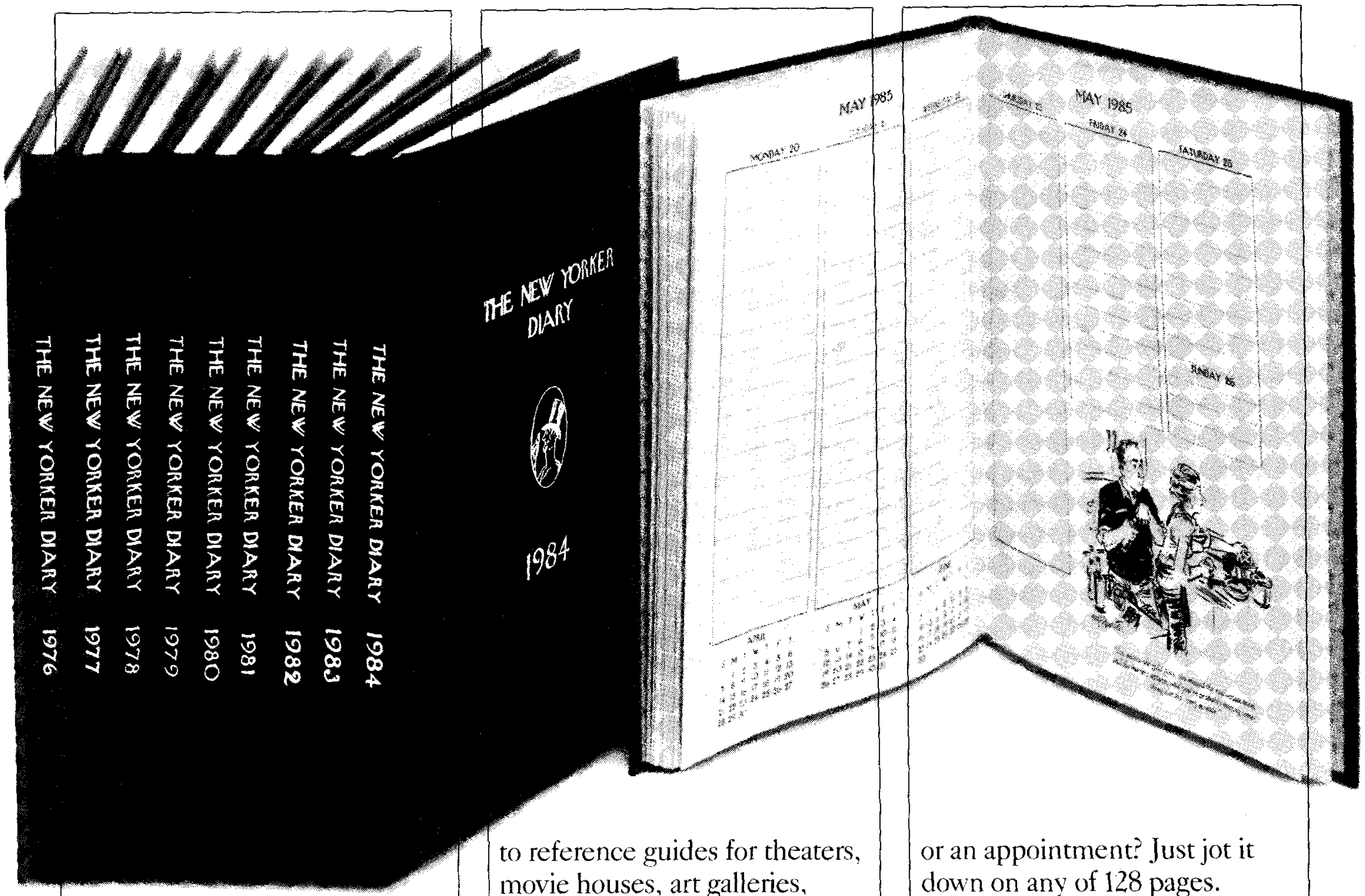
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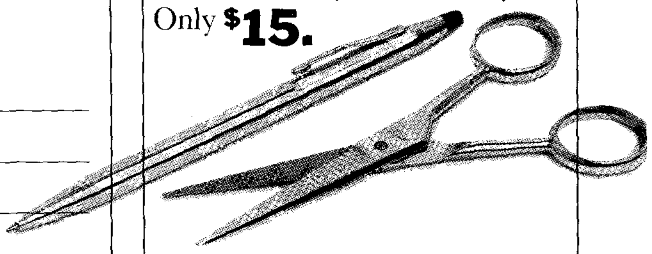

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MISS PEABODY'S INHERITANCE, by Elizabeth Jolley (Viking; $13.95). Miss Peabody, the middle-aged maiden daughter of a bedridden widow in a London suburb, sends a fan letter to an eccentric Australian novelist, who rewards her with the rough draft—color-coded, scrambled scrawls—of her work-in-progress: an outlandish story about a schoolgirl who progresses, during a Grand Tour of Europe, from a crush on her sixty-year-old headmistress to an engagement to a schoolmate's dapper father. "What sort of dresses do you wear?" the novelist, in a cover letter, asks Miss Peabody. "Do you travel much?" Miss Peabody's dresses have "meaningless blobby patterns on them." About thirty-five years ago, she crossed the English Channel. Still, the work-in-progress keeps arriving, and it changes Miss Peabody's life as no meaningful blobby patterns, or even a rich uncle's millions, ever could. "I love happy endings," Miss Peabody confesses, some time after she has begun to confuse the realms of fact and fiction. She gets, instead, at the end, the happiest sort of beginning: one she deserves, now that she is ready to be more than just a reader of others' stories.

MR. SCOBIE'S RIDDLE, by Elizabeth Jolley (Penguin; $5.95 paper). "A blistering black comedy in the tradition of 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,'" the cover of this reprint—the first American edition—of a 1983 novel exclaims. But describing Elizabeth Jolley as an Australian Ken Kesey is about as apt as describing a kangaroo as an Australian buffalo. The setting is an accident-prone nursing home (Mr. Scobie has to be extracted, upon his arrival, from a three-ambulance pileup), where the staff, from its explosive cook to its addled night nurse, just barely fails to kill the patients before they succumb to more or less natural causes. As in "Miss Peabody's Inheritance," the cackling and cooing of a pair of old girlfriends punctuates the plot, such as it is. "A Guide to the Perplexed," at the front of the book, provides annotated page references: "12 Mr. Scobie in praise of porridge," say, and "57 'Meat birds is often Roosters.'"

SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED, by Thomas McGuane (Random House; $14.95). Like Lucien Taylor, the character he describes in this novel (his sixth), Thomas McGuane seems to be stalled and very low on gas. Taylor, a torpid middle-aged escapist, has left his wife, his son, and the United States Information Agency for a childhood sweetheart who shoots men in the eyes when they make her mad. He has energy enough for some hunting and fishing, some brief sex, an occasional phone call, but mostly he broods in the Montana mountains about his past, his present, and the possibility of a new life. In previous books—"Ninety-Two in the Shade," for example, and "Panama"—Mr. McGuane has treated similar languor in a jolting, flamboyant style; here he sounds like a ghost of Hemingway, speaking of "the sublime freedom of the hunt" and saying, "The point was, he longed to feel the fatality of his action."

GENERAL

THE PERIODIC TABLE, by Primo Levi, translated from the Italian by Raymond Rosenthal (Schocken; $16.95). Primo Levi is an Italian chemist who writes—or, perhaps more justly, an Italian writer who works as a chemist. For him, certain elements—carbon, uranium, vanadium—evoke images of his past life, in somewhat the way that the savor of the madeleine evoked Proust's memories. But Mr. Levi is of our world. His chapter entitled "Vanadium," for example, deals with a chance business encounter with a German chemist who had been his overseer when he was doing forced labor in a chemical laboratory at Auschwitz. This encounter, like everything else in the book, is treated with enormous subtlety, and with compassion. Mr. Levi writes that the man "was not the perfect antagonist: but, as is known, perfection belongs to narrated events, not to those we live." Every chapter is full of surprises, insights, high humor, and language that often rises to poetry. The dust-jacket copy includes praise for the book from writers like Umberto Eco and Italo Calvino, and, for a change, these quotations do not exaggerate anything.

Getting to Know the General, by Graham Greene (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). The author subtitles this book "The Story of an Involvement"—an involvement with the late General Omar Torrijos Herrera, the political leader of Panama, and with the country and its people. In 1976, the General invited Mr. Greene, whom he did not know, to come to Panama as his guest, and sent him an airline ticket. Mr. Greene's apparent appeal to Torrijos was as a world-renowned writer with a special affection for Latin America and as a proponent of the kind of social democracy the General was trying to establish. Over the next five years—until Torrijos's death in an airplane crash (which Mr. Greene believes was not an accident)—the two men became warm friends, and Mr. Greene found himself ever more deeply involved in political events in Central America. This memoir of a man who, in his decency, his courage, and his sympathy for the common man, was markedly different from the kind of Latin-American strongmen our officialdom seems to favor finds Mr. Greene at the top of his form.

Fate Keeps on Happening: Adventures of Lorelei Lee and Other Writings, by Anita Loos, edited by Ray Pierre Corsini (Dodd, Mead; $16.95). Anita Loos kept on writing almost until her death, in 1981, at the age of ninety-three. This book includes nine hitherto uncollected stories about Lorelei Lee; random, not very respectful reminiscences of Hollywood; satires; biographical sketches of friends in show business like Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes, and Audrey Hepburn; and a scattering of what are called occasional writings, from some of which the bubbles have evaporated. They haven't from the Lorelei Lee stories, though. With the first sentence of the first one—"Last week I was laying on the sofa in my boodoire"—we are back in the company of one of the supreme enchantresses in our literature. It's hard to believe that the blonde whom gen-

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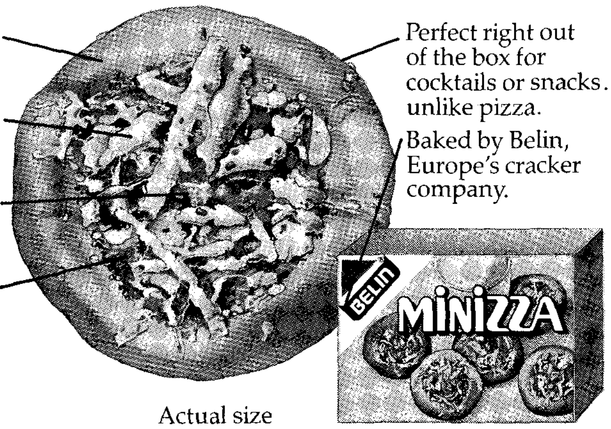
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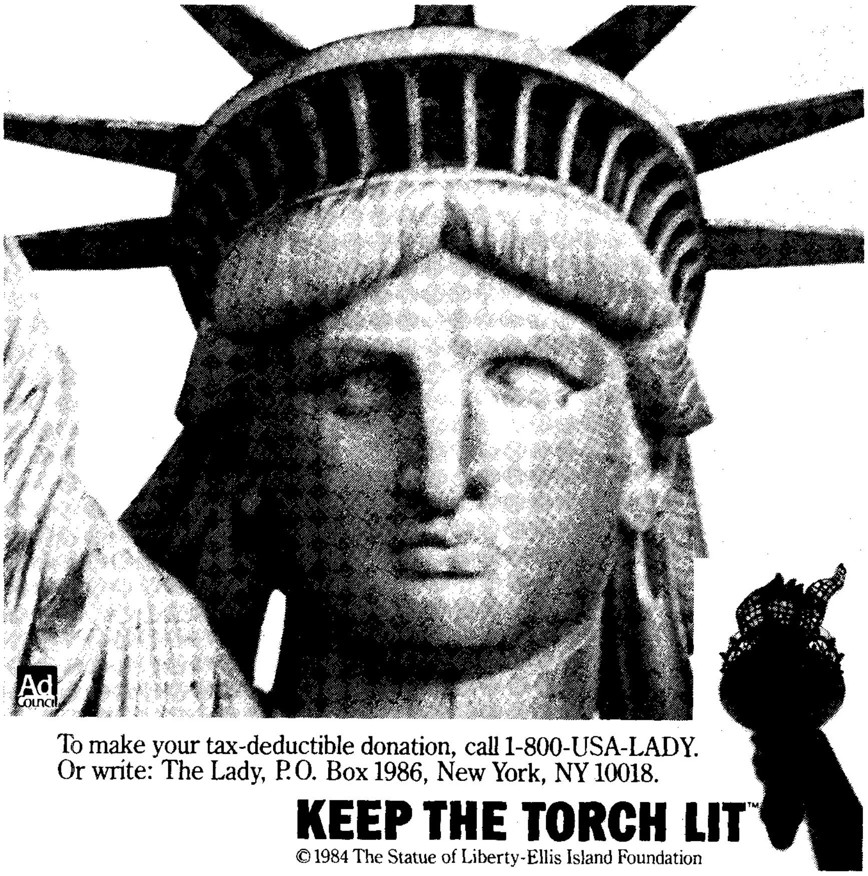

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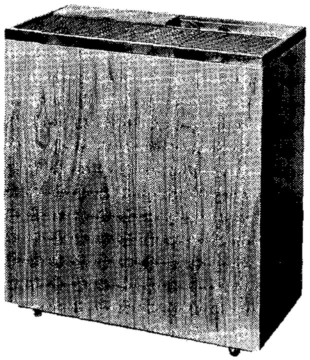

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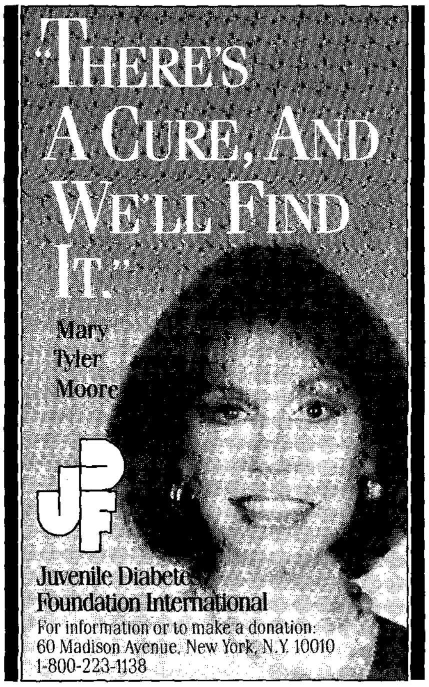

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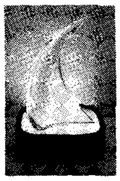

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GOLDEN EXPRESS, by Derek Lambert (Stein & Day; $14.95). We here once more return to the good old days of Hitler and Churchill and Roosevelt. The gold reserves of the Bank of England, en route to the United States for safekeeping, have been hijacked by forces working for Göring, and a crack train waits at a Hamburg quayside to transport them to their new owner. But the British have dispatched a team—the usual commando of misfits, headed by a former gold thief—to take over the train. And so on. As usual, Mr. Lambert overwhelms us with his ferocious action, his wild twists of plot and character, and such dialogue as "He's our *only* hope, sir" and "The game's only just beginning" and "Time's running out."

A CLUBBABLE WOMAN, by Reginald Hill (Countryman Press/Foul Play; $12.95). It will take more than a second-class honors degree in social sciences for Detective Sergeant Pascoe to earn the esteem of Superintendent Bruiser Dalziel, and it will take more than membership in the local rugby club for both men to sort through all the aging members who had motives for murdering the provocative wife of their semiretired star fly-half. Dalziel, with a twenty-year head start on Pascoe, can afford to offer him a few enigmatic clues from his own collection of trials and errors. Borrowing a page from his suspects, he is not above lies and evasions; he crosses his fingers when preparing to break his oath. He also indulges, in the best tradition of more honorable fictional detectives, in "long thinks," which may be behind his theory about Christmas and crime, but he is not prepared for the impact of a Nativity play on a certain eight-year-old Balthazar, who helps to solve the how, and then the why, of the case in time for a January showdown in the grandstands at Twickenham.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Asked what percentage of his business is with Paramount, Block responded, "Why should I disclose anything? I have nothing to hide."

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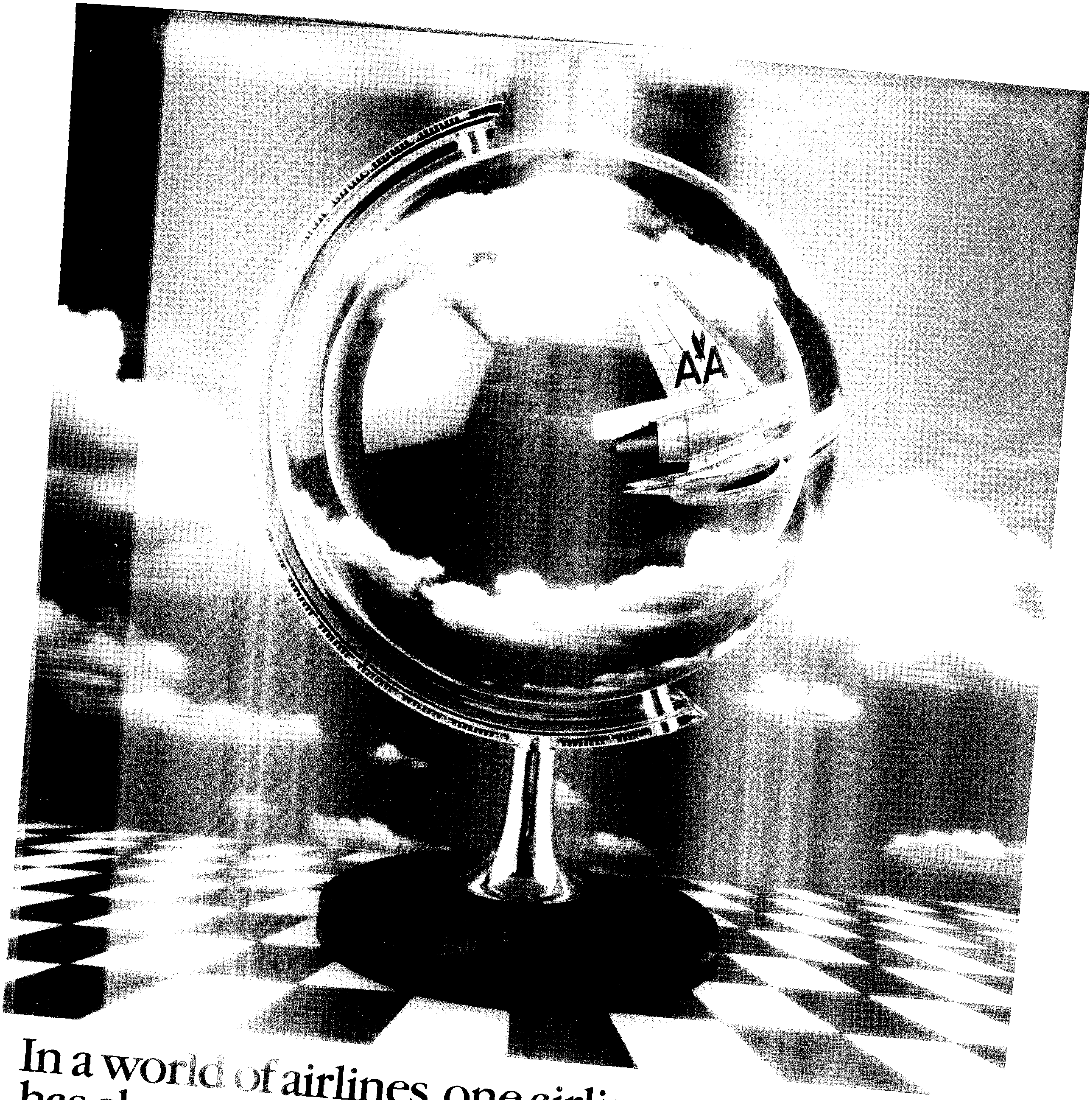

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AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Chef; co-owner Glorious Food, caterers.

HOBBY: Eating meals prepared by someone else.

LAST BOOK READ: *Tom Jones*, Henry Fielding.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Catered the Museum of Modern Art's reopening, with more than 10,000 people in six days.

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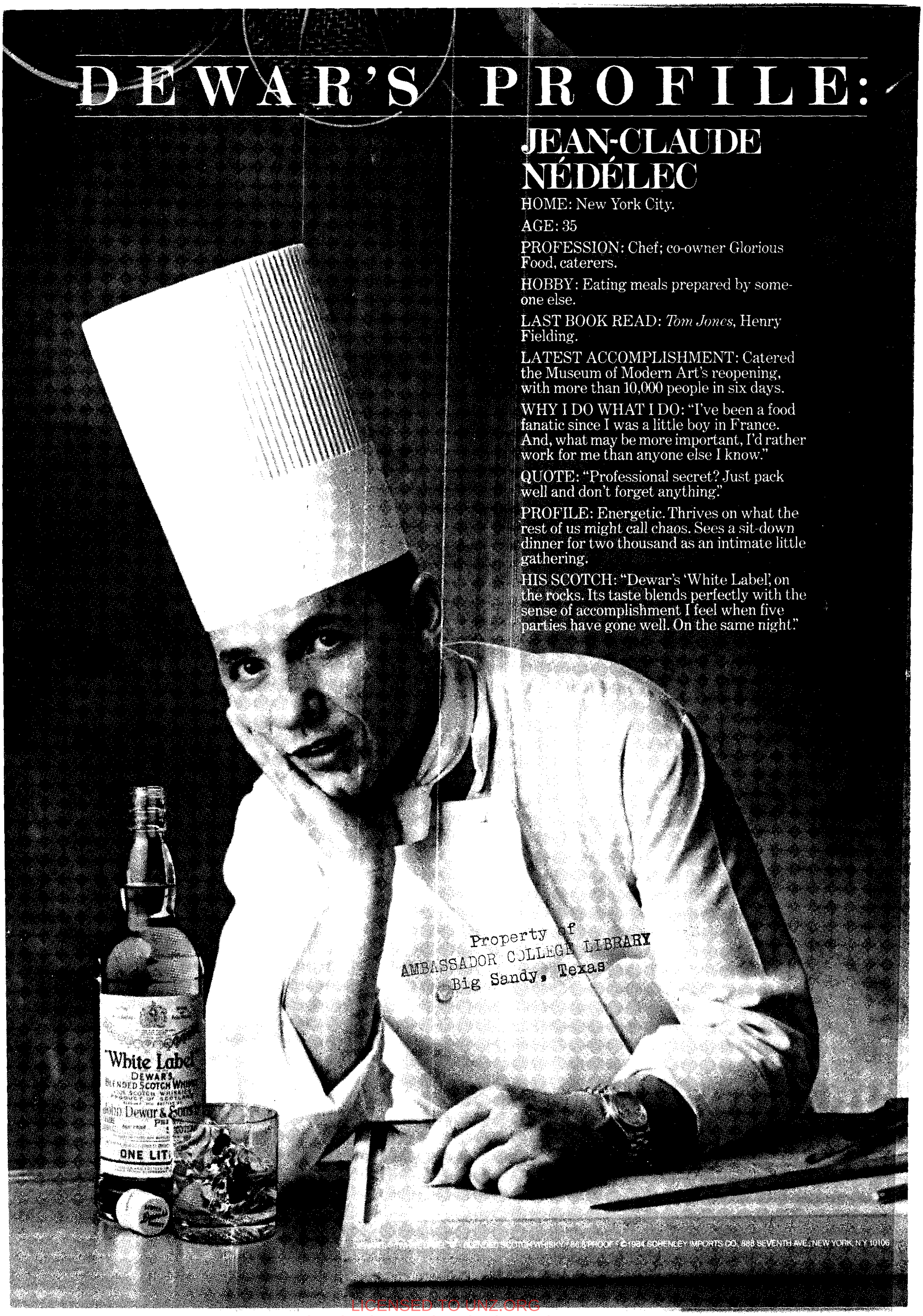

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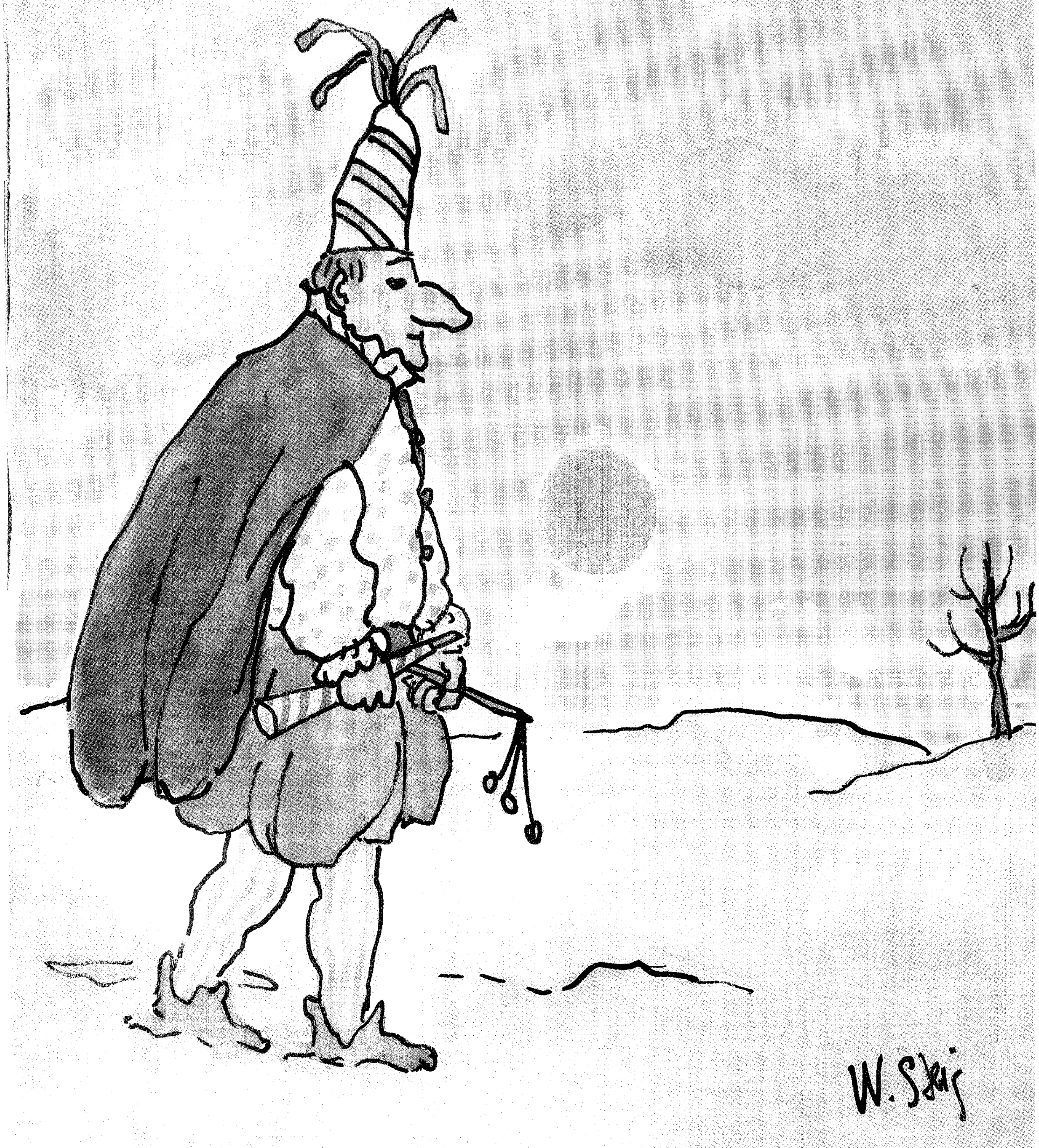

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THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Accrington Pals—The pals of the title are a group of men, lifelong friends in an industrial town in Lancashire, who enlist in the First World War, but the play is, more exactly, about the women they leave behind, who must deal, in one way or another, with situations unprecedented in their lives. There is more than documentary interest here, and the dramatist, Peter Whelan, handles his characters and scenes with subtlety and sympathy. The performance, under Daniel Gerroll's direction, is excellent. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy do everything possible to make this rather dusty sitcom seem a better piece of work than it is. The author, Lawrence Roman, has much to tell us about the nature of family life, but little of it rings true. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and New Year's Day at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 2; Sunday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Eve at 7; and New Year's Day at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

La Bohème—A lively and engaging show (lyrics by D. Spencer, score by G. Puccini), starring Linda Ronstadt, Patti Cohenour, or Caroline Peyton, opposite either David Carroll or Gary Morris. The splendid supporting cast includes, most notably, Howard McGillin and Cass Morgan. William Elliott is the orchestra conductor. Wilford Leach was the director. (12/10/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30. For information about tickets and cast scheduling, call 598-7150.)

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Circle Repertory Company—In **bing and walker** a middle-aged mental defective is offered a job, and his spinster sister almost prevents him from getting it. This is more an actors' exercise than a play. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Dancing in the End Zone—A play by Bill C. Davis, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. The principals are Pat Carroll, Dorothy Lyman, Laurence Luckinbill, and Matt Salinger. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 3. (Ritz, 225 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 28, at 3, and New Year's Eve at 8.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

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piece uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymous Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Performing Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (12/10/84) Reopens Friday, Dec. 28, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 19. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

Haarlem Nocturne—The double "a" spelling of Harlem isn't the only thing that is old-fashioned about this noisy, talentless revue, installed in the newly refurbished Latin Quarter. (12/3/84) (Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinées Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 30, and Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

Home Front—A drama by James Duff, with Carroll O'Connor and Frances Sternhagen. Michael Attenborough is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 2; New Year's Eve at 7; and New Year's Day at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A musical, **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, adapted from two O. Henry short stories, is the second in this season's series of four productions. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Victor Herbert productions. Through Sunday, Dec. 30: **BABES IN TOYLAND**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 2: **THE RED MILL**. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3:30; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

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Messiah—A play by Martin Sherman. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 13.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30, and New Year's Eve at 8.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A play by Joseph Walker, **DISTRICT LINE**, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3, and New Year's Eve at 8.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**: This is a brilliant production of the wittiest (and cruellest) of Shakespeare's comedies. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack play the quarrelling lovers, Benedick and Beatrice. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8; Friday, Dec. 28, at 2; Friday, Jan. 4, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Rostand's grand old warhorse, **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**, has been ill dealt with in this production. The director, Terry Hands, so clever in his exploration of "Much Ado About Nothing," makes the mistake of exaggerating everything in "Cyrano," heating up the rhetoric at the very moment when it is most in need of being cooled. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack as Cyrano and Roxane are helpless under the circumstances. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8; Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 3; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Short Eyes—The Second Stage revival of Miguel Piñero's play about prison life, and specifically about a child molester who is tormented literally to death by his fellow-convicts. The play lacks its original impact, but the performances are good, under Kevin Conway's direction. With Michael O'Keefe, Esai Morales, and Reggie Montgomery, among others. (12/10/84) (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Monday, Dec. 31.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-person performance, in which Miss Goldberg plays both men and women, blacks and whites, in material of her own composition. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7, and New Year's Eve at 8.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS**: Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A musical with George Hearn and Keith Michell as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.) . . . **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3 and 7:30.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS**: Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 10,264 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE**: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 1-2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2; New Year's Eve at 8; and New Year's Day at 5.) . . . **42ND STREET**: A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Millicent Martin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2, and New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2, and New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Sandy Duncan and Don Correia in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

DOUG HENNING AND HIS WORLD OF MAGIC—A Christmas treat for the young. Mr. Henning is equally skilled as a prestidigitator and as a creator of elaborate illusions—it appears to cause him no effort to turn a pretty woman into a tiger or to escape from a locked trunk, or to walk unscathed through a plate-glass mirror. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)

VICTOR BORGE—Final performances of his one-man show, with some assistance from Marylyn Mulvey or Shahan Arzruni. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 1-3, at 2:30; and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 4-6, at 2:30 and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 10.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Final performances of a one-ring circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 1 and 4; Friday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 1 and 4; Monday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3; New Year's Eve at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3. For tickets, call 873-8660.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; Sundays at 8:30; and New Year's Eve at 8:30 and midnight.)

ISSUE? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 9; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, and New Year's Eve at 11; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 2-5, at 9.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, performs in the Oak Room nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, and New Year's Eve, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will lead his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, plus reprises on Fridays and Saturdays at nine, and a special performance New Year's Eve at seven-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. The master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** is here with a quintet that trades sets with tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE'S** quintet through Monday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 1, composer and pianist **CHICK COREA** will begin a rare New York club appearance. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 26, flutist Bobbi Humphrey; Thursday, Dec. 27, Dr. Buzzard's Savannah Band and singer Ula Hedwig; Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, the Turtles, featuring Flo and Eddie, and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** an a-cappella quintet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, the Uncle Floyd Show. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; on New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and one-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **KIRK LIGHTSEY AND CECIL MC BEE** through Sunday, Dec. 30, and starting Monday, Dec. 31, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** Music from nine-forty-five.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The 1984 **BOBBY SHORT** season is drawing to a close in the Café Carlyle. Assisting Mr. Short, as usual, are bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and songwriters Porter, Coward, Gershwin, Sondheim, and Coleman. Music Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at ten and midnight, and New Year's Eve at eleven-fifteen. On Wednesday, Jan. 2, pianist and breathy vocalist **GEORGE SHEARING** will arrive. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from ten to three on New Year's Eve.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, belong to guitarist-harmonica-ist **TOOTS THIELEMANS** and singer **ANNIE ROSS;** Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will sing with her quartet; and on Wednesday, Jan. 2, **TITO PUENTE** will bring in his Latin-jazz outfit. Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Friday, Dec. 28, Livingston Taylor; Saturday, Dec. 29, **MOSE ALLISON;** Monday, Dec. 31, the Bermuda

Triangle, a bluegrass group, and Kokoku. Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Alicia Sherman sings with a backing crew Wednesdays through Sundays and New Year's Eve, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist CHUCK WAYNE'S trio. These groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten, pianist BROOKS KERR takes over.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of pianist DICK WELLSTOOD Tuesdays through Saturdays. On New Year's Eve, he'll be in charge of the Classic Jazz Quartet. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. Wednesday, Dec. 26, bassist JACO PASTORIUS and Vernon Reid & Living Colour; Thursday, Dec. 27, the PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND; Tuesday, Jan. 1, guitarist JORMA KAUKONEN; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, three-fifths of what was The Band—singer-bassist RICK DANKO and keyboardists RICHARD MANUEL and GARTH HUDSON. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. MC COY TYNER, one of the most influential pianists on the scene, leads his quintet Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—KAYE BALLARD and ARTHUR SIEGEL pay tribute to lyricists Carolyn Leigh, Dorothy Fields, and Nancy Hamilton Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

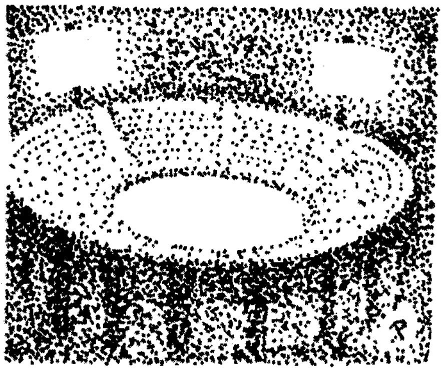
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS play spirited, uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight; and New Year's Eve from nine to two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Dec. 26, the Comateens; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, the RAMONES; Saturday, Dec. 29, the Eurogliders; Sunday, Dec. 30, GENERAL PUBLIC; Monday, Dec. 31, the BANGLES and DAVID JOHANSEN; and Wednesday, Jan. 2, TODD RUNDGREN. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian exuberance that makes it feel like New Year's Eve every weekend. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, two famous percussionists, NANA VASCONCELOS and AIRTO MOREIRA; Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, VOZ DO SAMBA; Wednesday, Jan. 2, Frank Ferrucci; Thursday, Jan. 3, MIKATA; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND. Closed Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist, flutist, humorist, and singer JAMES MOODY performs through Monday, Dec. 31, and starting Tuesday, Jan. 1, bassist RICHARD DAVIS and an ensemble will be on hand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Dec. 31, the RAY BARRETTO ORCHESTRA, LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ, the JOE CUBA SEXTET, and FRANK WESS and FRANK FOSTER will all be present. . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace pianist ROLAND HANNA works with a bassist. Jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN drops in on Tuesdays.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Pianist and composer MAL WALDRON performs with trumpeter WOODY SHAW, bassist REGGIE WORKMAN, and drummer ED BLACKWELL through Monday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 1, pianist JOHN HICKS will come in with a quartet. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Saxophonist Percy France leads his band, Rhythm & Jazz, through Tuesday, Jan. 1, and on Wednesday, Jan. 2, drummer WALTER BOLDEN will take over with his band. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: guitarist GENE BERTONCINI and bassist MICHAEL MOORE through Sunday, Dec. 30, and beginning Monday, Dec. 31, pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed New Year's Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Ann Reinking—In a performance entitled "Music Moves Me." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy and **Larry Harlow and His Orchestra**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 10.

Highlights in Jazz—Odetta, Chris Connor, and Emily Remler. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Jazz Films—David Chertok presenting film clips of Cannonball Adderley, Art Blakey, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Eric Dolphy, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, and Wayne Shorter. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Nancy Graves—New abstract paintings, each with an attendant piece of sculpture bolted to the canvas. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Walter Koenigstein—Graphite drawings on paper and aluminum, by an Austrian artist. Through Jan. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Still-lifes and seascapes in oil, plus jewelry designed by the artist with Bessie Jamieson. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 29.)

Michael Lekakis—Sculptures in elm, walnut, mahogany. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Recent abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Michael Mazur—New landscape paintings, plus preparatory studies, of winter in Cambridge and summer on Cape Cod. Through Jan. 19. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Teddy Millington-Drake—Crisply executed charcoal-and-watercolor drawings of the Greek island of Patmos, and of interiors of the artist's home there. Through Jan. 12. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Kevin Moss—Oil paintings that catch the particular light of Manhattan at dusk and at dawn, by a twenty-seven-year-old artist having his first one-man show. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

J. J. Sempé—A generous sampling of this artist's droll drawings and watercolors. Through Jan. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Jan. 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

New Forms of Figuration—A two-part show of Neo-Expressionist works by twenty artists from twelve countries in the Americas; among the better-known names are Luis Cruz Azaceta, Luis Frangella, and Jorge Salazar. Through Jan. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the HOFFELD, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by European and American artists, such as Baselitz, Guston, and Morley. Through Jan. 31. . . . STEINBAUM, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: An invitational exhibit of sets and costumes for seven plays, designed by artists who had little experience in this area. Peter Campus did the sets and Judith Shea did the costumes for "Rhinoceros;" Robert Kushner did both tasks for "Façade." Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Digby—Shapes of birds and animals are cut out of nineteenth-century prints in this group of collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A series of paintings entitled "Mires" (sightings); several were seen this past summer at the Venice Biennale. Through Jan. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Juan Genovés / John Piper—Paintings of stark urban landscapes. / Paintings of cathedrals in Great Britain. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Expressionist paintings and drawings. / Photographic portraits of Charles Atlas, James Brown, Mae West, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Thirty-five paintings, notably some early Cubist works. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Luchs—Figures of bunny rabbits can be made out in these sizable works, done on a surface of duct tape that is patched together, painted, and then scratched, gouged, burned, and generally savaged. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A new set of chevrons painted in pearlescent colors laid on with a trowel. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Recent landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—An inventory of his welded-steel wall reliefs, and two free-standing sculptures in the same material.

Through Jan. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Tempera paintings, a mixed-medium watercolor, a gouache, and several prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nigel Van Wieck—Narrative paintings of men and women in various locales—in caves, at the seashore, and so on. The painter is British and now lives in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Jane Dickson (through Jan. 12) and paintings by Ken Goodman and Richard Tobias (through Saturday, Jan. 5). . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: New works—small still-lifes by Donald Sultan, in which a single lemon (or a plate of figs or pears or asparagus) stands out on a black tar ground; a huge canvas by Enzo Cucchi, in which a lonely chair is exposed in a wasteland; and four mainstream canvases by Robert Rauschenberg. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Alienation is the over-all theme of works by nine artists, among them Richard Bosman, Sue Coe, and Arthur Gonzalez. Through Jan. 11. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Balthus, Giacometti, Morandi, others. Through Jan. 19. . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Various works that have plastic products as their principal component. Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Stephen Greene, Judy Pfaff, others. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: A return engagement of a 1963 show of realist paintings which is extended with current works by the nine original artists, three of whom are Leland Bell, Audrey Flack, and Sidney Tillim. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Gretna Campbell—A new group of Maine landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Gavin Chilcott—Paintings by a New Zealand artist who reduces his subjects to boxlike forms, and in one case has two of them boxing in a ring. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Gene Davis—Fifty-one tall, thin stripe paintings in acrylic, mounted ten inches apart. Also, drawings and wider stripe paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Fichter / Michael Berkowitz—Fantasy paintings—for instance, a man wrestling a bear in an arena packed with nightmarish figures. / A room-size installation that seems to update an Egyptian burial chamber. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, noon to 6; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 2-5, from 10 to 6.)

Gary Hall—New paintings, each showing a tiny figure climbing up a sheer cliff of ice. Through Jan. 12. (Concord, 451 Broome St. Closed Wednesdays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2.)

Ju Ming—Tai Chi movements illustrated in bronze. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings in impastoed acrylics. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

John Okulick—Wall sculptures of spirals and ellipses that are painted in metallic blacks, silvers, golds, and mauves. Through Jan. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf—Heroic canvases, done in oils and spray-can paint, that seem to apotheosize Cracker Jack prizes, plus a 1961 Cadillac gaudily decorated down to its whitewalls. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Russ Warren—Paintings of highly stylized figures seen in tableaux—horsemen, dancers, a burial party. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Hannah Wilke—Polychrome ceramic sculptures based on the womb. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At **carpenter + hochman,** 420 West Broadway: Works by three Surrealists—Victor Brauner, Marcel Jean, and Kurt Seligmann. Through Jan. 26. . . . **esman,** 121 Spring St.: Assorted drawings by Lissitzky, Schwitters, Rothko, and such contemporary artists as Anselm Kiefer and Italo Scanga. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **knowlton,** 153 Mercer St.: A grab bag of paintings by seventeen artists ranging from Chaim Soutine to David Humphrey. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.) . . . **prince street gallery,** 121 Wooster St.: A salon-style hanging of about seventy-five paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a long list of artists which runs from Marjorie Abramson to Alice Zinnes. Through Jan. 16. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ross Bleckner—New paintings, including a ten-by-fourteen-foot work entitled "The Oceans," made specifically for the Nature Morte gallery space. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Dana Bryan Garrett—Paintings. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Susan Hartnett—Colored drawings interpreting the forces of nature at work along the Hudson and in Newfoundland. Through Jan. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Roberto Pace—Large abstract canvases by a young Roman artist with a bent for luminous earth colors. Through Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Rufino Tamayo—A collection of paintings dating from the thirties through the seventies—watermelons, birds, dogs baying at the moon, and a man with a strawberry ice-cream cone. Through Jan. 31. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Show—Costumes, or works derived from costumes, including a William Wegman photograph of his late dog Man Ray in a costume made by Robert Kushner; sculptures by Judith Shea, Robert Anton, and others; and more. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Stoler, 13 White St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 29.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marianne Engberg—Pinhole photographs of Jerusalem which concentrate on architectural elements—ancient and modern. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

O. Winston Link and Harold Edgerton—Prints whose subjects are illuminated by, in the first instance, a synchronized flash or, in the second, a stroboscope, which Edgerton invented. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles Traub / Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—Color photographs. / Black-and-white prints from four different series. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Zabriskie, upstairs, has a show of Mr. Winogrand's photographs from the series "Women Are Beautiful." All through Jan. 12.

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's show of equestrian attire and tack-room art consists of uniforms, sportswear, saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Through Feb. 12. A complementary show is at the Brooklyn Museum. . . . ¶ "Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ An installation of Claire Zeisler's fibre works, including several constructed with red-dyed jute. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of thirty works on paper by Lee Krasner which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Mordern Art. Through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Margaret Mead Hall of Pacific Peoples, a permanent exhibit, contains 1,488 artifacts, some three hundred collected by Dr. Mead herself, ranging from Bali shadow puppets to a Maori storehouse. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami

Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books and newspapers, as magazine covers, and as posters. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. Through March 15. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, works on paper, and videotapes that present artists' views on sex stereotypes in popular culture. Barbara Kruger, Victor Burgin, and Jeff Wall are among those represented. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," presented to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts illustrating the Nativity are on display at the Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Through Jan. 15. (Both exhibits open daily, except Sundays and New Year's Day, 10 to 6; Berg Collection also closed Thursdays.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 26: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 27: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 28: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 29: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 29: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 31: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, William Cochran, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 1: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vladimir Popov, Sherrill Milnes, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 2: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 3: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 4: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 5: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, William Cochran, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 5: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Gail Dubinbaum, Philip Langridge, and Brian Schexnayder; Jeffrey Tate. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 31, at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

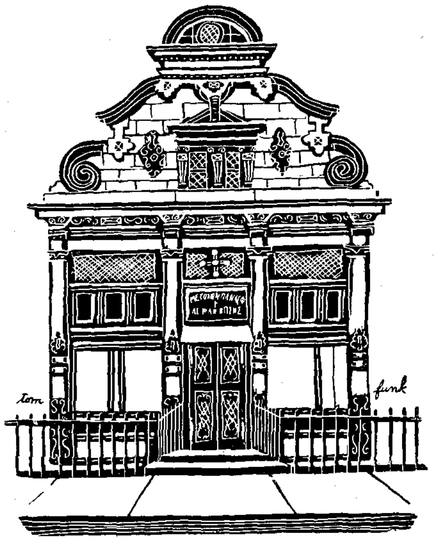
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume performances next week, with Zubin Mehta conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8, with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30, all with Gidon Kremer, violin.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos on Thursday, Dec. 27, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 8. . . . ¶ Ken Jean conducting a Handel–J. S. Bach–C. P. E. Bach program, with Alexander Markov, violin, and Randall Ellis, oboe, on Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a Mozart-Haydn-Dvořák program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello, and Tobias Picker, pianist-composer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.)



Sine Nomine Singers and Baroque Orchestra—Harry Saltzman directing, with Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 4.)

RECITALS

Robert de Gaetano—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of Elizabethan and Stuart vocal and instrumental music. (St. George's Church, 203 E. 16th St. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A program performed by the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5.)

Quartetto Guglielmi—A baroque string quartet making its first appearance here. With Trudy Ellen Craney, soprano, and Onorio Zaralli, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—The Juilliard String Quartet and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

New Year's Eve Concerts—Leonard Bernstein and Michael Barrett conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a concert for world peace. With, among others, Jean Kraft, soprano; Paula Robison, flute; and the New York Choral Society. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Dec. 31, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Participants in a concert to benefit Carnegie Hall will include Isaac Stern, violin; Keith Jarrett, piano; and the English Chamber Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:30. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Friday, Jan. 4. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1:35.

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 12:30. The Display Handicap, Monday, Dec. 31; the Interborough Handicap, Tuesday, Jan. 1; and the Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **Meadowlands:** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 8, and final day Monday, Dec. 31, at 1:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—The eleventh annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Sunday, Dec. 30, at noon, through midafternoon of New Year's Day. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A benefit marathon poetry reading by more than a hundred and fifty poets, plus dancers, musicians, and other performers. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tuesday, Jan. 1, starting at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE
NO PARKING
NO PARKING
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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Oedipus Rex" (1967; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 27: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.
Dec. 28-Jan. 3: "Country" (†) and "Splash" (†).
From Jan. 4: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Dune" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Claw and the Tooth" (1970; directed by François Bel and Gérard Vienne), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 27: "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "First Name: Carmen" (1984; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Maruschka Detmers. Dec. 28-29: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff. Dec. 30-31: "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc; and "Tout Va Bien" (†). Jan. 1: "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "La Chinoise" (†). From Jan. 2: "The Sun's Burial" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 27: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Dec. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.
Theatre 4: "Places in the Heart" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 3: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Jan. 1: A week-long festival of French "Films for the Holiday."
From Jan. 2: A week-long festival of French comedies.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mrs. Soffel" (Gillian Armstrong), with Diane Keaton and Mel Gibson.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 4: "Dune" (†).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 5: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc),

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Pinocchio" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Falling in Love" (†).
Theatre 3: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Dune" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 2: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 27: A Woody Allen festival.
From Dec. 28: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Jan. 3: "The Bostonians" (1984; directed by James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.
From Jan. 4: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 27: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
Dec. 28-Jan. 1: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Jan. 2-3: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).
Jan. 4-5: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 26: "Rumble Fish" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
Dec. 27-29: "La Cage aux Folles II" (1980) and "La Cage aux Folles" (1979), both films in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.
Dec. 30-31: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 1-2: "Android" (1984; Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski; and "The Last Starfighter" (1984; Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Jan. 3-5: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 27: "Red Dawn" (1984; John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell; and "Uncommon Valor" (1983; Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Dec. 28-29: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange; and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
Dec. 30: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson; and "Scarface" 1983 (†).
Jan. 2-3: "Performance" (†); and "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.
Jan. 4-5: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Fulton MacKay.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Dec. 26: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre.
Dec. 27: "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Land of Silence and Darkness" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German).
Dec. 28: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Dec. 29: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Dec. 30: "Bananas" (†); and "Sleeper" (1973), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Dec. 31: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Silence" (†).
Jan. 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Jan. 2: "Red River" (†) and "The Searchers" (†).
Jan. 3: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.
Jan. 4: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "La Ronde" (†).
Jan. 5: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 26: "Around the World in 80 Days" (1956; Michael Anderson), with David Niven and Cantinflas.
Dec. 27-29: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Kirk Douglas, Paul Douglas, and Ann Sothern.
Jan. 2-5: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 26: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi; and two other Edward D. Wood films.
Dec. 27: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Dec. 28-29: A program of surrealist films.
Dec. 30: "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "Vanina Vanini" (1961; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Dec. 31: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and Sandra Milo; and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi.
Jan. 1: "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" (1982; Dick Fontaine and Pat Hartley), a documentary with James Baldwin; and "Native Son" (1951; Pierre Chenal) with Richard Wright and Jean Wallace.
Jan. 2: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, and Susan Sarandon; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
Jan. 3: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway,

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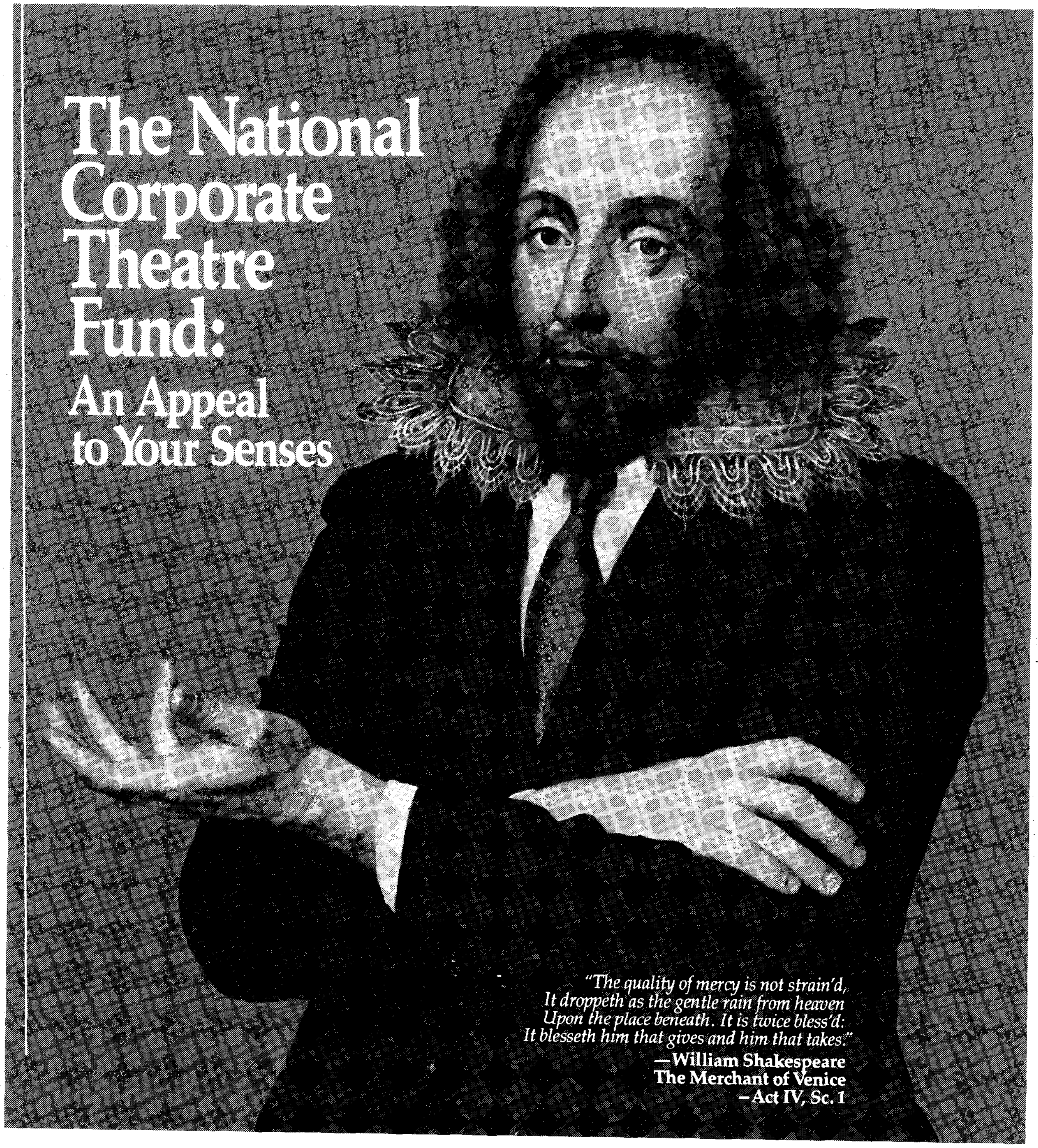
The National Corporate Theatre Fund:
An Appeal to Your Senses
"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."
—William Shakespeare
The Merchant of Venice
–Act IV, Sc. 1

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and John Huston; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

Jan. 4: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison.

Jan. 5: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 26: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

Dec. 27: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Dec. 28: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

Dec. 29: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Dec. 30: "I Could Go On Singing" (†) and "The Star" (†).

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Jan. 2: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "Dark Victory" (†).

Jan. 3: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

Jan. 4-5: "Young and Innocent" (†) and "Murder" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Dec. 27 at 2:30: "San Demetrio London" (1943; directed by Charles Frend), with Walter FitzGerald and Ralph Michael. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "Hue and Cry" (1947; Charles Crichton), with Harry Fowler and Jack Warner. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Dead of Night" (1945; Basil Dearden, Alberto Cavalcanti, Robert Hamer, and Charles Crichton), a five-episode film. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Passport to Pimlico" (1949; Henry Cornelius), with Stanley Holloway, Paul Dupuis, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "Hue and Cry." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5: "Pink String and Sealing Wax" (1945; Robert Hamer), with Mervyn Johns and Googie Withers. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2: "Passport to Pimlico." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5: "The Overlanders" (1946; Harry Watt), with Chips Rafferty and Daphne Campbell. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Pink String and Sealing Wax." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "The Overlanders." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6 and Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Painted Boats" (1945; Charles Crichton), with Jenny Laird and Bill Blewitt. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6 and Jan. 4 at 2:30: "The Halfway House" (1944; Basil Dearden), with Françoise Rosay, Mervyn Johns, Glynis Johns, and Tom Walls. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "The Bells Go Down" (1943; Basil Dearden), with Tommy Trinder and James Mason. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "The Loves of Joanna Godden" (1947; Charles Frend), with Googie Withers, Jean Kent, John McCallum, and Derek Bond. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5: "Saraband for Dead Lovers" (1948; Basil Dearden), with Stewart Granger, Joan Greenwood, Flora Robson, and Françoise Rosay.

Theatre 2: Dec. 27 at 3: "Dorado—One Way" (1983; Reinhard Münster; in German, with English subtitles.) . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6:30: "Milo Barus, the Strongest Man in the World" (1982; Henning Stegmüller; in German, with English subtitles), with Günter Lamprecht. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 3: "Clean Sweep" (1983; Hanns Christian Müller; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6:30: "The Sprinter" (1983; Christoph Böll; in German, with English subtitles), with Wieland Samolek. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Mischief" (1983; Peter Fleischmann; in German, with English subtitles), with Fleischmann. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30: "Rita Ritter" (1983; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Horror Vacui" (1984; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles), with Lotti Huber. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5:30: "The Image of Dorian Gray in the Yellow Press" (1984; Ulrike Ottinger; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2: "Rita Ritter." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5: "Room 666" (1984; Wim Wenders; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 3 and 6:30: "The Work I've Done" (1983; Ken Fink), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 3: "The Image of Dorian Gray in the Yellow Press." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6:30: "Horror Vacui." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Room 666." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30: "Edith's Diary" (1984; Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 30: Three different programs by video artists looking at television—Wednesday through Saturday at 12:15, and Sunday at 1:15, "Birth of an Industry" (1977; TVTV), "Television Delivers People" (1973; Richard Serra), "The Selling of New York" (1972; Nam June Paik), and "Media Burn" (1975; Ant Farm). . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday at 1:30, and Sunday at 2:30, "Independents Tonite" (1984; Jack Walworth) and "Faces Fear and Fascination" (1984; Tony Cokes). . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday at 3, and Sunday at 4, "Race Against Prime Time" (1984; David Schulman) and "About Media" (1977; Tony Ramos). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot—Eddie Murphy is a Detroit cop who takes a vacation to go to Beverly Hills and hunt down the men who killed his best friend—is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Yelling and fast-talking, and hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, and the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. There are a few likable, unforced funny scenes with Judge Reinhold as a credulous, velvet-voiced cop, Stephen Elliott as the police chief, and Bronson Pinchot as Serge. Also with Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Paul Reiser, Lisa Eilbacher, James Russo, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest from a lame script by Daniel Petrie, Jr. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

La Chinoise (1967)—The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy (and elegy) about the late sixties' incorporation of revolutionary heroes and ideas into Pop. The film centers on the terrorist actions of a group of young French Maoists—naïve, forlorn little ideologues who live out a Pop version of "The Possessed." Godard's hard-edged visual style is stripped down for speed and wit; he wants you to be able to read the whole picture (and the words) at once. The movie is like a speed freak's anticipatory vision of the political horrors to come; it's amazing. With Anne Wiazemsky, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Juliette Berto, and Michel Sémianko. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 1.)

Choose Me—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way—it seems to be set in a poet's dream of a red-light district. Teddy Pendergrass is on the soundtrack, and the entire movie has a lilting, loose choreographic flow. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvelous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. Also with John Larroquette, Edward Ruscha, and Patrick Bauchau as the brutal racketeer. The swoony cinematography is by Jan Kiesser. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 28-Jan. 3.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2.)

Dune—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Basically, this isn't a David Lynch movie—it's "Dune." He lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. And he brings on the giant man-eating worms that produce the consciousness-altering spice that holds this universe together. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. And despite the care that has gone into the sets and costumes and the staging, the editing rhythms are limp and choppy. Lynch's best work is in the comedy scenes that involve Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Linda Hunt, Leonardo Cimino, and the creepy eight-year-old Alicia Roanne Witt. The cast includes Sian Phillips, Max von Sydow, Francesca Annis, José Ferrer, Freddie Jones, Richard Jordan, Virginia Madsen, Everett McGill, Dean Stockwell, Sean Young, Silvano Mangano, Jürgen Prochnow, Paul L. Smith, Jack Nance (of "Eraserhead"), and Kyle MacLachlan as the warrior messiah. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; production design by Anthony Masters; and creatures by Carlo Rambaldi. (12/24/84) (Murray Hill, Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Falling in Love—A piece of big-star packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep play two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become empty. The picture has been called an eighties "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Directed By Ulu Grosbard. With Jane Kaczmarek, Harvey Keitel, George Martin, Dianne Wiest, and David Clennon. (12/10/84) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy.)

I Could Go On Singing (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with someone else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Cinema II, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Murder (1930)—A carefully designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people. It's more languidly paced than his mid-thirties work, and the dialogue is spoken in stage rhythms, but there are inventive moments. Herbert Marshall, dryly amiable in his first talking picture, plays an eminent actor—a knight serving on a jury. Convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. With Miles Mander, Esmé Percy, Donald Calthrop, Edward Chapman, and Phyllis Konstam. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4-5.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian, Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis), to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch, who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. The director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. With Paul Henreid, John Loder, Gladys Cooper, and Bonita Granville. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 2-3.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street.)

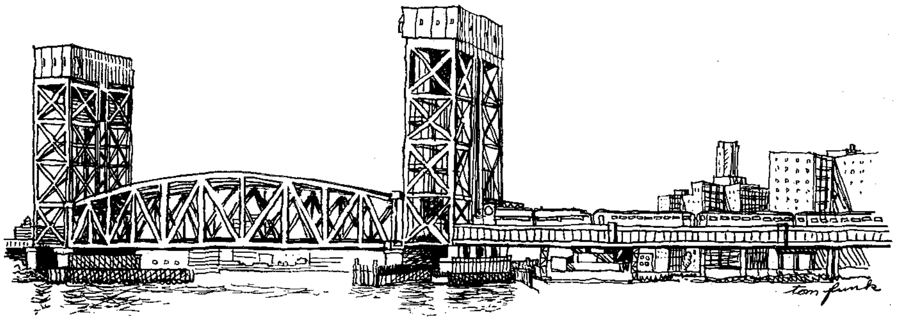
Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and Joanne Dru. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 2.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Right Stuff (1983)—Based on Tom Wolfe's



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1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reenactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. Then, it turns out, the astronauts are not quite the square-jawed mannikins they pretend to be; they're phony only on the outside. But whatever one's reservations, the film is great fun to watch. The action zigzags from old-movie romance to cockeyed buffoonery to the courage (and exaltation) of men alone in tiny capsules orbiting the earth at eighteen thousand miles an hour. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, and Veronica Cartwright. (10/17/83) (Metro Cinema; Jan. 1.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Scarface (1983)—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic, and its dramatic arc is faulty. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The middle of the movie is missing; we get the aftermaths but not the capers. The whole feeling of the movie is limp. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. (12/26/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup, as if she were going to a fifties prom), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon, and Ken Curtis. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 2.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 31.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, Candy is a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy, Bobby Di Cicco, Shecky Green, and Dody Goodman. (3/19/84) (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 28-Jan. 3.)

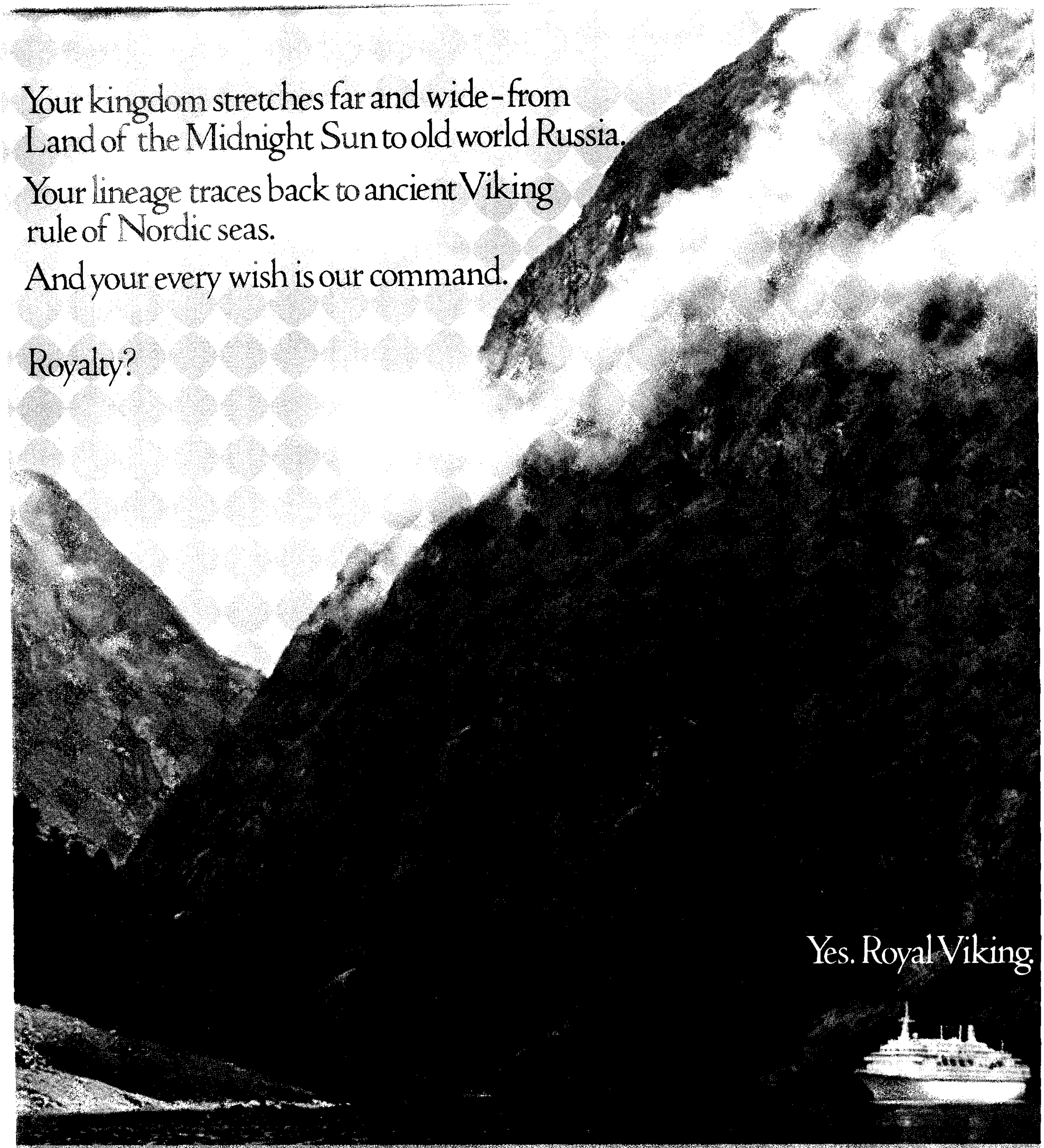
The Star (1953)—Very bad. Bette Davis as a star who once won an Academy Award but is now down on her luck; she lands in jail for drunken driving, and is saved by Sterling Hayden, a boatbuilder who once acted with her. Others who wander about in this lachrymose, exploitative treatment of the lives of aging stars (it was originally written for Joan Crawford) are Natalie Wood, Minor Watson, and Warner Anderson. Stuart Heisler directed, feebly. Davis throws her weight around but comes through in only a few scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Jean-Luc Godard–Jean-Pierre Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 30-31.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." With Derrick de Marney, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4-5.)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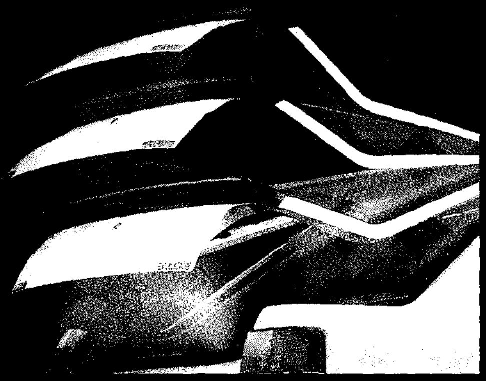

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMID the usual shopping and celebrating, this holiday season brings us pictures of people who are dying, or have died, of starvation in Ethiopia. The same newspapers that give us the stories speculating on whether our Christmas spending will help lift us out of our "growth recession" give us the news that warehouses in Ethiopia are empty. Approximately six million people are in mortal need of food. (The figure six million—the estimated number of Jews killed by the Nazis—reverberates in memory.) If publicity were food, the Ethiopians would be well fed by now. Never has famine been so public. The Ethiopians starve on the front pages of the newspapers in newsstands on our streets, and they starve on television in our living rooms. As we work and shop and eat, they stand, ghostlike, by our side. No meal but has these pitiful, unfed guests at the table. And in some curious way we, as we go through our day, travel through their parched, barren landscape. That images can travel from one point on the globe to another with the speed of light is, of course, a much remarked-on novelty of our time. But other things can also travel swiftly now. A prominent investment banker noted recently that billions of dollars can be transferred around the globe in thirty seconds. Push one button and a picture flies across the world. Push another and a billion dollars flies back the other way. And this second button lies as ready to hand as the first. It is available to governments, which have so far failed, catastrophically, to meet the crisis, but it is also available, on a smaller scale, to private institutions, and even to private individuals. It is not hard to find. It is no farther away than the nearest relief organization and the checkbook in the desk drawer.

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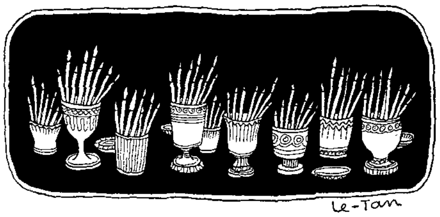
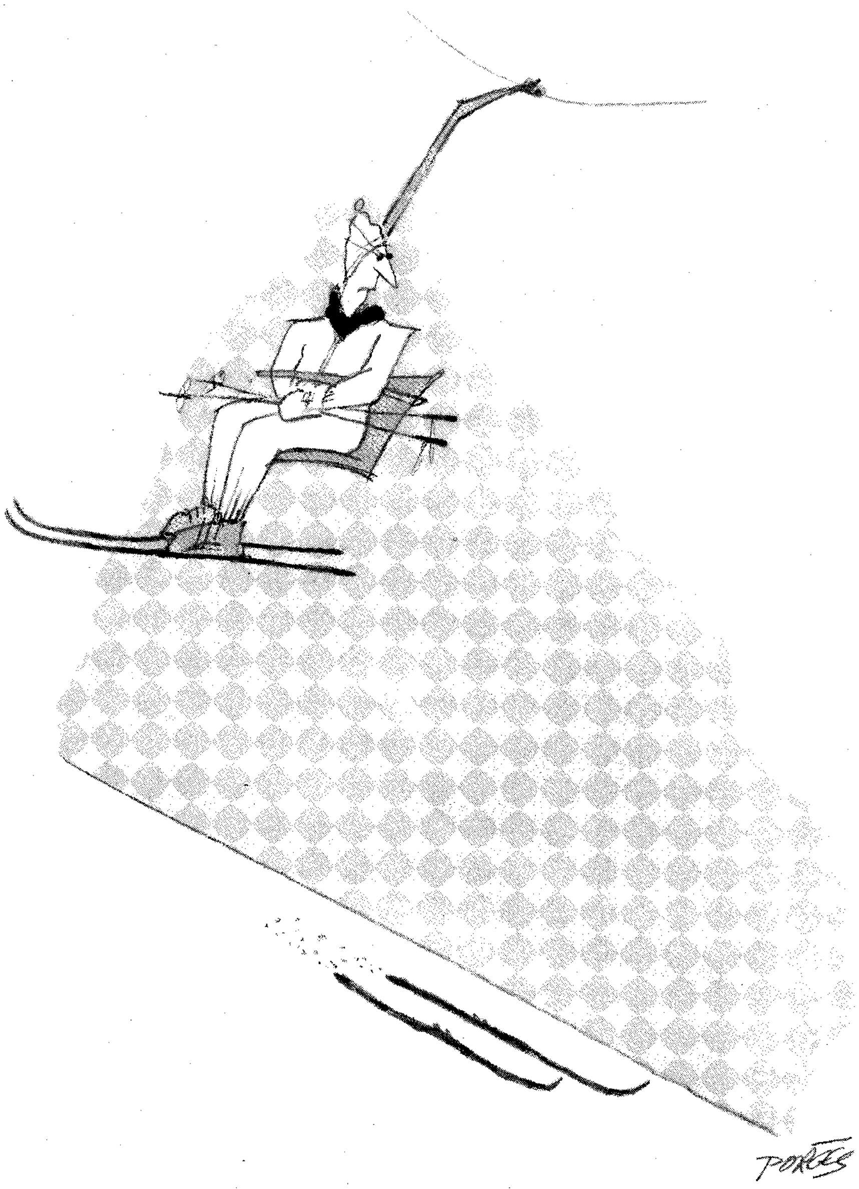
A NUMBER of those waiting patiently to be arrested belonged to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the small group that helped to set up the first Freedom Rides. A husband and wife, both in clerical collars, and some elderly black ladies and some college students and some other people walked slowly counterclockwise along Park Avenue between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth. The Reverend Herbert Daughtry, chairman of the National Black United Front, stood on a wastebasket to make some announcements through a bullhorn: twenty-five ministers from New Haven would be coming to New York on Saturday to face arrest; a clergy-organizing breakfast would take place the next morning at Union Theological Seminary; those wishing to break the law, peacefully, should come to a Brooklyn church on Sunday night for training. Then Daughtry read the list of those to be arrested that day—thirty-seven, bringing the three-week total near a hundred and fifty. One older lady wearing pearls asked if she mightn't come along. Certainly she might. The group walked to the front door of 425 Park Avenue and listened while a polite policeman explained that they were conducting themselves in disorderly fashion. Did anyone wish to leave? No one? O.K.—to the left, please, and into the three waiting paddy wagons. As the last one pulled away, you could hear the people inside singing "We Shall Overcome."



A few of the tactics, and a lot of the tacticians, for the current wave of protests against South African apartheid date from the civil-rights movement—especially the civil-rights movement of the early nineteen-sixties and the Deep South. The rallies outside the Park Avenue offices of the local South African consulate earlier this month—we were there on one of those May days the week before Christmas—drew men in suits and ties, flocks of ministers, people ready and prepared to go off to the police station for fingerprinting but not eager for battle for its own sake. The crusade, which has sprung up from almost nothing just in the weeks since our Presidential election, is not a fringe or radical effort. Thirty-five conservative Republicans sent word to the South African government that the American right would no longer regard apartheid with "benign neglect." Their letter went on to say, "The reality of apartheid and the violence used to keep it in place make it likely that our relations will deteriorate." Some Kennedy children have been arrested at the South African Embassy in Washington; so have some congressmen and some rabbis and some labor leaders and some entertainers; even Larry Holmes, heavyweight champion of the world—heretofore a good deal less outspoken than his predecessor, Muhammad Ali—has lent his presence.

The reason that, in America, this is not a polarizing, divisive movement is that nobody here publicly supports apartheid (though some are its practical allies). Police arrest the protesters, but do so less in the role of enemy than in that of accomplice, helping generate publicity. A movement that meets with acceptance broadens, as this one has done; it's the movements that meet



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with fire hoses and German shepherds and electric cattle prods and stubborn governors that can collapse in upon themselves and grow ever angrier. That cycle of repression and anger has been the story of South Africa for the last twenty-five years—at least since the Sharpeville Massacre, in 1960. There are political "leaders" in South Africa who make Ross Barnett and George Wallace and Orval Faubus look like trimmers; these men don't waste their time worrying that their daughter might sit next to a black boy at school, for they are busy stripping South African blacks of their citizenship and exiling them to the parched tribal "homelands," where they can starve out of sight.

And when people protest in South Africa they are shot (about a hundred and seventy have been killed in the last four months); or they are put in prison, where, like the black-consciousness leader Steve Biko, they may suffer an "accident" and die; or they are subjected to a bizarre form of intellectual house arrest, known as banning, which bars them from speaking to more than one other person at a time. Lately, the security forces have taken to sealing off whole townships and going from house to house looking for subversion—one force of seven thousand soldiers searched two hundred and twenty-five thousand residents for arms and "propaganda." In the face of such tactics, is it shocking that some South African blacks have turned to violence? It is not. Lately, a number of black leaders who were perceived as collaborators with the government have been assassinated; the armed wing of the African National Congress has bombed government buildings, killing innocent people; marches have often turned into riots. One can play ethical chess from now till Easter with the issue of whether violence can be justified. Suffice it to say that if nonviolent protest is forever met with contempt and repression, if the gate is never opened, then those confined will try to blow it sky-high. Not "they should" or "they shouldn't"—they *will.*

The miracle of South Africa is that a nonviolent movement still exists. Earlier this fall, the week after the Nobel Committee announced that Bishop Desmond Tutu would receive this year's Peace Prize, we talked with Nadine Gordimer, the white South African novelist, who has long been active in the freedom fight. She was at the United Nations to show a film she had made with her son, Hugo Cassirer, about another black South African cleric and believer in nonviolence, Allan Boesak. "Tutu's prize comes as a tremendous encouragement to all who are trying to use the last possible chance for peace," Gordimer told us. "There is a growing feeling among both whites and blacks that civil war will come to South Africa. Among whites, it is a fear. They think it is not a fear among blacks, but, of course, it is, for South African blacks are not bloodthirsty—their patience and forbearance for three hundred years prove that." But how thin that patience must wear! Boesak writes in his book "Black and Reformed," "Can it still happen? I do not know. I do not know how to tell blacks in South Africa to forgive seventy times seven times—those who have seen their own children shot and killed in the streets. . . . I do not know how to tell Mrs. Fortuin, who in Capetown in 1980 was prevented by the police from attending her son, Bernard, who had been shot by the police and lay dying in the street. What does one say to her?" And Tutu, speaking at Columbia University this fall, said, "The gap between law and justice is wide, and it is growing. The law buttresses injustice, no longer in a subtle manner but ever more callously and brutally."

Americans might have some role to play in this drama, Gordimer went on to say—it might help if the Reagan Administration could be persuaded to end its policy of "constructive engagement," of quiet conversation in place of confrontation. Earlier this year, South Africa, or that small portion of South Africa which is allowed to vote, put into effect a new constitution. It extended some token rights to the Asian and mixed-blood minorities but formally denied any role to the seventy-three per cent of the population that is black. "That may have been the last door slammed in the faces of black people," Gordimer said. "And the United States not only welcomed the new constitution but, through its policy of constructive engagement, helped bring it about. This government is very sensitive to the attitudes of the United States, and the United States gave them the green light."

It may be, of course, that Americans could blockade every consulate in the country, cut every economic tie, persuade our President to denounce Pretoria at every opportunity, and still accomplish nothing. The moral weakness of the white South Africans' position is matched only by its military strength; they are dug in, willing to protect their wealth and status. But there are more reasons than victory for fighting any decent battle. Of course, any of us could be fighting a dozen or a hundred decent battles right now, on the side of a dozen or a hundred suffering peoples. Most of the time, we don't fight any, and the reasons for this, too, are easy to understand. Sometimes we don't know about the tragedies. Who had heard of the starvation in Ethiopia before this fall? Who has heard much about the starvation in Mozambique even now? More often, the suffering is embedded in conventional politics, be they the politics of the oligarch or those of the Marxist revolutionary, and one must choose the lesser of two evils, and on occasion the difference seems slight. But once in a great while movements emerge where no excuse exists—movements of moral clarity of mission and tactics, movements of undebatable rightness. That is why Desmond Tutu is such a dangerous man, and why Martin Luther King, Jr., was such a dangerous man, and Lech Walesa, too—and it is why their followers are more powerful than all the rock-throwers and bombmakers. By force of their courage and their suffering, they bring issues to the world's attention; by their power to love, and to inspire others to love, to love in the face of hate and guns, they allow those of us watching from a distance no out. They aren't the lesser of two evils; they are good.

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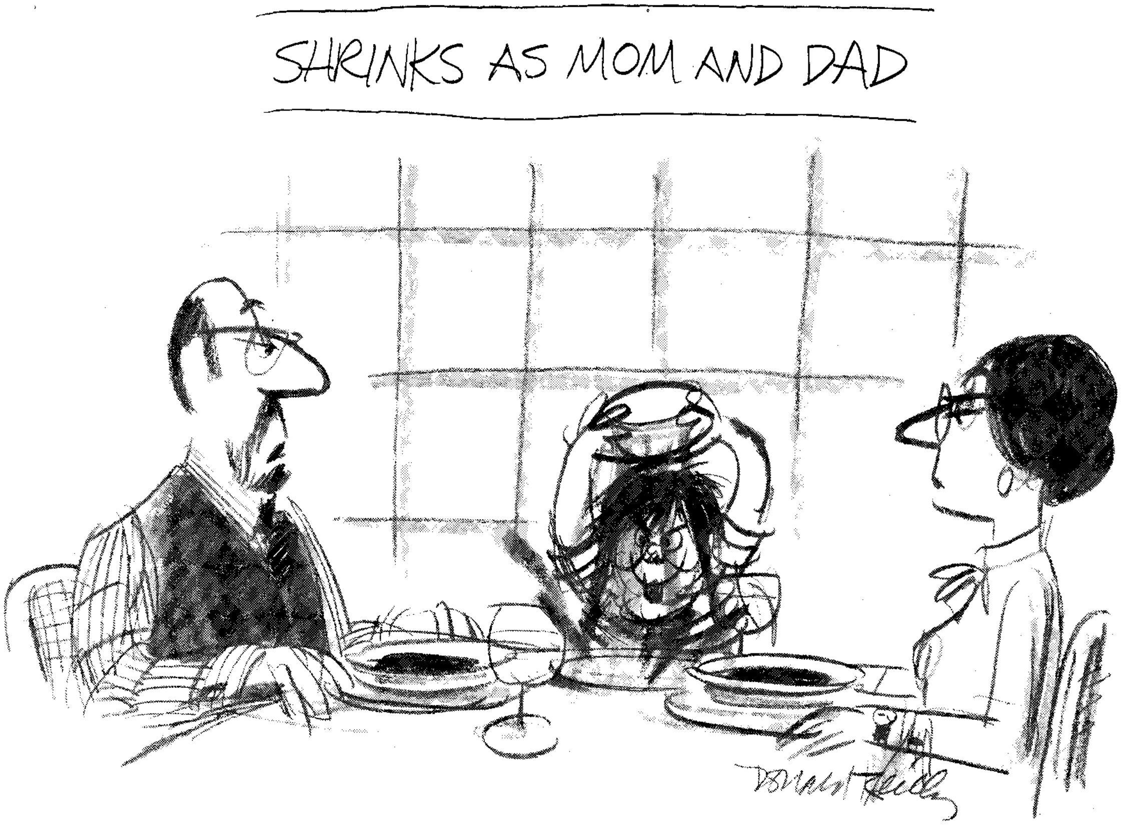
Hole on Forty-fifth Street

A FRIEND writes:

For an awfully long time, there's been a hole in the sidewalk on the south side of Forty-fifth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, about where the front door to the Seymour Hotel used to be. (A long, high wooden fence stands beside the sidewalk now, protecting the hotel's rubble.) The hole is small but menacing—roughly a yard in diameter and, in places, a foot deep. It contains bits of concrete and assorted trash. I walk by frequently, and always have three reactions. The first is alarm—look out for the hole! The second is concern—a person could break his or her leg. And the third is citizen outrage—why doesn't somebody do something about this? Then I walk on, and forget about it. Yesterday, while nimbly avoiding the hole (and thinking of those less sprightly, less alert, and less fortunate), I decided *I* must do something about this. I looked around for more chunks of concrete, in the hope of at least filling the cavity, but I found none. Suddenly, I had a good idea—a vision, in fact. I would plant a tree in the hole. A gift to the city I love. Anonymously, of course, in the holiday spirit (and to minimize the risk of arrest for tampering with a municipal sidewalk).

This morning, around six, I went down to the flower district, on Sixth Avenue in the high Twenties. It was still dark. The avenue was full of double-parked trucks, their engines gurgling; men were unloading cardboard cartons, which thwacked as they hit the sidewalk. Shadowy figures moved briskly in and out of the wholesale stores, carrying pots of poinsettias, paper bundles of flowers. There were stores with cut flowers of every variety, and with wreaths, Christmas trees, potted plants, orchids, funeral designs, floral baskets, branches of blossoms—but nothing in the line of something sturdy and deciduous for Forty-fifth Street. A five-foot vertical cactus stood in the window of Chris Wholesale ("50% Off"), but the door was locked. It didn't matter much. Could such a plant flourish on a Manhattan sidewalk in winter? Even if it did, the sight of a cactus growing out of the pavement might not do a lot for people's spirits. (It might just confirm something they already felt.) Half a block away, on West Twenty-eighth Street, Florida Plants was jammed with tropical vegetation—a dense


SHRINKS AS MOM AND DAD

"Will you attempt intervention or shall I?"

green jungle visible through a sweating window. No use, but a nice sight on a winter morning.

I went into Holiday Plants, a few doors away, made my way down an alley of poinsettias, and asked a man near the cash register if there were any small trees available in the area that might survive outdoors—"on a terrace, say."

"Only evergreens," he said, taking a gulp of coffee from a paper cup.

"Nothing else?" I asked.

"Nope," he said. "I wouldn't lie to you."

Outside, across the street, I saw a bonsai store, and that seemed briefly appealing, but it was shuttered. Nearby, at 131 West Twenty-eighth, was Never Say Die Silk Flowers. It was locked, too, but inside I could see a sign offering artificial ficus ("JUST ARRIVED!") for several hundred dollars. No solution there. Spirits sinking fast, I trudged away, and nearly stumbled over a large assemblage of squat, plump potted evergreens in front of Hawaiian Cut, at 127 West Twenty-eighth. I suddenly realized that the tree need not be deciduous.

"What are those?" I asked a bundled-up young man who appeared to be in charge of the small forest.

"Dwarf Alberta spruce," he replied.

"Are they hard to take care of?" I inquired.

"No," he said. "They like the cold, not too much sun, and they only need water once a week."

Fifteen minutes later, I placed a three-foot potted dwarf Alberta spruce in the hole on Forty-fifth Street, tucked a few chunks of loose pavement and an empty motor-oil can around its base, and walked away. The street was nearly deserted. I turned around and glanced back at the tree. It was still in place and doing fine, but it looked forlorn. I felt sad at leaving the tree like that, all alone, facing God knows what kind of future. It was sort of like the feeling of dropping off one's child at nursery school. Then I noticed that a hardware store on the north side of the street was now open. I went inside.

"Christmas-tree lights?" I asked.

"Three sizes," said the man.

I bought the Gleamlite Weatherproof 35-Light 2-Way Flasher Decoration Set (three dollars plus), returned to the hole, and, when the coast was clear, draped the spruce with bulbs. Then I hurried off, and this time when I looked back the tree—despite the lack of electricity—was modestly twinkling in the early-morning light.

Floats

THOSE slow-moving, elephantine fantasy sculptures that glide in blossomed splendor across TV screens each New Year's Day can take as long as a year to build. In fact, float-making is a full-time job out in Pasadena, where we spent a few days recently, and where, one sunny morning, we stopped by the Rose Palace, a warehouselike structure on South Raymond Avenue, about three miles south of the Rose Bowl. The Rose Palace is run by C. E. Bent & Sons, which is both the oldest and the largest of the companies that build floats for the annual Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade. As we entered the office, we were greeted in an anteroom by Don Bent, the company's chairman and chief executive officer. Mr. Bent, a hale-looking man in shirtsleeves, told us that he has been in the business since 1946, when he was sixteen. "That's when I started working for Isabella Coleman, who was the grand lady of float-building," he said. "*She* had been making floats since 1910. In 1959, I struck out on my own, and since then I've introduced a number of improvements, such as cooler-running engines, lower gears, and better trusses on the framework. Structurally speaking, nobody can touch us."

Mr. Bent led us into the main part of the building, where we saw lots of metal tubing, lots of chicken wire and screen wire, lots of plastic foam, lots of sprayed-on material called cocooning (it is also used to mothball ships), several modified truck chassis, a life-size figure of a moose, a model of the space shuttle, a model of the Hollywood Bowl, some welders using torches, some people on ladders, and two dragons.

"We start consulting with our clients in January," Mr. Bent said as we walked past a figure of a woman with a rolling pin. "I have five or six designers on my staff. We never sell floats. The client rents the float for a day, generally at a cost of between eighty thousand and a hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Right now, we're building eleven Rose Parade floats here and ten more in a facility a few miles away. We also build floats for the Fiesta Bowl Parade, in Phoenix, and for the Portland Rose Festival, in Oregon. In fact, we do thirty-one parades a year. Anyway, as soon as we get the contracts for the Rose Parade floats, in February or March, we start building. We use a lot of metal for the skeletons of the floats, and very little wood—wood isn't strong enough. By late spring, I've placed orders with the growers. As you probably know, every exposed inch of a Rose Parade float must be covered with flowers or other plant materials. We start putting on the dry stuff at the beginning of December. Then, from December 26th through December 31st, about a thousand kids—volunteers—come in to apply the flowers and petals."

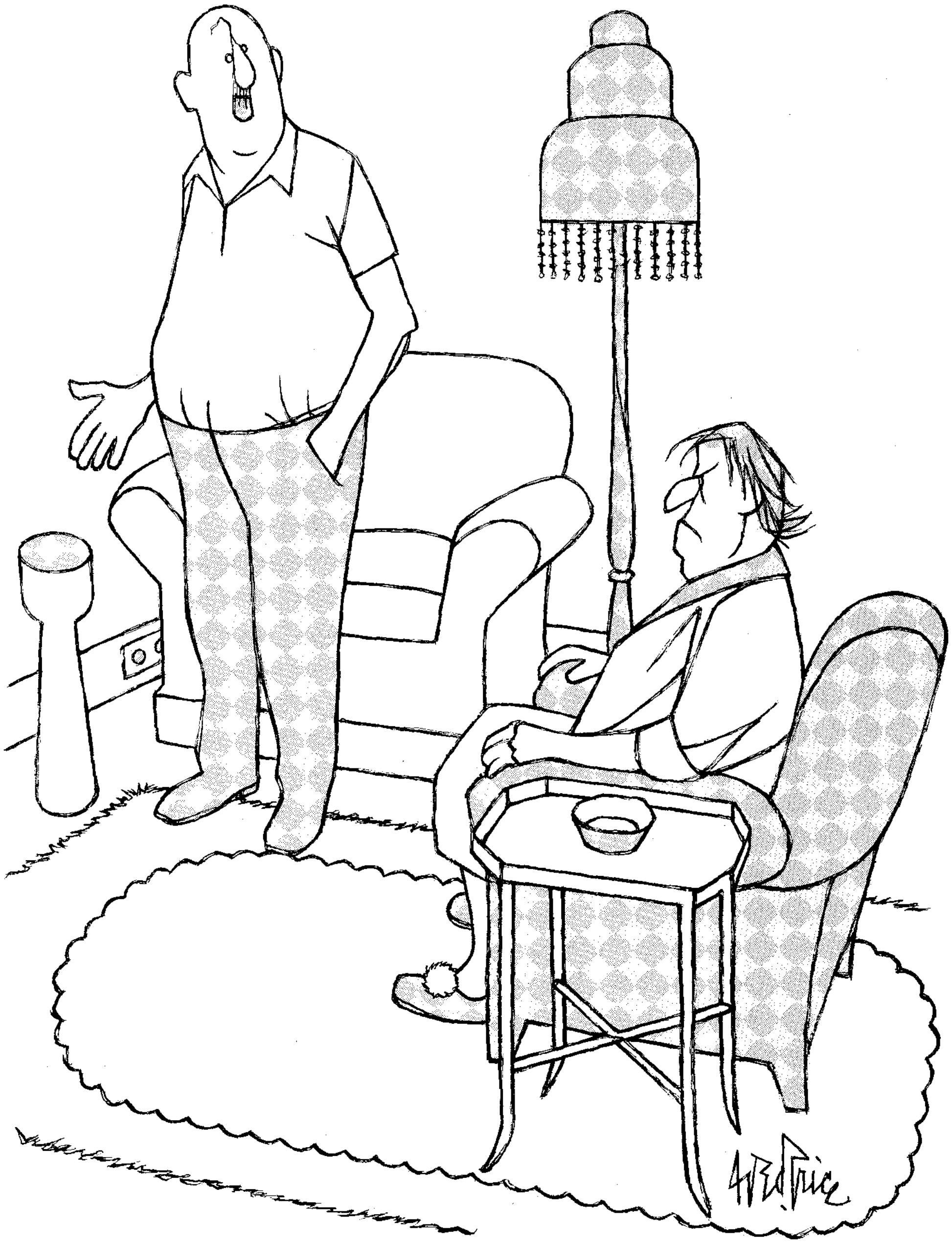
On a metal scaffold next to a structure that would eventually become a float stood a lean, gray-bearded man in dungarees. As he came down a ladder, Mr. Bent introduced him as Dick Gillespie, the first American to do the hula hoop. "I was with the Wham-O toy company at the time," Mr. Gillespie told us. "I also have some patents on the Frisbee. This float is a big one—sixty-five feet long—and it will have four translucent plastic curtains, covered with petals, that move on tracks. To move the curtains, we bought—and modified—overhead conveyors like the ones you see in dry cleaners' shops. The float also gets a waterfall." Mr. Gillespie picked up a wrench and climbed back up the ladder.

Claudia Dial, the company's floral expert, came over to speak with Mr. Bent. We asked her how she decided what kinds of flowers to use, and she said, "We already know the colors—the designers have indicated all that—but we have to consider things like texture, durability, and whether we want to use whole flowers, petals, or dry materials. For instance, there are about four things you can use for black—either a very old flower or black onion seed or black croton leaf or hyacinth root. Petals are attached with floral glue. Some flowers—carnations, for instance—are glued on, too. But roses, orchids, and irises are placed in tiny water-filled vials. Each vial has a pointed end, to be stuck into the surface of the float."

We asked Mr. Bent what part he himself took in float-building.

"Over the years, I've done just about everything," he said. "But these days I crawl around measuring all the floats to determine the square footage of each one, so that we'll know how much floral material we'll need. Of course, I'm involved in thousands of other decisions. One of the craziest decisions I ever made involved a float for the

National Orange Show. It was when I first got started in this business, and all of a sudden we needed a lot of orange-colored flowers. We knew that we could use calendulas—a member of the sunflower family—and a young kid I had just hired said he knew where he could get some fast. I said, 'Go ahead,' and a couple of hours later the kid came back with a truckload of calendulas *with the roots attached*. It turned out he had driven over to Santa Anita Race Track and pulled the calendulas right out of one of the landscaped gardens there. Well, we used those beautiful orange flowers—and we settled things with Santa Anita—but we didn't say much about them at the time. In this business, there are some things you don't talk about until a year or so has gone by."



"I didn't say I wasn't happily married. I simply said it's been quite some time since my happiness knew no bounds."

• •

Many Little Pieces

MANY people believe that they should learn from their mistakes. At this season, they lie awake, and the errors of 1984 pass in review through their minds. Were there foreshadowings of the boom in home gymnasiums, they ask themselves, that would have allowed me to buy securities and reap profits? Should I have cast my vote differently in the balloting for baseball's All-Star teams? For our part, we reject this self-scrutiny—those who remember the past are condemned to talk about it, and that gets dull—and suggest instead the acquisition of a Shredex Watergate Top Secret 2001, lately America's best-selling desktop paper shredder. Page by page, you can feed your diary to the Watergate 2001. Its patented Piranha system will growl, gape, chew, and digest. Like the New World in 1492, you will have no history—only opportunity. There's no feeling like the frontier! It is therapy.

Last week, we called Michael J. Falco, Jr., the president of Shredex, at his office, in Farmingdale, New York, and asked about the shredder boom. "Shredders have acquired quite a lot of prestige," he told us. "Sometimes it's an ego thing. We know of people—very, very key people—who keep their personal shredder prominently displayed. In any business office in Europe, right next to the telephone you'll find the shredder."

Mr. Falco said he had named his shredder the Watergate because of "that Watergate situation," adding, "You remember it. We joke a lot about that here."

We asked how the 2001 worked.

"In contrast to your traditional shredder, which cuts a spaghetti strip, our Watergate models utilize a crosscut method," Mr. Falco said. "Each sheet of paper can yield as many as a thousand particles one thirty-second of an inch by seven-sixteenths of an inch. They have a natural self-compressing tendency. If the American Embassy in Iran had employed the crosscut method, those militants would never have been able to reassemble captured documents."

A new shredder development, which had its début this month, is hands-free shredding. The latest shredder, called the Watergate 1000, notices that you are trying to feed it a document, and it performs, and when the job is completed it ceases—no buttons. "It is the lazy man's shredder," Mr. Falco said.

Every minute of every day, according to Mr. Falco, American office workers turn out a million sheets of paper. There are twenty-one trillion sheets of paper currently in circulation.

We wanted to know if Mr. Falco ever felt as if he were helping evil shade its cunning face.

"No, no," he said. "We have many respected customers. We are the largest suppliers to the federal government."

THE SLAVES IN NEW YORK

THERE was a joke that my cousin told my brother Roland when he was five years old. The joke went, "Fat and Fat Fat and Pinch Me were in a boat. Fat and Fat Fat fell out. Who was left?" And my brother said, "Pinch Me," and my cousin pinched him. So when my brother got home he told my mother he was going to tell her a joke, and he said, "Fat and Fat Fat were in a boat. Fat and Fat Fat fell out. Who was left?" My mother said, "Nobody." My brother repeated the joke, and when my mother said "Nobody" a second time, my brother kicked her.

Twenty years went by, I was always older than my brother, and my mother still talks about my brother's fury at her incorrect response. All he wanted was to do to her what had been done to him. So now I'm living in New York, the city, and what it is, it's the apartment situation. I had a little apartment in an old brownstone on the upper West Side, but it was too expensive, and there were absolutely no inexpensive apartments to be found. Besides, things weren't going all that smoothly for me. I mean, I wasn't exactly earning money. I thought I'd just move to New York and sell my jewelry—I worked in rubber, shellacked sea horses, plastic James Bond-doll earrings—but it turned out a lot of other girls had already beaten me to it. So it was during this period that I gave up and told Stashua I was going home to live with my mother. Stash and I had been dating for six months. That was when Stash said we could try living together.

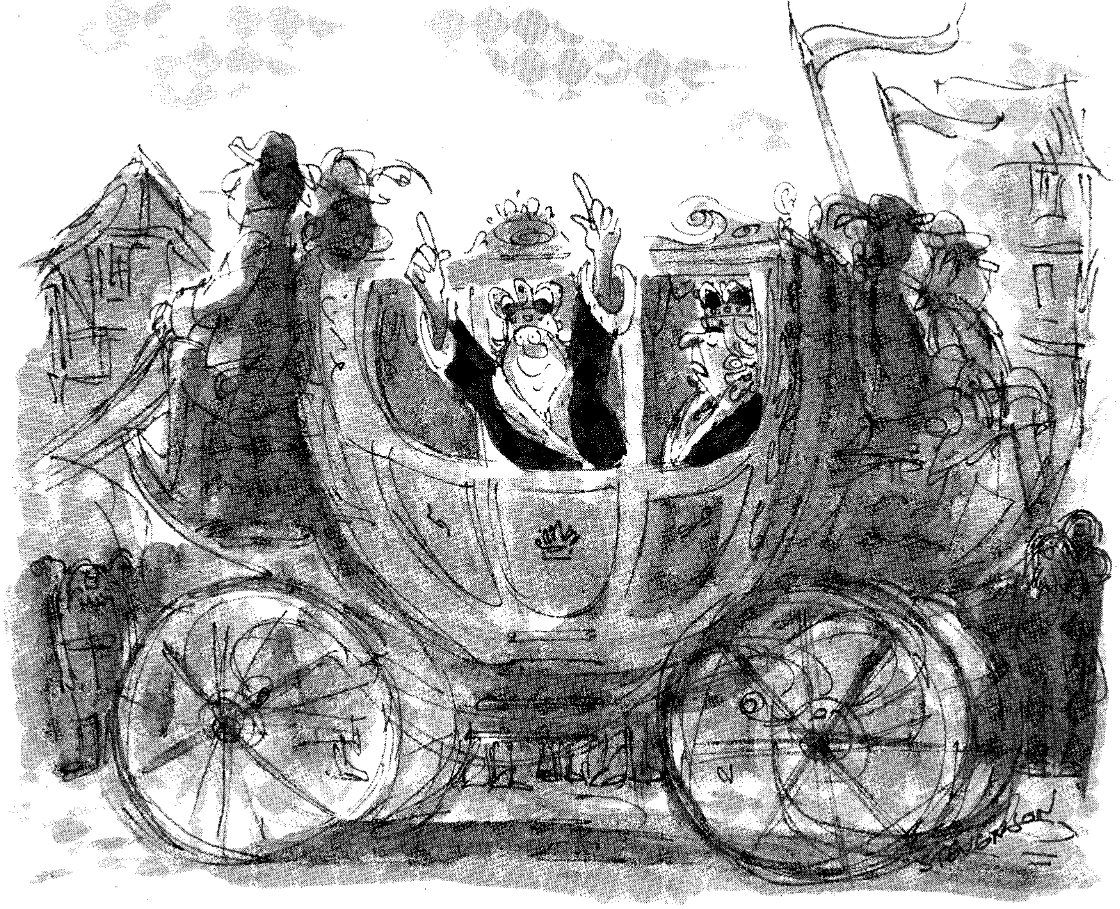
We've been living together in his place in the Village about a year now. One room, it's big, but he has a lot of stuff here—boxes, closetfuls of papers. Well, he's been here for ten years, and after his divorce he hadn't lived with anyone in six years or so.

I'm getting used to it. In the morning I clean up some, I walk his Dalmation, Andrew, then I come back and cook Stash two poached eggs, raisin tea biscuits, coffee with three spoons sugar. Usually around this time of day, the doorman buzzes on the intercom and I have to go down to pick up a package, or run to the store for some more cigarettes, whatever. Then Stash goes off to work. He's a graffiti artist, he works for himself, so he doesn't have to go in until late, except recently he's been out of the house by ten, since he's nervous about getting ready for his show coming up soon at his gallery on Fifty-seventh Street.

I watch a few soap operas and have a second cup. Then usually I start to plan the evening dinner. I'll make, let's say, Cornish game hen with orange glaze, curried rice, asparagus, or it could be fettuccine Alfredo with garlic bread and arugula salad. Nothing too fancy. I take Andrew to the Key Food and tie him up outside, return the empty bottles. Stash likes Coca-Cola, Cracker Jack, eats marshmallows out of the bag.

Well, I'm getting used to it. He still complains a lot if I leave makeup on the back of the toilet. He kept saying, "Eleanor, look at this sin," until I pointed out to him he was regressing to his Catholic childhood. I forget what else bugs him. If I do the dishes and there's, let's say, a little spot of grease on the floor from where I carried the roasting pan over to the garbage pail—this just drives him crazy. Clothes—if I leave any clothes out, or if after I wash them I put them away where he can't find them. If I buy the wrong kind of deodorant—why, he has to take fifteen minutes to explain to me why he only uses deodorant and not antiperspirant. Antiperspirant clogs up the pores and prevents you from perspiring, it's unhealthy, whereas deodorant just masks the odor. Well, it's his apartment, and if we have a fight or something I sometimes get this panicky feeling: Where the hell am I going to go?

I have a couple of



"For heaven's sake, they know you're Number One."

girlfriends in the city. One is renting out her second bedroom for six hundred and fifty dollars a month. The other has a three-year-old baby, and I'm sure she'd be glad if I slept on her couch in the living room in return for day-care services or whatever, but would I be better off? Anyway, I'm trying to learn how to get along with a man.

SO what happens is, I went out to this party without Stash. He wasn't feeling too well, and once in a while I really make an attempt to go out without him. It's one of the most difficult things in the world for me to do. I'd much rather go out with him, and when he's saying hello to all his friends I can kind of lurk behind him and smile every once in a while, but I don't actually have to come up with anything to *say*. For instance, at a night club some guy comes over—well, he isn't talking to me, he's talking to Stash, about business or the softball team they both play on. What do I have to say? I don't have anything to say.

Anyway, this party was a housewarming for this couple, Mona and Phil. I didn't know them too well. They had just found a new apartment on Fourteenth Street, fifteen hundred dollars a month—Mona had some money from her parents—a real find, a sixth-floor walkup. Phil was a carpenter, and so he could install the toilet and fixtures himself. Most of their boxes and stuff hadn't yet been unpacked. For a while I sat on the couch drinking a Margarita that had been mixed up in a blender and listening to Mona's mother and father talk about their trip to China. They had de-luxe accommodations at some hotel in Peking, and there was a lottery among the members of their tour group, and Mona's mother and father won and got to stay in the Grand Suite, which had a fully stocked liquor bar.

When I finished listening to them, I turned around and there was a totally stunning man sitting on a chair next to me eating some Kentucky Fried Chicken. Mona and her husband, Phil, had made their own dipping sauce, but since they were in the middle of moving they went out and got the chicken at Kentucky and arranged it in a linen-covered basket. I wasn't eating anything. I had already made dinner for myself and Stash, and because he wasn't feeling well I kept the meal simple and just served homemade black-bean soup with macaroni-and-cheese and a small salad. I felt sort of annoyed at first when I saw this guy eating fried chicken and staring at me, because it occurred to me that (a) he was far too gorgeous, with his green eyes and curly black hair, and (b) he was probably an actor, because he seemed to be reënacting the dinner scene from "Tom Jones," that old movie with Albert Finney. Stash always tells me I have "buggywhip" arms, and it made me uncomfortable the way this guy was eating a scrawny chicken wing and looking at me. You know, I just wanted to tell him to knock it off and be a person.

He introduced himself and we started talking. It was the first time in ages I had talked to a man, other than Stash. Stash is half Polish and half Italian, so conversation between the sexes doesn't go over so good with him.

This guy's name was Mikell and he was from South Africa and wrote novels, political-type novels, so he had been thrown out of the country some time back. They didn't actually throw him out, they just confiscated a work in progress. I asked him if he knew Jimmy Gwynne, who is from Cape Town, and naturally Mikell knew Jimmy—in fact, he had shared a flat with him in London about six years ago. He had come to the party with Millie, who I had always wanted to meet—Millie was one of the few successful women painters in New York. So I said hello to Millie, and it turned out we had gone to the same college but at different times and she had graduated some eight years before me. I never thought Mikell and Millie were actually together, I thought they just came to the party at the same time. Whatever. Millie excused herself, and Mikell went back to talking to me.

As it happened, I gave Mikell my address and phone number without bothering to mention that I lived with someone. Let me tell you, at this point there was nothing devious going on in my head. Stash was always encouraging me to develop a life of my own. This Mikell had eyes that were truly sickening—green pools like you never see and never want to see: when he looked at you, it made you weak in the knees, which in actual fact made me mad. So I didn't respond—I mean, come on already, I didn't let my knees get weak, I just talked to Mikell like he was one of my girlfriends. Come to think of it, that was the only way I knew how to talk to anyone anymore.

A few days later, after Stash had gone off to work, Mikell called, and I agreed to meet him for a cup of coffee. It turned out he lived only a few blocks away. I sat in the back corner of the White Horse Tavern, hoping no one would be able to see me if they walked past the window and report me to Stash or anything.

Mikell showed up. Such white teeth, like you wouldn't believe (they must have something in the water over there in South Africa), and those eyes—brilliant green (maybe he wore contact lenses). I couldn't even believe it. He had a copy of his novel for me. It had been published in England, and he was looking for an American publisher. It was called "Registered Alien." After a while, I had to explain that I lived with a person, and Mikell asked me how it was going. I said O.K., but that my dream was that someday I would get some bucks and then maybe I could move out. I said I got along all right with Stash, but he never wanted to have anyone over, we had no couch, just a bed, all his stuff was all over the place, it hadn't been painted in ten years, and my dream was to have a real apartment, maybe with a little terrace, geraniums, and then I'd have dinner parties for eight or ten every once in a while.

Well, it turned out that Mikell lived with Millie. They had met in L.A. Millie went out there for a show and Mikell was living there reading screenplays for some production company. So Mikell invited Millie to South Africa, she met his mother, and they got along really well. Mikell took Millie to meet some Zulus and she danced with them, they stayed up all night drinking some local concoction, and Millie had a great time. When Millie went back to New York, she invited Mikell to move in with her—New York was where the publishing was. Mikell said yes, they got along great, there was only one problem, which was that they fought all the time.

What the situation was, Millie owned her own co-op, and her former boyfriend, during the time they were engaged to be married, had purchased the co-op next to hers, and they had torn down the walls between the two apartments. So now Millie's former boyfriend rented out his half of the space to Mikell at a very, very tiny rent, a rent so small that even though Mikell was absolutely broke he was

SEXTET

I

An eyelid is twitching. From the open mouth
gushes silence. The cities of Europe mount
each other at railroad stations. A pleasant odor
of soap tells the dweller of jungles of the approaching foe.
Wherever you set your sole or toe,
the world map develops blank spots, grows balder.

A palate goes dry. The traveller feels a thirst.
Children, to whom the worst
should be done, fill the air with their shrieks. An eyelid twitches
all the time. As for columns, from
the thick of them someone always emerges. Even in your sweet dream,
even with your eyes shut, you see human features.

And it wells up in your throat like barf:
"Give me ink and paper and, as for yourself,
scram!" And an eyelid is twitching. Odd, funereal
whinings—as though someone's praying upstairs—poison the daily grind.
The monstrosity of what's happening in your mind
makes unfamiliar premises look familiar.

II

Sometimes in a desert you hear a voice. You fetch
a camera in order to catch the face.
But—too dark. Sit down then, release your hearing
to the southern lilt of a small monkey who
left her palm tree but, having no leisure to
become a human, went straight to whoring.

Better sail by steamer, horizon's ant,
taking part in geography, in blueness, and
not in history, this dry land's scabies.
Better trek across Greenland on skis and camp
among the icebergs, among the plump
walruses as they bathe their babies.

The alphabet won't allow your trip's goal to be
ever forgotten, that famed point B.
There a crow caws hard trying to play the raven,
there a black sheep bleats, rye is choked with weeds;
there the top brass, like furriers, shear out bits
of the map's faded pelt so that they look even.

III

For thirty-six years I've stared at fire.
An eyelid is twitching. Both palms perspire:
the cop leaves the room with your papers. Angst. Built to calm it,
an obelisk, against its will, recedes
in a cloud, amidst bright seeds,
like an immobile comet.

Night. With your hair quite gone, you still dine alone,
being your own master, your own pawn.
The kipper lies across a headline about striking rickshaws
or a berserk volcano's burps—
God knows where, in other words—
flitting its tail over "The New Restrictions."

I comprehend only the buzz of flies
in the Eastern bazaars! On the sidewalk, flat
on his back, the traveller strains his sinews,
catching the air with his busted gills.
In the afterlife, the pain that kills
here, no doubt continues.

IV

"Where's that?" asks the nephew, toying with his stray locks.
And fingering brown mountain folds. "Here," pokes
the niece. In the depths of the garden, yellow
swings creak softly. The table dwarfs a bouquet
of violets. The sun's splattering the parquet
floor. From the drawing room float twangs of a cello.

At night, a plateau absorbs moonshine.
A boulder shepherds its elephantine
shadow. A brook's silver change is spending
itself in a gully. Clutched sheets in a room elude
their milky/swarthy/abandoned nude—
an anonymous painful painting.

In spring, labor-ants build their muddy coops;
rooks show up; so do creatures with other groups
of blood; a fresh leaf shelters
verging shame of two branches. In autumn, a skyhawk keeps
counting villages' chicklets; and the sahib's
white jacket is dangling from the servant's shoulders.

V

Was the word ever uttered? And then—if yes—
in what language? And where? And how much ice
should be thrown into a glass to halt a Titanic
of thought? Does the whole recall the neat shapes of parts?
Would a botanist, suddenly facing birds
in an aquarium, panic?

Now let us imagine an absolute emptiness.
A place without time. The air per se. In this,
in that, and in the third direction—pure, simple, pallid
air. A mecca of it: oxygen, nitrogen. In which
there's really nothing except for the rapid twitch-
ing of a lonely eyelid.

These are the notes of a naturalist. The naughts
on nature's own list. Stained with flowerpots.
A tear falls in a vacuum without acceleration.
The last of hotbed neuroses, hearing the
faint buzzing of Time's tsetse,
I smell increasingly of isolation.

VI

And I dread my petals' joining the crowned knot
of fire! Most resolutely not!
Oh, but to know the place for the first, the second,
and the umpteenth time! When everything comes to light,
when you hear or utter the jewels like
"When I was in the Army" or "Change the record!"

Petulant is the soul begging mercy from
an invisible or dilated frame.
Still, if it comes to the point where the blue acrylic
dappled with cirrus suggests the Lord,
say, "Give me strength to sustain the hurt,"
and learn it by heart like a decent lyric.

When you are no more, unlike the rest,
the latter may think of themselves as blessed
with the place so much safer thanks to the big withdrawal
of what your conscience indeed amassed.
And a fish that prophetically shines with rust
will splash in a pond and repeat your oval.

—Joseph Brodsky

(*Translated, from the Russian, by the author.*)

able to afford living in New York, which was where he wanted to be. The reason the former boyfriend rented out his half of the co-op to Mikell at such a reduced rate was that it would have cost a fortune to rebuild the walls between the two apartments, and Millie absolutely refused to live with a complete stranger. But it was lucky for Mikell that Millie didn't consider him a complete stranger, otherwise he would have had to go back to Los Angeles and his job, when that was something he had nothing for but contempt.

We both just sat there. Mikell put his hand over mine. It wasn't a sexual thing, not really, it was just the two of us sitting there at a wooden table in the White Horse Tavern, looking at each other and sitting there. We were both in the same position. Things might have been different if one of us had our own apartment. It wasn't that Mikell wasn't very fond of Millie—he was. But they had a lot of fights, and he wasn't allowed to go out by himself at night, and Millie didn't feel like going out all that often, and Mikell would have liked to be able to see some of the New York scene now that he was finally here.

When we got up to leave, I let Mikell pay for my espresso. He said he would call me in a couple of days. I asked him only to call between the hours of eleven and one, when I could be certain that Stash would be out. I asked him to sign his novel. He wrote, "To Eleanor by the River, with love from Mikell." So I said, "Listen, why don't you write down your number, in case I have to give you a call?"

IT was all totally out in the open. I just wanted to keep him like a girlfriend, and that was why I told Stash about meeting Mikell. I figured that things could never work out between me and Mikell because we were both in the same position, but maybe as a foursome I could be friends with Millie and Stash could go shoot pool with Mikell. It was important to bring new people into a relationship, to make new friends, and if you're part of a couple, well, then it's easier to have new friends who are also a couple.

Stash almost had a nervous breakdown. For two days he wouldn't speak to me, then he started screaming. He told me to go move out so I could start sleeping with this guy, and said how dare I bring home little love notes from some cretin.

I said, "Well, Stash, I wouldn't

have told you about it if there was anything going on. All I did was tell Mikell about you and how great you are, and he talked about Millie."

Stash said, "Don't give me that, that's how it begins—you go out and talk to each other about your relationships and then jump into bed with each other. Maybe we should just end this," he said. "You're beginning to bore me."

This went on all day. I started crying. I said, "If you want me to leave, then I won't stay here any longer. You know how much I love you, and I can't understand your reaction." I said, "I thought you'd really like this guy—he's interested in seeing your paintings, and I thought I could be friends with her."

"Who?" Stash said.

"The girlfriend," I said.

Stash said, "You want me to call her up and go out with her? Is that what you want? Fine. You're doing this out of insecurity. *What is it about* you I hate the most?"

"My messiness?" I said.

"No."

"My personality?"

"No," he said. "Your insecurity. That's what I hate about you the most. You are so damn insecure. Why don't you stop?"

I couldn't figure it out. I mean, I'm insecure, but I couldn't see how this related. My having coffee with a man didn't seem to illustrate this character defect. I cried *all* day Sunday, and Stash went out with his friends and played softball.

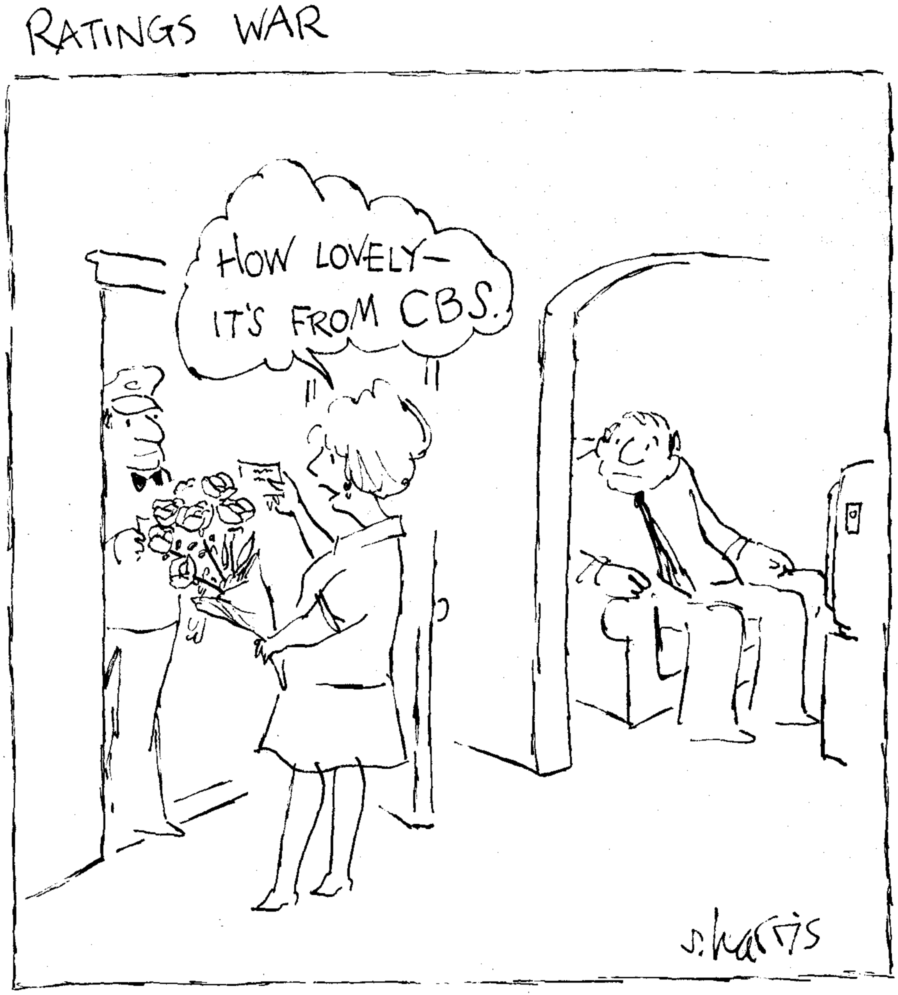
Mikell called at twelve-thirty. I tried to sound bright and happy. He really was intelligent, and it was beyond me how Millie could ever think of anything to argue with him about. I wanted to see him for coffee, except my eyes were all swollen up. I just broke down and told him how things had been hell around here for three days, how Stash went insane because I told him I had gone out for coffee with a man.

Mikell said, "Actually, that's what's been going on around here. She's gone totally out of her mind."

There was a silence. I said, "Well, let's meet for coffee tomorrow."

He said, "I can't. How about Wednesday?"

I said, "Let me call you in the morning, since I'm not sure if I can make it."


RATINGS WAR
HOW LOVELY— IT'S FROM CBS.
S. Harris

There was a silence. He said it would be better if I didn't call him.

We did get to meet one other time. It was really sad. After that, I bumped into him once at the bank. He was with Millie, and she gave me a strange smile. I had no makeup on, and I was wearing my glasses, which were pointy and had little rhinestones at the corners, and maybe she only half recognized me. I mean, at the party, the one other time she had seen me, I had been wearing my contact lenses and had on a lot of my original jewelry, things like my James Bond/Oddjob necklace-and-earring set. When Millie went to use the cash machine, Mikell came over to me and asked if I was going home after the bank.

Luckily, when I got home Stash wasn't there, and Mikell called a few minutes later. We spoke briefly. Mikell said things would be best if we didn't speak for a while. He was talking in a whisper. I said, "But Mikell, I must meet you to continue our mad, passionate affair."

There was a moment of silence.

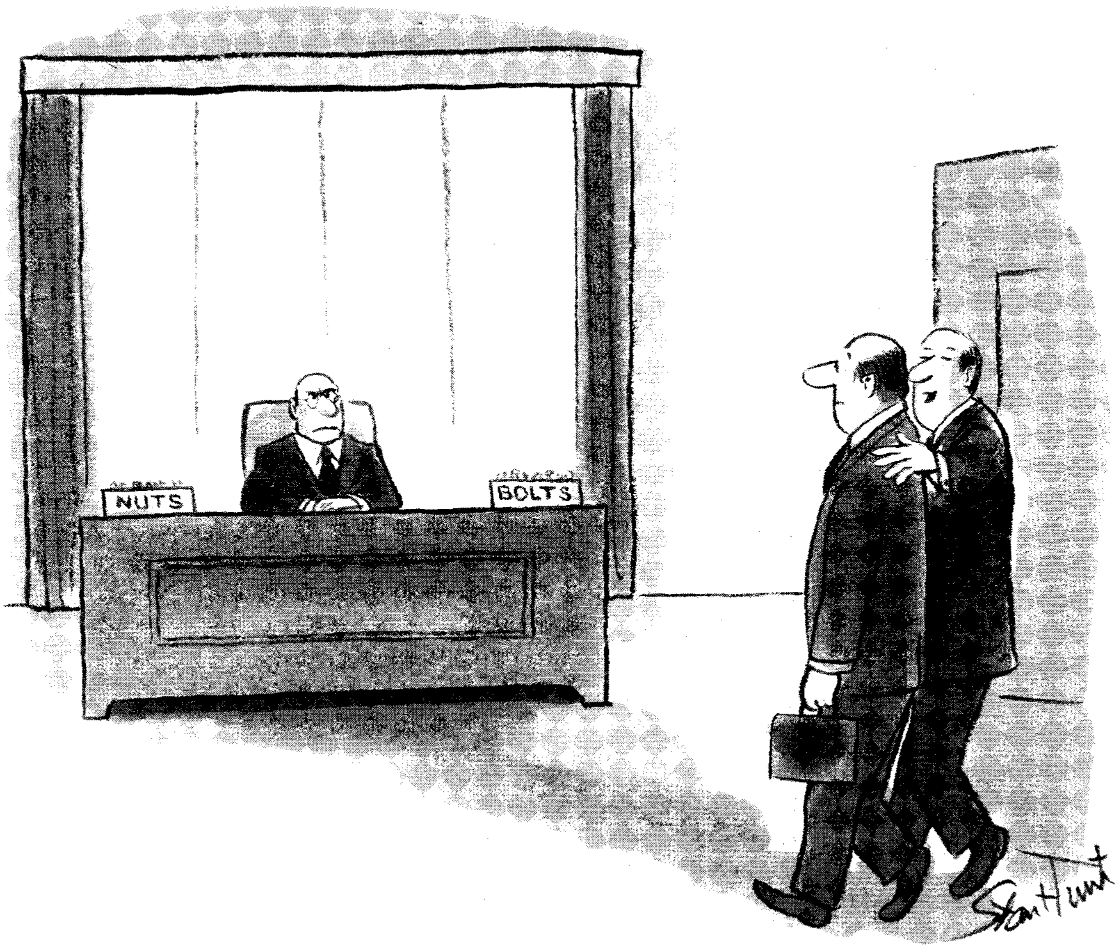
"Just kidding," I said.

After that, whenever Stash was home in the afternoons I just prayed the phone wouldn't ring.

I tried to keep the apartment clean. My mother lived upstate in a one-bedroom apartment. I couldn't escape to her. I got up at seven-thirty to walk Andrew. Things went O.K. Stash bought me a coat, Day-Glo orange wool with a green velvet collar. It wasn't the one I would have chosen—I guess I would have selected something a little more conservative. But it was nice to have a new winter coat.

My friend Abby called me up from Boston. She was all hysterical. It's like this: She's been living with this guy for a few years. He was an art director for an advertising agency, and she has a good job teaching at Simmons, tenure. But it's Roger's house, an old Back Bay brownstone that he's fixed up, and now he's lost his job and he wants her to start making some financial contribution, but he still doesn't want to marry her. Just at this time Abby's old flame reappears. He wants her to move to New York and live with him.

"What are you going to do?" I said.



"You'll like Ed Grigsby. He's a real nuts-and-bolts kind of guy."

Abby said that even though this old flame, Bruce, was a jerk, she was bored with Boston and Roger. "I could live in New York with Bruce," she said, "and fly up to Boston to teach one day a week, and maybe I'll meet someone I like better than Bruce in New York."

I said, "Abby, don't do it. In the old days, marriages were arranged by the parents, and maybe you ended up with a jerk but at least you had the security of marriage, no one could dump you out on the street. In today's world, it's the slave system. If you live with this guy in New York, you'll be the slave."

"Well," she said, "I'm used to Roger cooking for me. Would I have to cook for Bruce?"

She already knew all about my dinner menus, the frantic daily preparations. "Yes," I said. "You'd have to cook for Bruce. What are you going to do if you two have a fight and he tells you to leave? With your salary, you'll never be able to find an apartment."

"I know Bruce is a creep," she said. "But I thought I'd be with him while I looked for someone else."

I said, "Abby, forget it. You think you'll be making an improvement, but that's not the case." I didn't want to tell her this before, because I didn't know the situation with Roger, but quite frankly it didn't sound so bad. I said, "If you live with Bruce, you'll be the slave. It's not the same in other cities, the rents aren't so high. Roger doesn't have the same power over you, because you could always threaten to move out and get your own place in Boston."

"I didn't know," she said. "I'm going to reconsider. Are you sure there're no available men in New York?"

"There're women," I said. "There're hundreds of women. They are out on the prowl. And all the men are gay or are in the slave class themselves. Your only solution is to get rich, so you can get an apartment and then you can have your own slave. He would be poor but amenable."

"Are these women, the ones that are prowling—are they attractive?" Abby said.

I could tell she hadn't been listening. "Abby," I said. "It's New York. They have seventy-dollar haircuts and wear black leather belts with sterling-silver buckles."

"Oh," she said. "How are things otherwise?"

"Stash and I are getting along very well," I said. "He just bought me a new winter coat. I should probably go. Andrew needs his walkies."

After I hung up, I thought about what I should have told Abby: See, Fat and Fat Fat fell out, and in New York all that's left is Pinch Me. But I'm not sure she would have understood. I remembered when my brother Roland was five he wore these little boots with metal toe caps and after my cousin told him the joke and pinched him my brother kicked him. My cousin was really enraged at Roland's behavior and called up my mother to complain. He had a black-and-blue mark. My mother was ashamed: obviously she was doing something all wrong in her child-rearing practices. Now Roland is a first-year resident in obstetrics/gynecology down in Texas.

—TAMA JANOWITZ

QUESTIONS WE DOUBT EVER GOT ASKED BY FIRST-TIME READERS

[*Judith Schwartz in American Book Review*]

Used to the strong political underpinnings so de rigueur in novels from 1970s and 1980s lesbian-feminist presses, first-time readers often find the depressing one-dimensional lives and interests of the all-white cast of characters sad and confusing. "What on earth do you find enjoyable about these books?" they ask. "Why has the Lesbian Herstory Archives gone to so much trouble to locate and preserve over 900 different titles of these books, both good and lousy?"

FELLOW-CREATURES

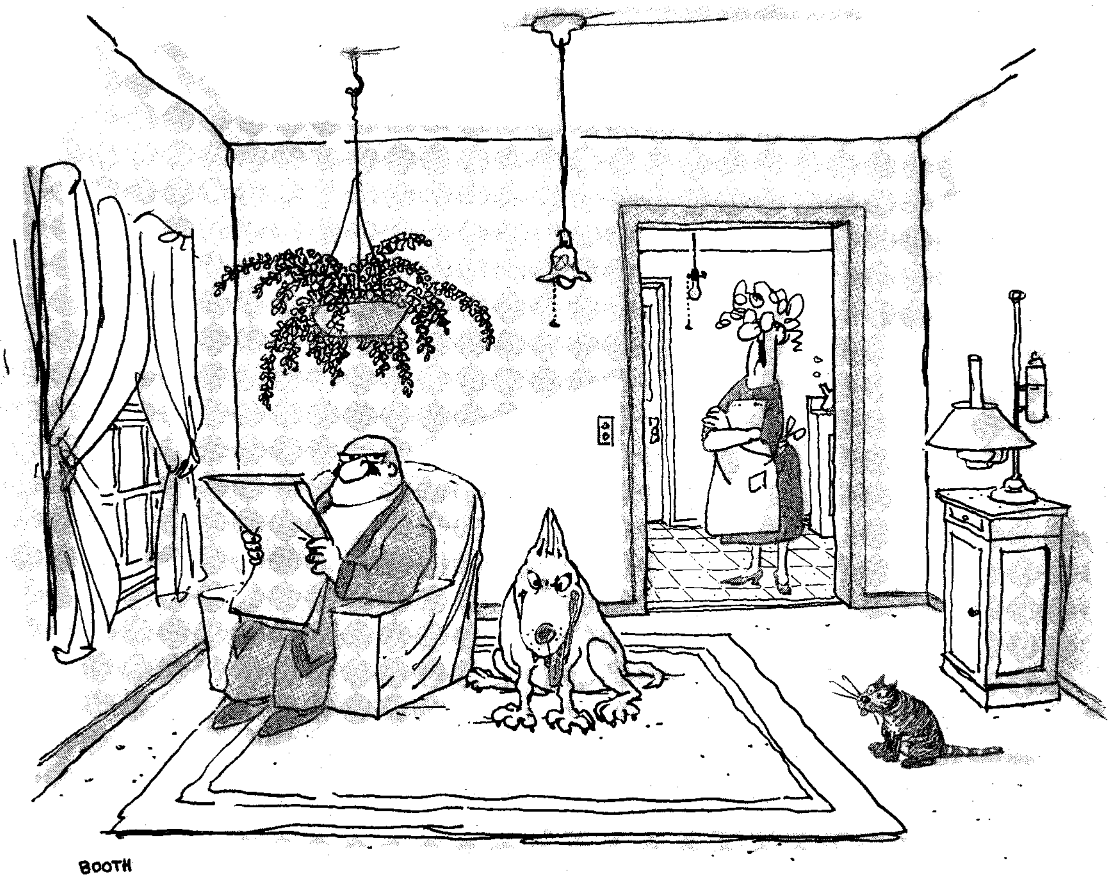
NOTHING special, just a leghorn pullet, the pet of children who lived in a nearby trailer, its feathers soiled by too much handling, the little bird had escaped from its pen and found shelter in the garage of Colonel Huggins, U.S. Army, retired. The malfunctioning garage door stood half open, offering a dark and convenient sanctuary that had attracted the pullet at an early hour of the morning. Huggins had been awakened by the mournful clucking. When it persisted, he investigated. In the dawning light, the little bird looked ghostly, but cast a huge shadow in the beam of the flashlight. Her jewelled eye seemed to flash; the clucking became shrill and agitated. Huggins crouched, extending one hand, and the bird, with some reluctance, took a few steps toward him. When Huggins clucked encouragement, the pullet responded. Huggins had grown up in a farmyard cackling with chickens without remarking that they were so expressive. He was amazed to note the range of emotion in the cluck of a chicken. Fear and anxiety soon gave way to a soft, throaty warbling for reassurance. Huggins responded. Soon the little bird pecked at the button on his shirt cuff; then, with a minimum of flutter, she allowed him to slip a hand beneath her breastbone, cradle her on his arm. She liked that, being accustomed to it.

As Huggins left the garage and entered the house, the pullet's cackle was troubled and anxious. Huggins stroked her throat feathers to calm her. The bird was quiet while he dialled the neighbors' number and heard the excitement of the children, their cries of relief. The pullet's name proved to be Lucy.

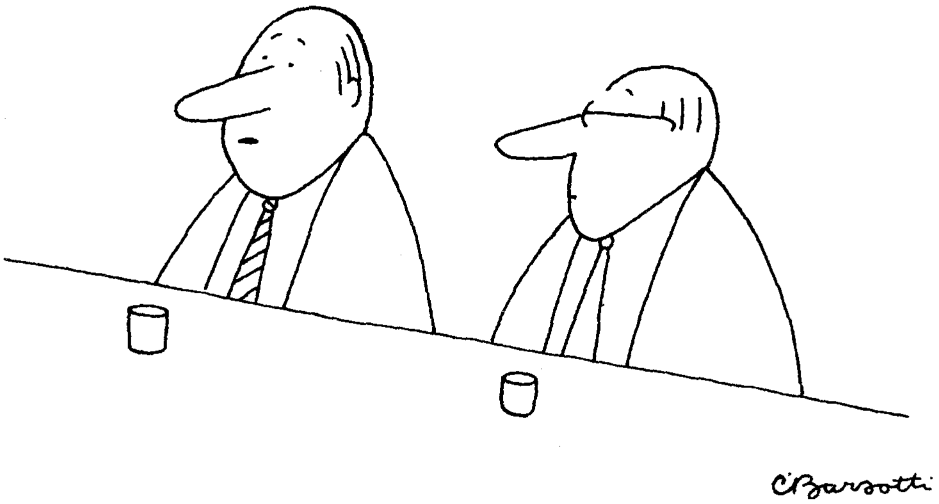
In a moment, three of the children came scrambling through the brush on the slope, trampling whatever it was Huggins' wife had planted. Had he fed her, they cried. She was probably starving! The youngest of the three hugged the little pullet like a package, and off they all raced, hooting. High on the slope Huggins heard the shrill voice of their mother, a liberated young woman who had set up her trailer in her parents' back yard; she was urging them to thank the nice man.

Was Huggins a nice man? For three years, he had endured the cackling of chickens (originally a flock), the honking of geese (now down to two), the bleating of a goat, and the bloodcurdling cry of a peacock kept in a cage too small to strut in or display his plumage. All of this illegal in an exclusively residential area. Even the trailer the young woman and her brood lived in (the tires now flat) required a special permit she had not been granted. Huggins, that nice man, had said nothing. Over the years, he *had* written several letters, all unmailed, to her father, Albrecht, a prominent figure in the foreign-car business. Huggins wondered how he himself would have handled a grown daughter (a squatter on his property) who had brought a court suit against her own father for polluting the air with his diesel-engine Mercedes. Huggins had never met her. She called her cats, her chickens, her geese, and her children by clapping her hands—a racket he found distracting. The pullet had left bits of dirt and feathers on his sleeve. How light she had been! Like a feather duster. He stood as if waiting for something to happen, plucking at his sleeve.

Huggins' daily morning walk was altered to bring him past the pen where the little pullet did her scratching. With a little coaxing, Huggins persuaded her to take birdseed from his palm. Imported Irish oatmeal also caught her fancy. He inquired in the local pet shop what was recommended to brighten up a young bird's feathers. He added the vitamin mixture to her water. He was caught red-handed by Mrs. Albrecht, the young woman's mother, who appeared with vegetable hulls and cuttings. She, too, had a weakness for chickens! Just in passing, she let it



"It must be snowing or sleeting someplace, because they're cancelling things in Brooklyn."



"I answered a telephone survey the other day. This woman asked if I'd take a few minutes to answer some questions about the kind of movies I liked. I said, 'Sure.' She asked how many times a month I go out to the movies. I said, 'Three or four.' She said, 'Oh, good.' Then she wanted to know about my work and my income. All good. Then she asked how old I was. I said, 'Fifty.' She said, 'Thank you,' and hung up."

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drop that this little pullet was the last of the fryers but hadn't fleshed out like the others—had he noticed? There was nothing to her. For which the bird could be thankful. Mrs. Albrecht (she drove a non-diesel Mercedes) could hardly wait to tell the children that their neighbor, Colonel Huggins, had taken on the chore of feeding their chicken—that's how starved it looked!

Huggins would surely have explained what led him to feed his neighbors' chicken, but the word "fryer" had so unsettled him that he was speechless. Was it new to him that young chickens were *fryers*? Hardly. He had once even barbecued fryers in batches—a *spécialité de la maison*, as he had put it.

A few days later, Mr. Albrecht, a jovial type with a strong, booming voice, called across from his deck to say that Huggins was welcome to the whole damn zoo if he would like it, so long as he took the peacock, too. How did Huggins stand it? Albrecht thought it sounded like some female screaming "Help!"

During the war in Europe, Colonel Huggins had enjoyed the hospitality of a French family proud of their cuisine. He had been instrumental in providing them with hard-to-find gourmet necessities. At war's end, they cooked him a five-star dinner, featuring steak. Huggins had admitted to being a connoisseur of steak.

"So," the host asked him, "how you like?"

His mouth full of the steak, Huggins smiled and nodded.

"A *spécialité*, *mon vieux—filet de cheval Américain!*"

Huggins was calm enough to swallow what he had already chewed. Moments later, however, he was obliged to excuse himself, leaving most of the *filet de cheval* on his plate. He perspired a good deal. A damp towel was applied to his face.

"You Americans!" his host exclaimed. "You like it fine till you know what it is. What you eat is not on your plate, it is in your mind!"

Then there was the time Huggins' wife cried out from the kitchen, "Oh my God!" Fearing the worst, he went to her rescue. But at the door to the kitchen he saw nothing unusual. His wife had prepared a plump bird for roasting with a coat of olive oil that made it glisten.

"Yes?" he said.

She took a moment to slip off the bib of her apron. Then she said, almost flatly, "It looks just like a newborn baby!" and left Huggins alone with it.

A COW, somewhat on the small side—not so large that Huggins found her intimidating—was tethered to pasture in a field that Huggins passed on his long daily walk. He was in the habit, when the spirit moved him, of pulling up the grass that grew along the bank where the cow was unable to reach it. When she raised her head to crop the sweet, fragrant offering from his hand, the breath she exhaled smelled of clover. On the instant, Huggins experienced a time displacement, familiar to poets. A boy, he stood in the shadow of a freight car down the tracks from the town, peering into a great vat of sorghum as sweet and thick as Karo syrup. Bees droned in a cloud above it. A thick green scum spotted its surface. He almost swooned at the thought that he might topple into it. So rich and fragrant had been its smell that he felt no need to taste it. The whole great vat of it, swarming with bees, the scum on the top softly undulating, had put him in mind of the old movie serials where if the hero toppled into one of the pits of terror he would be preserved like a bee in a jar of honey.

On occasion, the cow shared the pasture with a swaybacked horse. In the rainy season Huggins might pull up a tuft of the new grass, earth still clinging to the roots, and toss it to where the horse could munch it. The animal showed no interest whatever. The horse's owner occasionally forked hay from the back of a pickup, but he never checked to see what the horse thought about it. He drove in, made his drop, and drove off. Some days Huggins would stand on the bridge over the creek, where he and the animals had a good view of each other; the bare spots on the horse, worn by the harness, were the shiny black of old oilcloth. In bad weather, the beast took shelter in a shed, where Huggins, attentive as he passed, might hear a snort and the stomp of a hoof. Somehow it troubled him that it was a mare. On cold mornings he saw her breath smoke. He thought it especially disturbing that she was both so big and so useless. He had read about pet food, but he tried to put it out of his mind.

Occasionally, this pasture also nourished several black-faced sheep, adored by children. Seen close up, their faces were like felt masks, the heads like carnival toggery on a stick. At no time did Huggins entertain any notion that he and the sheep shared a common doom or aspiration. He did

ODE TO EVAPORATION

What lifts the ocean into clouds
and dries our ink upon the page?
What gives the porous pavement, an hour after rain,
its sycamore-bark-splotchy steaminess
as molecules of H_2O leap from the fading film
to find lodging in air's loose lattices?
Evaporation,
that random breach of surface tension
by molecules "which happen to acquire exceptionally high
velocities." Brave "happening"!—they fly
the minute distance across
and join another state of matter,
sacrificing, as they depart, heat
to the attraction of the molecules still water,
like a wedlocked beauty leaving behind
her filmy nightgowns as she flees to a better lover.

Fidelity of process!
The housewife trusts
the sheets left out upon the line to dry,
and on Anguilla, where I spent a winter once,
the natives trusted
the great salt pond behind our home to yield
its annual harvest of sublimated salt.
All around us, water is rising
on invisible wings
to fall as dew, as rain, as sleet, as snow,
while overhead the nested giant domes
of atmospheric layers roll
and in their revolutions lift
humidity north and south
from the equator toward the frigid, arid poles,
where latitudes become mere circles.
Molecular to global, the kinetic order rules
unseen and omnipresent,
merciful and laughingly subtle like the breathing of naiads.
The ladies of Anguilla, lilting in their kerchiefs,
with pale-nailed black hands would spread
their festive damp wash
on the bushes around their shacks to dry,
the scents of skin and soap and oleander confounded
in this process as elemental
as the rain showers that would fall so quickly
sun, caught shining,
made of each hurtling drop a spear of fire.

As a child I—
I,
the tiniest of nominatives, the atom that "happens"—
watched the blood dry on my wounds
and observed how a cup of spilled water
would certainly vanish
with no more cause than time,
leaving behind as stain
only the dust its tumble of molecules had gathered
or, if the cup had been sweet, the sugar
left faintly behind as precipitate.
Trivial matters!
But I exulted
in the sensation of delivery,
of vapor carrying skyward, just as gravity
hurled water, twisting, down the sink and scummed gutter;
these processes,
transpiring without my guilt or willing,
were pure pleasure:
unseeable wheels interlocking beyond
all blame and duty and self-exertion,
evaporation
as delicate as mist,
more mighty than a waterfall.

—John Updike

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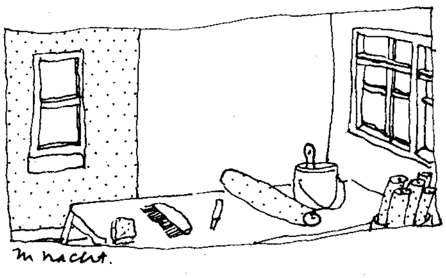
feel the creatures' ill-starred need to be led somewhere, anywhere—even to slaughter. Nevertheless, for no particular reason, Colonel Huggins—a lover of roast spring lamb—passed up the seasonal special called to his attention by Angelo, the butcher, well known for his own hopeless love for steak tartare with three raw eggs.

"So what is new?" queried Angelo, sensing a change.

"Less fat," replied Huggins, patting his midriff. It was old advice he was now moved to take. What did that leave him? Perhaps a mozzarella pizza from the freezer. One day—not today—he would ask Angelo how horses did so well on just hay and cereal.

ESCAPED or missing pets—now that Huggins had been alerted—were having one of their high seasons. Urgent requests for their return were posted on abandoned cars, telephone poles, and supermarket bulletin boards, citing rewards along with descriptions of their character, identifying marks, the names to which they sometimes responded, or—in the case of parrots—what they would say if questioned. What parrots might say often shocked Huggins; he had always teased them to speak with a mere "Polly want a cracker?," but lately one had told him to buzz off.

One day, a big cottontail rabbit, with feet like snowshoes, hopped from behind a shrub to startle Huggins. The sight of Huggins did not give the rabbit cause for alarm; it hopped so close that Huggins might have seized it if he had not been so unnerved. When he mentioned this incident to his cousin, Liz Harcourt—a woman who had hatched several batches of quail eggs in her kitchen and raised the broods to eat from her plate and nest in her apron pockets—she said, "You should have grabbed him. I love chicken-fried rabbit!"

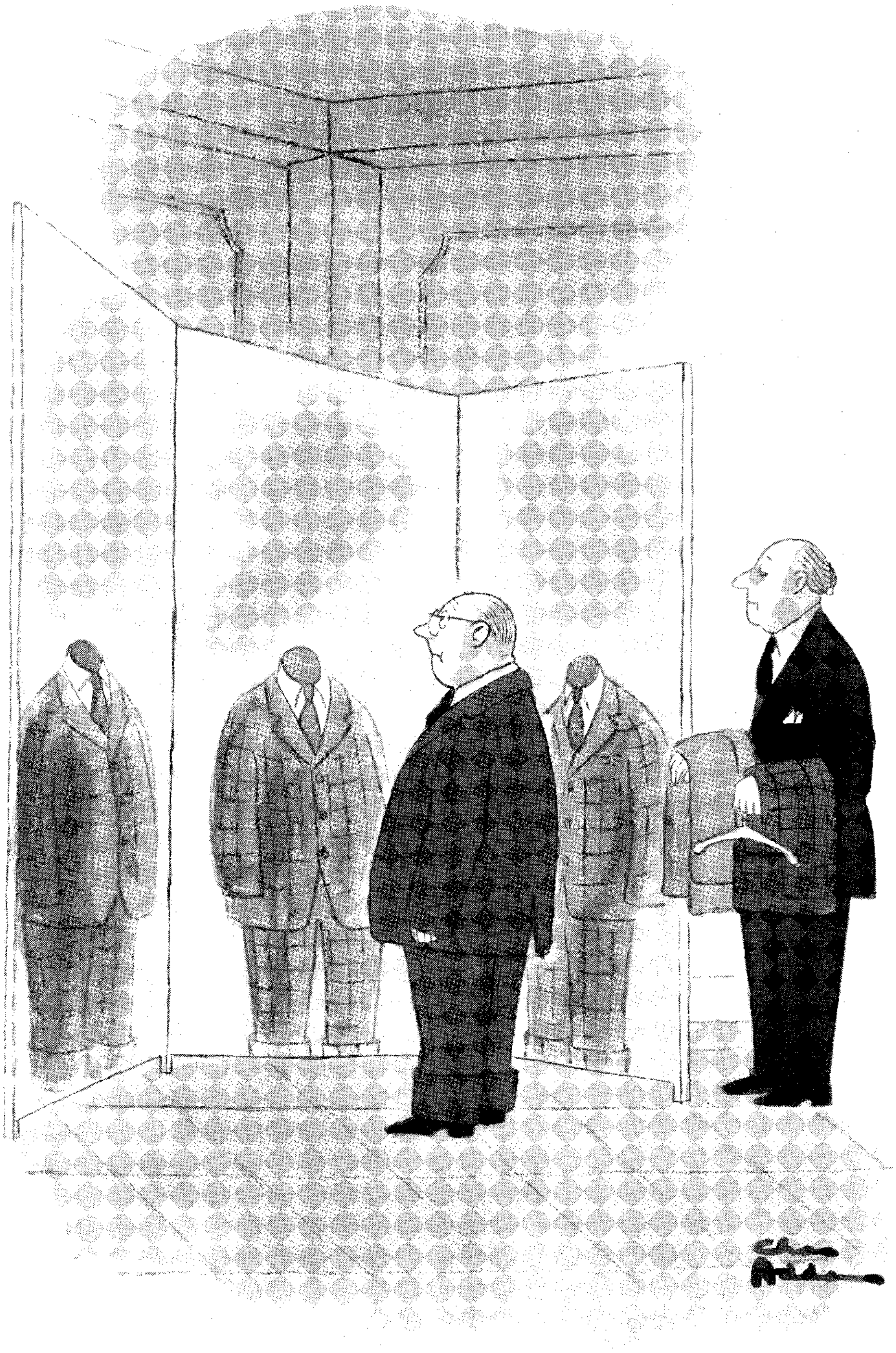


Some years back, during a rainy season with bad mud slides and considerable flooding, a herd of Holstein cows pastured somewhere behind the ridge had made their way, pursued by a pack of baying dogs, through groves of oak and laurel, through a dense tangle of brush that streaked their hides with red as if raked with barbed wire, to where they exited, mooing distractedly, at the foot of the driveway Huggins shared with the Albrechts. He saw them from his deck, where he was barbecuing spareribs. As they made their mooing way up the driveway, he worried that they would trample his azaleas. Single file, following the leader, they continued up the slope to the Albrecht house (at that time the trailer was not there) and followed the walk around the house onto the deck at the rear. The rail fence around the deck confined them; there they formed an assembly, casually informal, like guests at a cocktail party. Peering down at Huggins, one or two mooed plaintively. He could see the red streaks on their flanks and udders. The bizarre spectacle brought to Huggins' mind a fantastic, fanciful painting. Fear that the deck might collapse—his neighbors were out that afternoon—aroused him to call the fire department for some quick action. The man who owned the cows, a shaggy, bearded fellow who did not trouble to greet Huggins, finally appeared to herd them peaceably back down to the street.

At the time, the incident seemed merely bizarre. But that night, as Huggins put his mind to it, his eyes on the play of shadows on the bedroom ceiling, it came to him that the face of a cow, a craggy primitive mask, was like a piece of the landscape seen in closeup. That congress of cows assembled on a house deck, their gaze centered in judgment on Huggins, had led him to forgo the ribs smoking on his barbecue.

Another day—it had been overcast, with a bit of drizzle, obliging him to plod along with his head down—Huggins heard a raucous clamor above and behind him. A flock of grackles, their wet feathers gleaming, sat along one of the telephone wires. On an impulse, he threw up his arms and hooted hoarsely. The birds rose about him like a leaf storm, scattered for a moment, then gathered on a wire on the street below. Did Huggins detect, as he passed by, a change in the tone of their discussion? Several flew ahead to strut about on a plot of grass. As he approached them they took off, flying in crisp military formation. He wheeled to watch them, blinking his eyes at the pelting stream of their forms. After several orderly strategic flights, they congregated in a tree along the curb walk. The tree itself was not much—a dark clump of leaves without visible branches. It was Huggins' impression, however, as he walked toward it, that the gabble of the birds caused the leaves to tremble, as if stirred by a breeze. He sensed their hovering, inscrutable presence. From beneath the tree, he peered upward just as the flock noisily departed, like bees from a hive. Bits of leaves and feathers rained on him. The agitation Huggins had observed in the leaves he now felt within himself—a tingling, pleasurable excitement. Squinting skyward, he could see strips of sky as if through cracks in leaky shingles. High at the top, perched at an angle, was a single black bird. Either that bird or another just like it—among birds it seemed unimportant—fluttered along with Huggins, its hatpin eyes checking on his interests and curious habits, all the way back to the foot of his drive, where he heard, high on the slope above him, the expectant clucking of the little pullet, and he responded in kind.

—WRIGHT MORRIS



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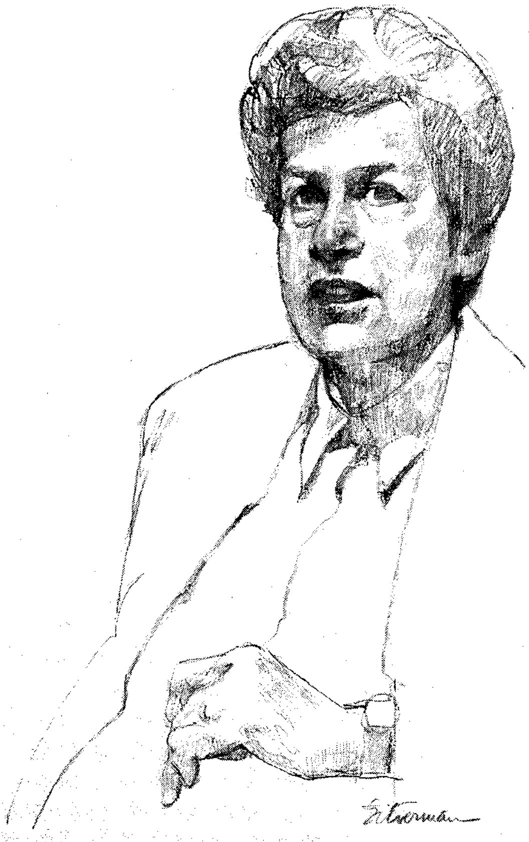
Theodore Roosevelt's unabashed passion for living set him apart from the cautiously bland political leadership of the United States in the 1980's.—*Photo caption in the Times Magazine.*

By about seven decades.

PROFILES

CITY VOICES

LOLA SZLADITS

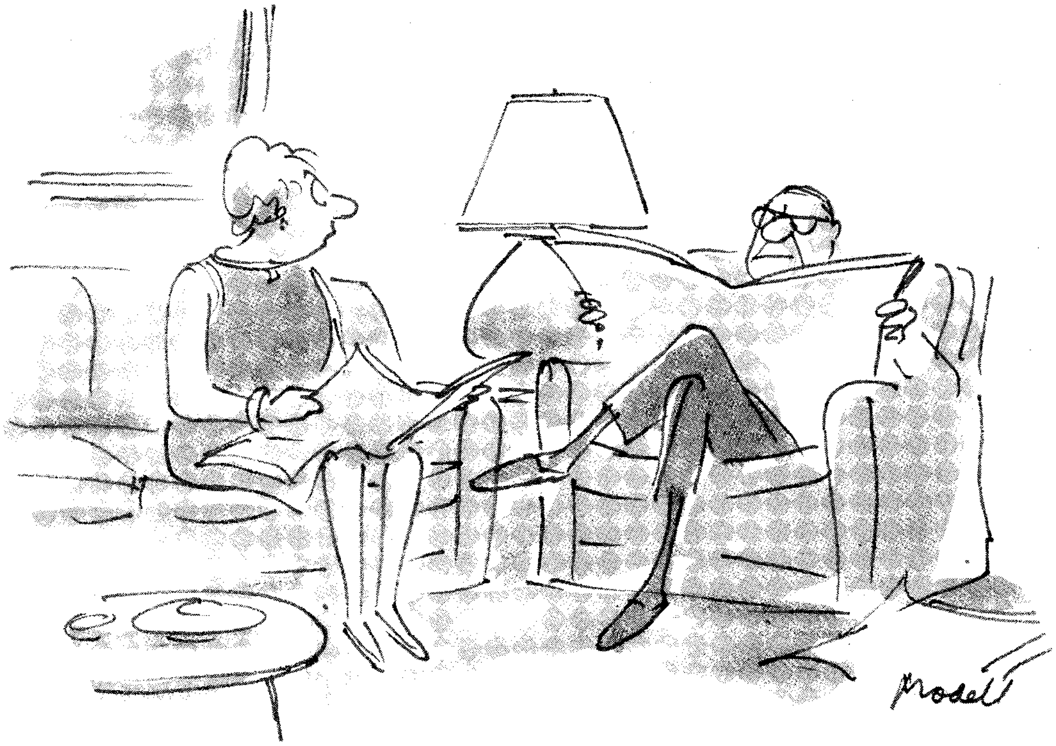


LOLA SZLADITS has two profound loves—her husband, Charles Szladits, and the Berg Collection, of which she is curator. Charles Szladits, a professor of law at Columbia, takes care of Lola (as she likes to be called), and Lola takes care of the Berg. Housed in four large rooms on the third floor of the New York Public Library, the Berg is formally known as the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, and it contains roughly a hundred and fifty thousand items, among them a letter from Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra, dated November 26, 1815; original drawings by Phiz (Hablot K. Browne) for "Nicholas Nickleby;" Emerson's famous printed letter to Walt Whitman praising "Leaves of Grass," and a first edition of that volume; the manuscript of Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep," written in pencil in blue-covered examination books; Fanny Burney's diaries and Virginia Woolf's diaries; a first edition of Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters," together with the pencil manuscript, starting "Mr. Salteena was an elderly man of 42 and was fond of asking peaple to stay with him;" a first edition of "Paradise Lost;" the manuscript of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," with Ezra Pound's leapfrogging deletions and corrections, the first American edition of the poem (1922), and the Hogarth Press edition (1923), set in type by Virginia Woolf; "Two Stories," by Virginia Woolf and L. S. Woolf, the first book issued by the Hogarth Press (1917); Jerome Kern's copy of a first edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and a dedication copy to Alice Pleasance Liddell, signed by the author; one of the twenty-three known original copies of Blake's "Songs of Innocence;" the betrothal copy of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," signed "Miss Sophia A. Peabody, with the affectionate regards of her friend, Nath. Hawthorne;" the manuscript of Winston Churchill's obituary of Rupert Brooke, done for the London *Times;* Carl Van Vechten's (No. 366) and James Stephens' (No. 474) copies of the first edition of Joyce's "Ulysses" (a thousand copies were printed); Wilkie Collins' edition of Dickens' collected works; Charlotte Brontë's travelling desk; and the papers of Lady Gregory and of May Sarton. The Berg Collection was begun in 1906 by two prominent New York physicians, Henry W. Berg and Albert A. Berg. The eldest and the youngest of eight children of a poor Hungarian who came to the United States in 1862, Henry and Albert eventually lived as bachelors in a town house on Seventy-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue. They practiced at Mt. Sinai. Henry Berg died in 1938, and a little over a year later Albert presented to the New York Public Library thirty-five hundred items the brothers had collected. Not long after, he bought and added sixteen thousand pieces (the W. T. H. Howe collection) and then fifteen thousand pieces (the Owen D. Young collection). John D. Gordan, a former Harvard English instructor and a Conrad expert, was appointed the first curator of the Berg, in 1940, and he continued to add to the collection until his death, in 1968. (Albert Berg died in 1950.) Lola Szladits was appointed curator in 1969, and, in turn, has continued to add to the collection. Her most famous acquisition is probably the Auden papers, some of which came to the Berg only after an arduous legal battle.

Qualified researchers (generally no college undergraduates) use the collection in the great oak study room, which is lined on two walls with hundreds of hand-tooled leather slipcases filled with Thackeray and Dickens. The public gets glimpses of the Berg at its semiannual exhibitions, mounted next door, in an even larger exhibition room. One of the best of these shows was called "1922: A Vintage Year," and it included a hundred and seventy-five things written or published in America and England during that miraculous year. Here are some: "The Waste Land," "Ulysses," Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned," Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden Party and Other Stories," Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia," James Weldon Johnson's "The Book of American Negro Poetry," D. H. Lawrence's "Aaron's Rod," E. E. Cummings' "The Enormous Room," Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver," Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt," Willa Cather's "One of Ours," A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," Virginia Woolf's "Jacob's Room," John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson's "The Undertaker's Garland," Yeats' "Later Poems," and the first English translation of Proust's "Swann's Way." Handsome catalogues accompany these exhibits, and from time to time the Berg publishes books. Generally, they are facsimile editions of holdings, and a recent one is of Dickens' "Memoranda” book, kept in 1855 and containing ideas and descriptions he had jotted down, along with lists of possible names for characters. Fred Kaplan, who edited the facsimile, points out that many of the names may have come from the parish register of St. Andrew’s Church, Holborn. (So much for Dickens’ long-celebrated genius for inventing onomatopoeic names!) From these lists, Twemlow turns up in “Our Mutual Friend,” Magwitch in “Great Expectations,” Stiltstalking in “Little Dorrit” (Dorrit is a variation of Dorret, which also appears at St. Andrew’s), and Carton in “A Tale of Two Cities.” These names were never used: Snosswell, Squab, Pordage, Pemble, Jee, and Spessifer.

Lola Szladits talks about the Berg with passion. She said recently, “We protect the written word at the Berg. It is a research collection, not a museum. It has to be used. It is alive. My role at the Berg is to stand still and allow the collection to grow. In fact, I try to make time itself stand still here. I try to create quiet and the timelessness that allows for the pursuit of truth. The young, especially, need a great deal of time. I might buy well or badly for the collection—that is intellectual judgment. But I would reap havoc or madness by confusing our users—by not sizing up a question from a caller or correspondent and sending him in the proper direction or helping him discover it himself. I have been fortunate in having the right advisers at the right time. John Gordan, who brought me into the Berg, in 1955, marked me for life. When he was here, we were very gay. He would roar like a lion in his magnificent baritone or sing like a bird. He used to sing all of ‘Pal Joey.’ We laughed so hard sometimes people heard us through our closed doors. But he had another side. He was a misogynist, who used to tell me only men had a chance for promotion here. And he had a terrible temper—even though it only lasted five minutes. I grew up very fast during my first year or two as curator.

“There are first-rate collections all over the United States now, but no collection has everything. My great pride in the Berg is that everything fits. The Huntington Library, in San Marino, California, is a paradise, and it has a beautiful illuminated manuscript of ‘The Canterbury Tales.’ The Houghton Library, at Harvard, has Keats and the Samuel Johnson collection put together by the American collectors of eighteenth-century literature Donald and Mary Hyde. Yale has the Boswell papers and Horace Walpole’s letters, collected by Wilmarth Lewis. It also has Gertrude Stein. There is an extraordinary collection at the University of Virginia. It has Faulkner manuscripts. The Morgan Library has Thoreau’s journal, and it has Hawthorne. The Princeton Library has Fitzgerald and Maxwell Perkins. Between 1956 and 1970, the University of Texas was probably the biggest of all university collectors. It had oil money and could buy anything. It got Evelyn Waugh, the Alfred Knopf collection, Ford Madox Ford, the largest Shaw collection. The English and American collection at the University of Tulsa is beginning to shine. It bought Edmund Wilson’s library. And one must never forget the Library of Congress, and the Folger Shakespeare Library, and the Joseph Regenstein Library at the University of Chicago—and the rare-books division of the New York Public Library, which is terribly important and far larger than we are.”



“I didn’t know you dreaded New Year’s. I thought it was just Christmas you dreaded.”

Lola Szladits takes care of the Berg five days a week. (It is shut Thursdays and Sundays.) Her office is a long, rectangular room that shoots off at a right angle from the northeast corner of the study room. One wall is lined with shelves holding materials waiting to be catalogued. At the rear of the room, Lola has her desk, and close by are her assistant, Brian McInerney, and her cataloguer, Patrick Lawlor. They are her amanuenses, helpmeets, slaves. Once or twice an hour, peremptory commands issue from Lola’s desk—“Brian, please. Find me Emerson’s letter to Whitman.” “Patrick, please. I would like Tenniel’s drawings for ‘Alice.’ ” “Brian, please. Bring me the manuscript of Yeats’ ‘Wild Swans at Coole’ ”—and Brian or Patrick disappears into the stack area, a big two-story temperature-controlled room adjacent to the office. Lola is short and dresses snappily. She wears her gray hair in a closely controlled version of what used to be called a feather cut. She has egg cheeks and sharp, deep-brown eyes. She talks quickly and explosively, with a slight Middle-European accent, and she has a steep, sudden laugh. One quiet day, when few research calls came in, when Patrick

"Brockhurst has an M.B.A. from Harvard and a Ph.D. from Columbia, but everything he does is deeply rooted in the blues."

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was away and Brian was at work on the papers of Jean Garrigue, when the study room was empty and the exhibition room had only a handful of lookers-in, Lola sat at her desk and talked of her life and work. The occasional passages that are in parentheses have been taken from her unpublished autobiography, "Journey of a Heart." Her two voices—speaking and written—are surprisingly close.

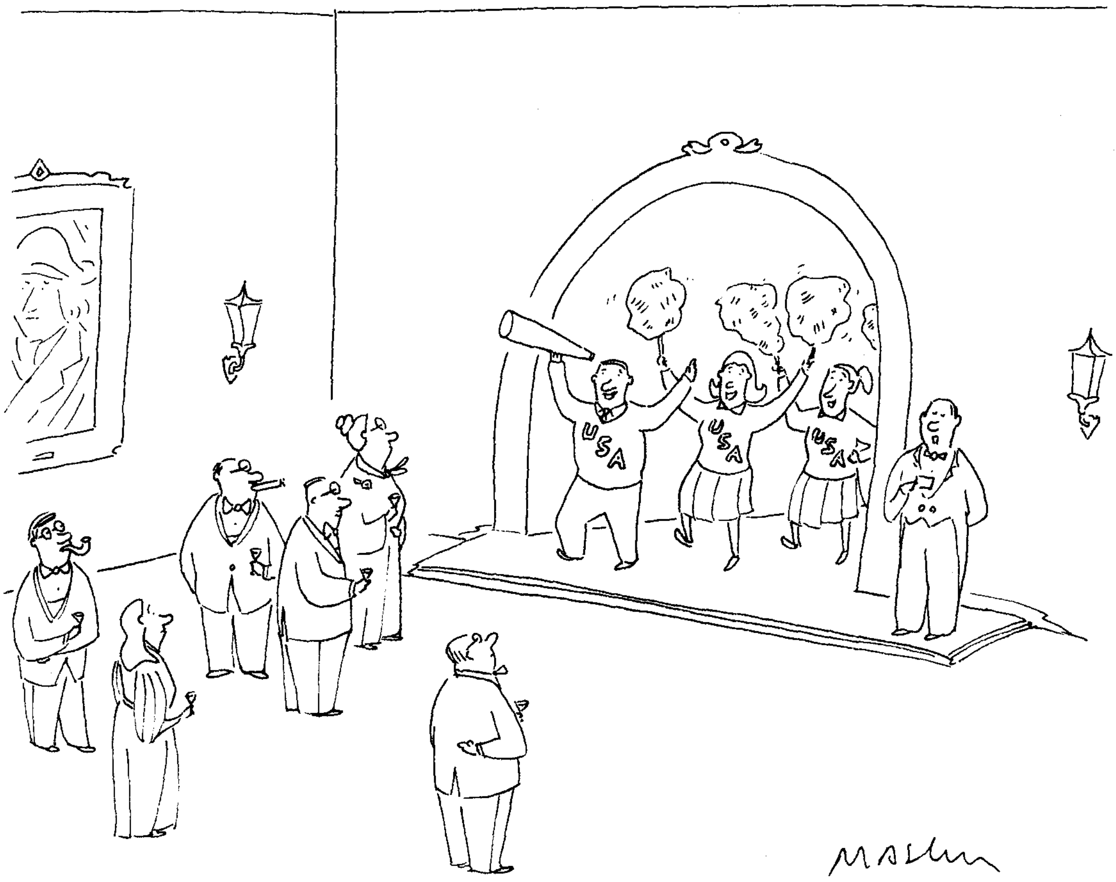
"I was born Lola Leontin Abel, in Budapest, in 1923," she said. "What I saw from 1923 to 1929 was happiness and the most privileged view that any child could have. (Time was available, always, everyone seemed to have endless amounts of time in our society and in the twenties: time on street corners, time in coffeehouses, time around dinner tables, time to take long walks, long rides, time to spin out conversation.) I lived in a beautiful apartment in a beautiful house on a beautiful street of a beautiful city. I had a brother, Egon, who was two years older. (He was physically weaker than I, was less resistant, more withdrawn, and much gentler.) I was robust, outgoing, cheerful, impatient—a very sunny child. I was spoiled but disciplined. My brother was extremely watchful, skeptical. He was the most brilliant young man I have ever known. He had strange posture, with his head to one side. I was surrounded by a German governess, a household of servants, innumerable aunts and uncles, a maternal grandfather and grandmother, and a paternal grandmother. (Since my brother and I were new toys to play with in a large family, aunts and uncles came in an endless stream. Some would settle into our little chairs, eat from our little plates, vigorously protesting that they only wished to have a taste. Some would sit at the bedside and tell stories, some leaned against the beautiful handmade tiles covering the ovens to warm their hands. They all clasped their hands behind their backs. Most hands caressed, but the uncles had strong grips. The whiskered uncles kissed, and I developed rashes.) The house we grew up in had been built by my mother's father in 1892 on the site of his father's drygoods store. It was a four-story Gothic building, modelled on a Venetian palace. (Grandfather commissioned one of Hungary's leading painters, Kàroly Lotz, to decorate the façade of his house with two figures—one representing music, the other dance. Artists also covered the gray vaults of the balconies. An azure-blue sky studded with silver stars looked down on me when in balmy weather I stretched out under them or waited for the lamplighter, who, in the twenties, still climbed a ladder to turn on the gaslight.) We had a salon in the Moorish gilt style, with an extraordinary red-glass chandelier. The dining room had Gothic woodwork, and was forty-five feet long. It had stained-glass windows and huge carved Gothic chairs, with green velvet upholstery and bolsters that hit you in the back of the neck. The paintings in the house included a Passion of Christ by a member of the Munich School, and one called 'The Dream,' in which a reclining lady was being served coffee by a monkey. When my mother and father were married, in 1919, she was twenty-six and he was thirty-nine. My grandfather gave them an apartment in the house, and after I was born my grandparents moved into a villa even more luxurious than our house. We visited them every Sunday and stayed all day. My mother's twin brother, who had an unhappy life, and her older sister and younger brother, who was my grandparents' pet, also lived there, in their own apartments. My grandfather was born in 1860, and he was small and fast-moving. He was crazy about aviation, and he had a picture of himself standing near a zeppelin. In 1927, there was no peace about Lindbergh. We ate it noon and night. And my grandfather's house was full of radios. His love of his first house was contagious, and it became the house where I walked in later years in my dreams. His love was so strong that in the early forties he shipped a piece of Carrara marble to Budapest and had it carved in the shape of the doorway to the house and placed it in the cemetery as his tombstone. He also had a plaster model of the tombstone on his desk. My grandmother was patient and lovely. She spoke Hungarian with a Slovak accent. My first language was Hungarian, but there were Italian noises in the house, and some Serbian. (Even in my close family, there were those who were less well off than we were. Every Saturday afternoon, we visited Father's mother, who lived on a widow's pension. . . . I don't believe I ever saw my father embrace his mother, and during those twenty years I knew her she remained no more than a presence to me. The joy of visiting her was supplied by the coachman who allowed me to hold the reins, and by a canary Grandmother Rosa kept. . . . At Grandmother Rosa's, it was always very cold, and she always sat in a rocker wrapped in shawls. She lived in a small apartment, which had only one portrait—that of my grandfather whom I never knew, who had been a mechanical engineer on the National Railroad. . . . Apart from my uncles, a widowed aunt shared Grandmother Rosa's house; after her husband's death she cried most of the time.) My father's older brother had travelled in Turkey and America, and he was a mechanical engineer. He had seen the George Washington Bridge and, being from Budapest, a city of bridges, he loved to talk about it. I never heard my father's younger brother say a single word. I remember Grandmother Rosa's hands—she was always knitting.

"When my brother was born, my parents bought a summer cottage on Lake Balaton. It was three hours by train from Budapest, and we spent the summer there. Everything was made by peasants. The dining room was blue, with floral painting and peasant carving. Cornfields stretched for miles, and the meadows were full of sheep. We had a well, and our water was stored in a cistern in the attic. There was no electricity. There was a rose garden and an orchard and a barnyard, all tended by a gardener who lived there year round.

"My mother was not attractive. She was only four feet eight. But she was quite astonishing. She was emancipated. She read in German, French, Hungarian, and English. She read history. She was into the avant-garde of Hungarian literature. She did all this very quietly, very subtly. She never showed off. My father was a simple man, almost transparent. He was quiet, gentle, and sweet. He was not a social being. Much of the time he did what my mother told him to do—without murmuring. When the Depression came, my father lost his job. He had been a 'Mr. Director' in the Teudloff-Dietrich factory, but it went bankrupt and was dismantled by its creditors. He could not find work. He heard that the Americans had discovered oil near the Austro-Hungarian border, and with my mother pushing him he ended up a 'Mr. Director' with a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey."

Brian went out for lunch, and Lola made a phone call. Then she looked into the study room and the exhibition room. The study room had one visitor in it, and the exhibition room had a dozen or so. When Brian returned, Lola descended four flights to the library cafeteria, which is in the basement near the loading area. She had a tuna-fish-salad sandwich and coffee. After lunch, she visited the gleamingly revamped Periodical Room, on the main floor, and ascended by elevator to the Berg. She said hello about twenty times during her trip.

"When I started at the Lutheran Elementary School, I already knew how to read and write," Lola said. "Our German governess left in 1930, and a nineteen-year-old English girl, Marjorie Wolff, came for the summer and stayed until 1941, when she took the last train back to England. She had come from a convent, and she grew into a ravishing young lady. She left many battered hearts behind. She taught us English with charades and very little discipline. She was a real pal to me, and she shaped my mind to a degree that only I know. After elementary school, I went to a sort of progressive *Gymnasium*, from which I graduated in 1941. I never received a grade below A in any subject. My brother and I went to the University of Budapest. He was at the law school, and I took English and French literature, with a minor in art history. (I visited many of my friends whose families owned land; continued to play a



"Ladies and gentlemen, the cheerleaders to the President of the United States."

good game of tennis; held my grandfather's weakening elbow on the skating rink; and turned into one of those strange twenty-year-old girls who are confided in and have no confidences to share.) Hitler had marched into Vienna in 1938, and the Germans arrived in Budapest on March 19, 1944. On April 2nd, my father's two brothers and his widowed sister killed themselves. Grandmother Rosa had already died, aged ninety. My brother became an auxiliary Army worker, and I took a job in a French cotton factory and lived in a dormitory in the factory. My father resigned from the oil company. My grandparents were driven from their villa and ended in an old people's home. I became a wild thing. I met a French Army deserter in the factory and spent a couple of platonic nights in his mistress's attic, quite far from the city. I remember he said, 'What is the use of having you here? You don't know how to cook or make love.' I recited French poets to him at night, and during the day we travelled the trams, passing unnoticed among Germans and Hungarian Nazis. I stayed with a Swiss friend of my father's, and I stayed with a friend who had a room at a policeman's house. When the Russians besieged Budapest, late in 1944, my mother and father and I were living in a cellar on the edge of a park, my father out scavenging for food and me cooking weak stews. The last time I saw my brother, I begged him to get out, to escape, but he didn't have the courage. I still have my guilt: I should have made him leave. He died somewhere in the west of Hungary, either shot or from typhoid. The siege lasted fifty days, and Budapest was indescribable when it was over—the beautiful bridges gone, the streets full of dead, a terrible stink everywhere. We moved back into our house, which had not been badly wrecked, and I took what furniture I could out of my grandfather's villa, which had been desecrated. I brought it by degrees in a small pushcart to our house—I do not to this day know how. I had already decided I would have nothing to do with rebuilding Budapest. I had decided I would go to America.

"The American Military Mission arrived in April of 1945, and I got a job as a secretary and a translator. I worked for Colonel Richard Shackelford, who introduced penicillin into Hungary and became our saint. I occasionally took trips around the country with him, translating for him. I took some time off and did my thesis. It was a comparative study of the psychological effects of children's literature on English and Middle-European children. I took my degree summa cum laude. That was early in 1946, and it was then that I wrote to Columbia University asking for a scholarship. I had heard through the American cultural officer, Tom Riegel, that there were frozen Hungarian funds over here that might be accessible. He wrote to Columbia, too. Columbia finally said yes, and that I could start late that year. I got a passport, a student visa, and clearance from the Russians, who had taken over my beloved country. I raised two thousand dollars in American bills to take with me. I tried to tell my parents what Russia would do to our country, and was told, 'What does a twenty-three-year-old know of politics?' They were appalled that I was leaving, and when Grandfather heard he said he would disinherit me—although he had no idea he no longer had anything to disinherit anyone with. I flew in an American plane to London, where Marjorie Wolff met me, and by November I was in New York.

"A year later, I was on the Queen Mary with my mother on my way back to London. I had exhilarating beginnings in America—travelling to Washington and Chicago, making friends easily, enjoying the wide-openness of New York just after the war. I got engaged and broke the engagement. I worked too hard and didn't get enough sleep. I did crazy things. I was very depressed. I had written my mother three times a week, and by the fall of 1947 she got the signal something was wrong. In England, I recovered. My mother left me in London and went back to Budapest. I met Charles Szladits, whom I had known slightly in Budapest, and who was to become my husband in 1950. I got a job as a medical librarian at Oxford but was fired after six weeks for talking indiscreetly about politics. In 1948, I enrolled in library school in London, and supported myself by typing and by giving English lessons to an aging Hungarian couple. Sometimes I was hungry. Then what I feared would happen happened. My father was arrested. The Communists had taken over all foreign and privately owned companies, Standard Oil among them. He was tried on bogus charges and was sentenced to ten years. He was in his late sixties. He spent five years in prison, and died in September of 1953, whether by murder or from starving to death we shall never know. Charles and I had come to America in 1950. In 1955, my mother managed to get a passport and went to London, finally arriving in New York in 1956. She took over our household, then moved into her own apartment in Butler Hall. She was sixty-four, and insisted that she work. She sewed pearls on sweaters—pearls were the rage—and finally she became a medical-records librarian at Columbus Hospital. She loved New York, and went to all the free concerts and sat in the Family Circle at the opera. She died of leukemia in January of 1960. She had not told anyone about it. I don't think she even told herself.

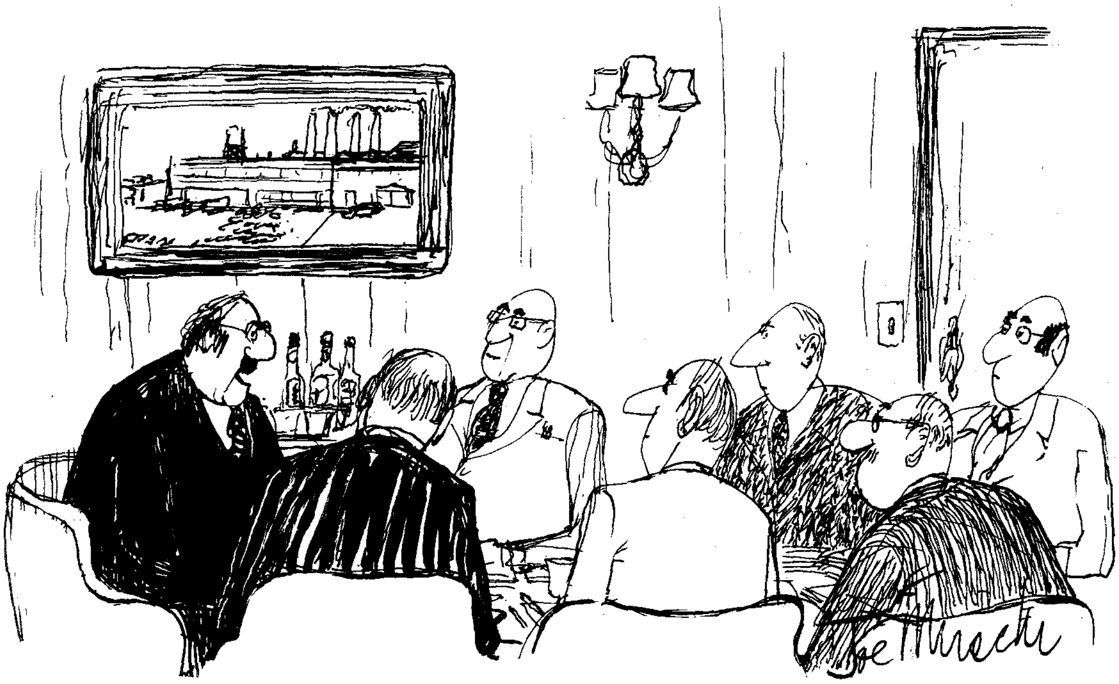
"Between the time I came back to New York with Charles and November of 1955, when I was hired as an assistant at the Berg, I worked for a Park Avenue advertising agency, in the periodicals room and rare-book division of the beautiful Academy of Medicine, and as an art librarian at the New York Public Library. That was not a happy job for me. Brian, please. Get me my 'Statement of Professional Achievement,' which I did two years ago." When Brian returned with it, Lola read this aloud: "In the Art Division of the New York Public Library I served with no distinction from March to November, 1955. I expected a different, more specialized public from the one we had, and the professional work assigned to me was too clerical for my highbrow aspirations. I was at the reference desk for two hours; answered reference letters which required 'at most one hour;' sorted a vast clipping file and clipped daily art items from the *Times*. The staff had avant-garde tastes and my 'classical profile' isolated me from my peers, who perceived someone very different from them. The service review I received—the first one I had ever seen—was very bad indeed: I discriminated among the readers (I had spent a couple of hours with Aldous Huxley, ignoring everyone else); the questions that interested me received too close attention; telephone questions had been answered without my referring to 'at least two reference books;' I got along badly with the staff. Much of what was objectionable, wrote my supervisor, could in time be eliminated, because the clue was in my personality. I did not see how that could be changed, but I did by then hear of a vacancy that arose in the Berg Collection."

The phone rang, and Lola talked for several minutes. She said after she hung up that a scholar named Bart Winer had just told her he had heard that the Nabokov papers were available. Lola said there was nothing she wanted more for the Berg, and she fired off a telegram to Véra Nabokov in Montreux: "B. WINER TELLS ME YOU WISH TO SELL ARCHIVE. LETTER FOLLOWS FROM THE BERG COLLECTION, THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. CORDIALLY, NABOKOV'S GREAT ADMIRER AND YOUR FRIEND, LOLA SZLADITS, CURATOR, BERG COLLECTION."

"Love of literature has little to do with this sort of thing," Lola said. "This is pure business. You have no idea how many hard-hitting literary widows there are in the world. So, anyway, you see what I was like until John Gordan took me over, until New York took me over. New York has become my natural habitat. I'd be fenced in anywhere else. I can behave exactly as I want: I can appear, I can disappear. It's lovely to see Park Avenue dressed in green in the summer and to see the roses in front of the library. It's lovely to walk near the Hudson and down tree-filled side streets. I love the early-morning light. The morning crowd is a little like a small town—people say good morning. When I'm in Europe on book-buying trips, I miss New York, and sometimes Europe doesn't compare well. London slows you down. Rome is too crowded. Munich is a showcase. Zurich hems you in.

"Charles' and my marriage works because we leave each other alone. He's a remarkable man. He was born in Budapest, in 1911. His father was a professor of law and a judge, and his mother was very strong. They were marvellous parents, and supported Charles and his older brother in everything they did. Charles went to law school in Budapest and started out in the Ministry of Justice. He took another law degree at the London School of Economics after the war, and studied at Columbia, where he still is—at the Parker School of Foreign and Comparative Law. Charles' great work is his bibliography of foreign and comparative law, seven or eight volumes of which have been published since 1955. It is known in law simply as 'the Szladits.' Charles is very routine-minded. In the morning, I read the paper in bed, and Charles prepares my breakfast—orange juice, coffee, a fruit salad with five or six different kinds of fruit. Then he exercises, doing twenty-five pushups. He runs around the living room while listening to the news on the radio. I talk all the time, slowly get ready, and leave for work. He sees me to the door. Charles reads the *Times* and has his breakfast. I call him when I get to work and, soon after, he goes to work. At one sharp, he has lunch with Nina Galston—Mrs. Clarence Galston—who is the editor of a series of legal publications put out by the Parker School. They have had lunch together for thirty-four years. After lunch, Charles walks home. (We live near Columbia.) He looks at the mail, brews his coffee, and has some fresh fruit. Then he has a short nap, and goes back to work. I try to be home to hear the six-o'clock news on WQXR. When Charles returns, I am lying down and talking, and after he listens a while he excuses himself and says, 'I have to bread the chicken,' or 'I have to see to the spinach.' He is a good, reliable cook. I join him in the kitchen, and we eat and talk until eight-thirty. I fall asleep early. When we go out, it's to the Philharmonic or to the movies or to book affairs. If he doesn't want to go to the book things, he stays home. We dine out in the neighborhood. On Saturday, I leave the library at midday. By the time I get home, Charles has done the vacuuming, and he has already been to Zabar's. We watch my diet. We have lunch and I have a nap—two hours. Saturday night, he buys the early edition of the Sunday *Times*. We have a late breakfast on Sundays. Sometimes we take a walk on Riverside Drive or Broadway. Sometimes we go to the Metropolitan Museum or the National Academy of Design. We used to spend weekends at Mohonk or visit friends in the suburbs, but we don't seem to do that much anymore. We never exchange harsh words. If I get impatient, I shut up. It took a long time to know Charles. He is very reserved. A one-to-one person. A silent person. He spoils me."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



"Gentlemen, I've called you here today to discuss greed."

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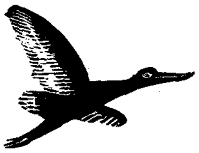
REFLECTIONS

TRUFFAUT

François Truffaut, who died last October, at the age of fifty-two, was first a critic and then a filmmaker. As a filmmaker, he was at his best in historical films, like “Jules and Jim,” “The Wild Child,” and “The Story of Adèle H.” As a critic, he did his most passionate writing in obituaries for directors he loved. A tone of retrospection, of elegy, came easily to him. The period films are made poignant by his wholly distinctive editing style: rapid, fleeting, episodic, a series of intense moments that often appear to have been cut off prematurely, before we can surrender to the illusion of their dramatic immediacy—vignettes linked only by matter-of-fact narrations whose effect is strangely melancholy, interpreting and mediating, and thus reminding us that the lives we're watching are long over. These pictures are moving in the way discovered letters and journals are, intimate and remote in equal measure: we follow the traces of once vital passions. In his writings on film, Truffaut was always looking for such traces in the work of his favorite directors, scanning even the most apparently opaque Hollywood surfaces for the features of the artists behind them. (This is the essence of the “*auteur* theory,” which Truffaut championed in *Cahiers du Cinéma* in the fifties.) What interested him was the personality of the filmmaker, and his criticism often reads like a peculiar form of biography—as if every director's body of work were the journal of a life, as if every individual movie were a letter addressed to him. Truffaut's articles, and especially his obituaries, express a profound desire for identification with their subjects, coupled with an ironic awareness that they can be no more than sympathetic commentaries, voice-overs.



In the course of his erratic career, Truffaut left elements of autobiography, signs of himself, everywhere, and in a variety of forms. His works include the explicitly autobiographical Antoine Doinel series of films (“The 400 Blows,” the “Antoine and Colette” episode of “Love at Twenty,” “Stolen Kisses,” “Bed and Board,” and “Love on the Run”); three movies (“The Wild Child,” “Day for Night,” and “The Green Room”) in which he played an important character himself, and others in which he did Hitchcocklike cameos; a memorable appearance as a UFO expert in Spielberg's “Close Encounters of the Third Kind;” innumerable interviews; a large handful of graceful, very personal prefaces, mostly to editions of his own screenplays and to the work of his mentor, the critic André Bazin; the text of his extensive conversations with Alfred Hitchcock, known here as “Hitchcock/Truffaut;” and his own selection of his critical writings from the mid-fifties through the mid-seventies, “The Films in My Life.” Truffaut clearly wanted members of his audience to be able to evoke him as they watched his films—for him this direct contact between the filmmaker and the moviegoer was the essence, the real experience, of the movies. He once characterized the films of Jean Renoir, the director he most admired, as “conversations,” and the body of Renoir's work as “thirty-five natural and alive films, modest and sincere, as simple as saying hello.”

Truffaut's descriptions of his own early moviegoing, in the forties, are lyrical and finely detailed, almost reverent, with a kind of awe at the feelings these movies stirred in him. In his introduction to one of Bazin's collections, Truffaut wrote about the first movie he could remember seeing, Abel Gance's “Paradis Perdu”: “The coincidence between the situation of the characters in the film and that of the spectators was such that the entire audience wept, hundreds of handkerchiefs piercing the darkness with little points of white. Never again was I to feel such an emotional unanimity in response to a film.” The movies were for Truffaut what the radiant femme fatale Catherine was for Jules and Jim, what Lieutenant Pinson was for Adèle Hugo, what water and sunlight were for Victor, the wild boy of Aveyron—the first great experience, the one that seems to embody all the world's secrets, the moment to which our imaginations are ceaselessly returning. Truffaut's idea of cinema was of a sacred, magical instrument that transmitted to him, across great distances, the voices of great men; and too frequently, both in his criticism and—more damagingly—in his films, he made the mistake of believing that the greatness of cinema could be found in the properties of the instrument itself rather than in the quality of the voice or the magnitude of the emotional response. When he grilled Hitchcock for fifty hours on the secrets of his technique, when he tried his hand at his own “Hitchcock films” (“The Bride Wore Black” and “Mississippi Mermaid”), and when, at the end of his career, he began to turn out smooth and utterly impersonal exercises in classical style, like “The Last Metro” and “The Woman Next Door,” Truffaut was perhaps conducting experiments on the source of the cinema's grace—hoping, with a seminarian's uneasy faith, that it could be found in perfectly imitated forms, precise invocations.

His youthful passion for moviegoing may have dwindled, over time, to a mythic notion of “cinema,” but Truffaut's best movies were also triumphant vindications of that passion—proof that a full and sympathetic response to movies, or literature, can be the means to a complex understanding of experience. The exhilarating early scenes of “Jules and Jim,” in which the two young intellectuals of 1912 argue about literature, experiment with love, and discover Catherine, their feminine ideal, are the work of an artist who knows that exuberance, that playful and profound rapture. What makes the movie so unsettling is that Truffaut also knows (just two years after “The 400 Blows” and the rest of the first crop of New Wave films had seemed to reinvent the rules of the game for cinema) the fading of that spirit, the messy accumulation of experience that blurs the clear outline of the ideal. The movie's buoyant, helter-skelter rhythms stop abruptly with the outbreak of the First World War, and from then on the narrative proceeds by way of long leaps in time, the characters losing sight of each other for gaps of weeks, even months; and every time we pick them up again we read their faces closely (Why does Jules look so wan and small, swaddled in his bulky sweater? Why has Catherine's mouth set that way?) to fill in the gaps, to figure out how these people got so tired from living up to their younger selves. The beauty, the real wisdom, of “Jules and Jim” is that the disillusionment of its characters—their painfully protracted awareness of failure—doesn't diminish the value of their moral experiment.

If you see “Jules and Jim” at the

right age—in college—you may feel the way Truffaut did when he saw “Paradis Perdu” as a child, overwhelmed by the possibilities of movies, or the way he felt later on while watching Renoir’s films, as if he were engaged in a lively, intimate conversation; what we hear in “Jules and Jim,” though, isn’t a master’s voice but that of a brilliant and generous student. Perhaps better than any other filmmaker, Truffaut conveys the thrill of *learning*, and the wide range of emotion in “Jules and Jim” reflects the range of its director’s long apprenticeship in the movies: from his childhood discovery of their power, to the more articulate appreciation of the young critic, to the anxious joy of making movies of his own, of hearing for the first time that mysterious language spoken in his own voice. This excitement, strangely, doesn’t come across so forcefully in the autobiographical Antoine Doinel pictures that followed “The 400 Blows,” or in his movies about movies, like the Hitchcock pastiches and “Day for Night.” Maybe he needed the distance of history to be able to express himself freely; maybe he worked best when the very making of the movie was a process of learning, when he could immerse himself in the effort of understanding and re-creating a past age. Or maybe Truffaut, with his double perspective of filmmaker and critic, the iconoclastic New Wave pioneer and the reverent *auteur* theorist (who gave the heading “The Big Secret” to his writings on directors who began in the silent era), brought to his historical films his deepest and most complex sense of himself: that his own passions, his most spirited inventions would someday—like those of his characters and of his cinematic masters—be things of the past, objects of study.

TRUFFAUT’s habit of retrospection, the melancholy that invaded “Jules and Jim,” was more pronounced in his later films, as he became (in technical terms, at least) less the adventurous student and more the confident master. The madness of Adèle Hugo, the heroine of Truffaut’s last masterpiece, is kin to the romantic folly of Jules and Jim, but the style of the film is hermetic, perfectly controlled: the love affair that is Adèle’s obsession is over before the story begins, and “The Story of Adèle H.,” with sympathy and irony, traces her attempt to turn her passion into a myth, to immortalize herself as her father, Victor Hugo, immortalized her drowned sister, Léopoldine. “Despite my youth,” she says, in voice-over, as we watch the beautiful nineteen-year-old Isabelle Adjani writing in her journal, “I sometimes feel I am in the autumn of my life.” Near the end, as she glides through the streets of Barbados in a long, dark cloak, Adèle seems truly disembodied, and the narrator, over a still photograph of her grave, tells us that she spent the last forty years of her life in a clinic, writing her journals in a secret language.

In his final appearance on the screen, Truffaut played the lead in the morbid, unpleasant “The Green Room.” His character, Julien Davenne, is a man obsessed with preserving the memory of his dead wife and of all his compatriots killed in the First World War; he works for a newspaper no one reads anymore, and is a genius at obituaries. Davenne’s behavior is outrageous, but we can’t read any irony in Truffaut’s face or hear it in the voice of the film. And in the movies that followed “The Green Room” the author’s voice isn’t audible at all—as if he had finally drowned in the imperious language of his masters. The sight of Truffaut, as Davenne, yearning for a reunion with his beloved dead is unnerving: it’s an extension of the ideas in “Adèle H.,” and it’s consistent—as an extreme consequence—with some of the traces of personality he scattered through his work. But a portrait of the artist based on this image would be a distortion—a death mask, more obituary than true biography. “Jules and Jim,” for all its elegiac consciousness of youthful spirits’ eventual exhaustion, taught a generation of movie lovers and moviemakers that the process was more important than the end, that the give-and-take vitality of conversation was everything—that the giddy, briefly magical convergence of Jules and Jim and Catherine mattered more than Jules’s ultimate solitude. Everything converged for Truffaut in the middle of his career as a director with “The Wild Child,” his most beautiful film and his fullest revelation of himself.

“The Wild Child,” set in 1798, is based on the writings of Jean Itard, a French doctor who tried to educate a “wild boy” found in the forest of Aveyron. Truffaut cast himself as Itard, and the scientist’s earnest, rational eighteenth-century spirit dominates the film, as if it had taken possession of the director: the movie is lucid and serenely paced, composed primarily of medium and long shots in elegant, plain black-and-white, the narrative thread provided by Truffaut’s voice-over reading of Itard’s precisely worded observations of his humane experiments with the wild boy. The only “effect” is an archaic one: the repeated use of an iris—a device that isolates a detail in a kind of cameo within an otherwise darkened frame—as a transition between scenes. (In order to avoid the impersonal look of effects created in the laboratory, Truffaut’s cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, actually searched for, and found, an iris that had been used in the silent era. “The iris of the silent film,” Almendros has written, “had the quality, now lost, of a handmade thing.”) The homage to the early days of movies isn’t arbitrary: this film about an experiment in education, the attempt to teach an inarticulate boy to speak, is suffused with Truffaut’s radiant love for the movies’ beginnings, when everything was being done for the first time, when the language was learned.

The movie, filmed eight years after “Jules and Jim” and eight years before “The Green Room,” has a miraculous kind of balance: between freedom and control, originality and homage, the discovery of new experience and the contemplation of the past—between the boy Victor’s mysterious ecstasy as he opens his mouth to drink in the falling rain and the supremely rational pleasure of Itard as he stands by the window and records the progress of the lessons, his journal bathed in the clear light of the eighteenth century. In this film, Truffaut gives us an image of himself as both master and student, the image that contains all we need to know of him. The story of “The Wild Child” is just an episode artfully isolated from the lives of Itard and the wild boy: the film doesn’t tell us how Victor came to be abandoned in the forest (the truth was never known), and it doesn’t tell us, either, that Victor lived almost thirty years longer without ever coming close to mastering verbal communication. At the end, when Victor returns to Itard’s house after a brief attempt at escape, Truffaut just irises out on the wild boy’s youthful, intelligent, troubled face suspended within the surrounding blackness of the frame as he ascends the stairs.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

TALKS ABOUT TALKS

FOREIGN leaders and diplomats—especially Western Europe's—generally welcomed the end of Jimmy Carter's Presidency, in January of 1981. Although they were a trifle uneasy about the tendency of Ronald Reagan and his people to see world affairs almost entirely in terms of confrontation between America and Russia—between good and evil—they reckoned that ineffective and divided leadership would at least be replaced by clarity and consistency in the management of American foreign policy. Instead, other governments have had to contend with more rancorous division in Washington than at any other time in modern memory. During the recent campaign, the Reagan people could point to little in the way of diplomatic success, and within the diplomatic community there is a strong feeling that the Administration, as currently manned, is simply not equipped to make major foreign-policy decisions. The complicated interagency process by which policy is made or changed keeps breaking down. The flaws of that process stood out vividly earlier in the year, when the Administration, bitterly divided, was floundering in the turmoil created by its activities in Lebanon. Then, in the spring, relations with the Soviet Union began to compete successfully for the larger part of the time and attention of the foreign-policy makers, and again the machine fizzled.

As usual, the sparring between Washington and Moscow concerned arms control. The talks in Geneva about limiting strategic and intermediate-range nuclear weapons never really went anywhere, and Moscow broke them off at the end of last year, after the United States began deploying missiles in Europe capable of striking Russia. Although the Soviets said at the time that they would not return to Geneva until these missiles were withdrawn, they are eager to prevent the arms race from spreading into outer space. Their Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, is meeting Secretary of State George Shultz in Geneva early in January to see if talks about that and related matters may be possible. Major European governments, including the British, the French, and the West German, are openly apprehensive about the militarization of space. In Washington, the State Department is a kindred spirit, but a necessarily wary and undemonstrative one, since President Reagan and some of his advisers—particularly Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger—feel differently. They strongly favor a scheme to neutralize attacking missiles by destroying them with lasers and other "directed energy" weapons deployed in space. Star Wars is the popular name for this space-based missile-defense concept; the bureaucracy calls it S.D.I.—for Strategic Defense Initiative. In March of 1983, Reagan proposed developing a defense of this kind that would "give us the means of rendering . . . nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete." The anti-ballistic-missile treaty would exclude such a system, but Weinberger said in September that the United States might have to renounce or renegotiate that agreement—a step that he sought to justify in advance by accusing the Soviet Union of violating it. Right now the Star Wars program, although it is heavily financed, is still more of a gleam in the eye than a revolutionary military event waiting to happen. Although Secretary Weinberger described it last week as "an inspired vision," most of the scientific community doubts whether any such system would work—work well enough, that is, to guarantee protection against a major attack. And orthodox thinkers about deterrence argue—as they did in the nineteen-sixties, when the issue was anti-ballistic missiles—that a good offense will always beat a good defense: that the harvest of any effort to challenge the offense can only be rising levels of progressively more versatile weapons of mass destruction, not to mention a more unstable and hazardous environment. Star Wars also appears to collide directly with whatever interest the Administration has in limiting strategic weapons. The Soviet Union almost certainly won't agree to limits as long as the United States plans to attack Soviet weapons from outer space. Instead, as Soviet officials are now saying, they will match whatever weaponry we develop for use out there.

A prospect far more imminent than Star Wars is the use of small missiles launched from aircraft to destroy satellites, including the ones that each side relies on to detect missile launches by the other. Both orthodox thinkers and America's European allies are just as strongly opposed to the anti-satellite program—ASAT, it's called—as they are to Star Wars. In a crisis, each superpower might suspect the other of planning to knock out its reconnaissance satellites, thereby blinding it. The side that lost its satellites wouldn't know what the other was doing, and, fearing the worst, would be under some pressure to launch its offensive weapons—to "use them or lose them," as the saying goes. Briefly, the satellite killers, like Star Wars, would create a more unstable environment—probably the most unstable since the start of the nuclear era. The relevant technology, although it is something of a challenge, is well within reach; compared with the Star Wars technology, it is fairly simple, or so the experts say. The American ASAT missile that is being tested carries no explosive, and will demolish a satellite merely by homing in and colliding with it. So far, the tests of the American system have been confined to the booster stage—to seeing if various mechanisms work. The missile's ability to home in on a target satellite hasn't been tested, but is expected to be in the spring. That test, if successful, will give momentum to the ASAT program, and could become a milestone. The Soviet Union wants an end to the testing of ASAT systems, and in August of 1983 declared a unilateral moratorium on such activity. In Washington, advocates of ASAT argue that the Soviets already have an operational system and that the United States, which doesn't have one, cannot run the risk of falling behind. That argument is rejected by ASAT's opponents; America, too, they say, once had an ASAT system—about fourteen years before the Soviet Union began deploying its system, in 1977. Ours, they say, was a crude, low-altitude system, and no serious threat to high-altitude satellites, or, indeed, to much else. So America abandoned it in the mid-nineteen-seventies. The Soviet system, they add, is another low-altitude device, equally unthreatening.

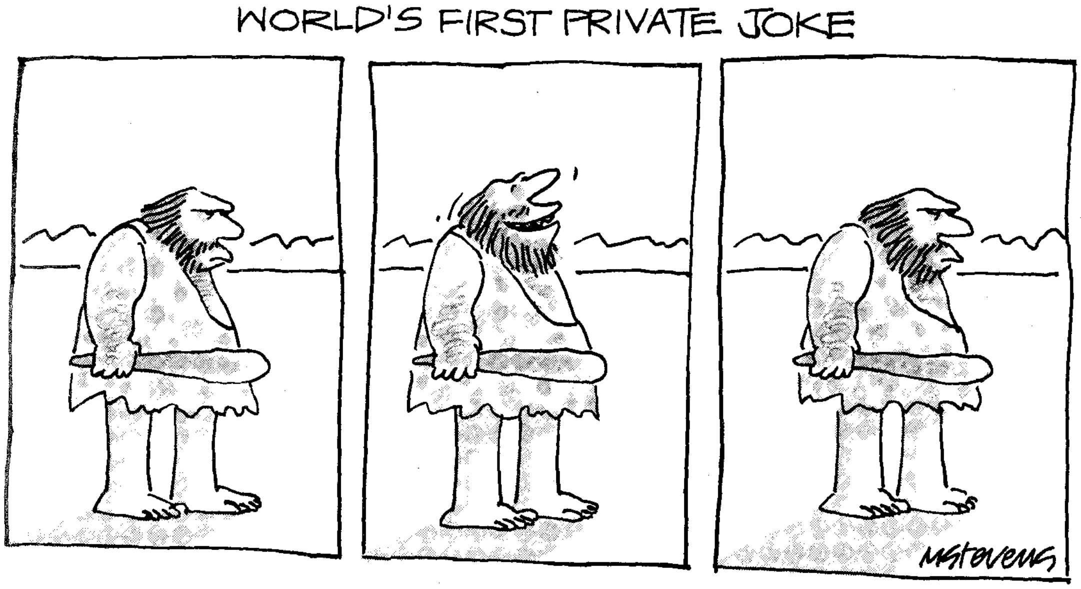
One thing is reassuringly clear about the continuing debate over new weapons and what to do about them: People don't have to understand the technologies to follow the debate. In testimony before the House Armed

Services Committee, Richard D. DeLauer, currently the Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, said, "Any defensive system can be overcome with proliferation and decoys, decoys, decoys, decoys." Both the ASAT and the Star Wars programs have exposed the State Department to a barrage of bluntly critical comment from Europe. People there worry that a Star Wars defense might one day cause the superpowers to think that they could wage nuclear war with reasonable impunity by confining it to the terrain of their allies. And the governments in London and Paris also fear that even though space-based defenses wouldn't be good enough to protect the Americans and the Russians from each other, they might nullify the relatively small British and French nuclear deterrents. Nothing in the way of a persuasive case has been made for ASAT, according to European diplomats. The Department of Defense argues that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization needs such an American weapon in order to neutralize Soviet satellites, which, if they were able to pinpoint American ships carrying supplies across the North Atlantic to Europe, would make the ships vulnerable to Soviet aircraft and missiles. The Europeans reply—and many knowledgeable Americans agree—that a similar Soviet ASAT system would be far more of a threat to NATO, because American military communications, unlike the Soviet Union's, are heavily dependent on high-altitude satellites. As for Star Wars, the Europeans were told at first that America had to go forward in order to overcome a Soviet lead in a vital area of technology. Foreign diplomats and officials were shown pictures of what was supposedly an advanced Soviet Star Wars program that was under way. "We all saw a lot of photographs purporting to show advanced development work going on behind closed doors that could as easily have concealed work of a wholly different kind," says a European diplomat who follows these affairs closely. "All the Europeans threw cold water on the pictures." No one seems to have been impressed by the show-and-tell, or disabused of the belief that America is comfortably ahead in the nascent Star Wars technologies. The Administration is committed to Star Wars not because of anything being done in Russia but simply because Reagan himself is committed to it. He says he thinks that nuclear weapons are intolerably dangerous but feels that their vulnerability to a celestial high beam of the kind that Star Wars is supposed to create will cause the great powers to abolish them. About twenty-six billion dollars is supposed to be spent on Star Wars research contracts over the next five years. "The ultimate goal is a thoroughly reliable defense against nuclear ballistic missiles of all reasonable ranges," according to the Pentagon, which is running the program. Even if such a goal should be within reach—and, again, most scientists would agree with the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment that it isn't—thousands of other nuclear weapons, carried by cruise missiles and bombers, would still be available to threaten life. Reagan's rhetoric does not cover that point (and he may not have grasped it). As for his celebrated proposal to share the fruits of American research on directed-energy weapons with the Soviet Union, it strikes other governments and the Washington community as being as unrealistic and fanciful as Star Wars itself.

The Soviets would like to ban the deployment of Star Wars and ASAT systems. They are probably well behind the United States in both technologies. And they worry that a ban on ASAT alone wouldn't remove the threat to their satellites. The most prominent and perhaps the most forceful spokesman for their point of view is Yevgeny P. Velikhov, a vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Last June, he wrote an article for the Washington *Post* in which he said that Star Wars weaponry, "even at the early stages of its development, is correctly seen as providing an anti-satellite capability that could, in emergency circumstances, 'blind' the adversary by knocking out its reconnaissance satellites." The article continued, "But to blind your adversary in a nuclear age is tantamount to repeating the biblical story of Samson. The blinded adversary will let the skies fall on his enemy's head and on his own head, too, of course."

Early in May, more than a month before the *Post* article appeared, Velikhov was scheduled to see Secretary of State Shultz, who had suggested the meeting in the course of confidential talks he had begun holding in March with Anatoly Dobrynin, the Soviet Ambassador to Washington. Velikhov was in the United States at the invitation of the National Academy of Sciences and the Federation of American Scientists. The meeting was cancelled—abruptly—by the Soviets. With relations all but frozen by then, they may have wanted to avoid creating the impression that a more businesslike state of affairs was approaching; at least, this is the view within the State Department. A fully informed and closely involved Soviet figure—one who is well respected by American diplomats for his competence—says that Velikhov himself cancelled the meeting, feeling that he had been placed "in an unusual situation, one not compatible with his position." There may be something to both explanations.

The focus of the Shultz-Dobrynin talks was arms control, and much of



the discussion concerned weapons in space that might threaten earth-based systems, and earth-based weapons that could threaten satellites. Within the State Department, or part of it, there was quietly emerging a new approach to arms-control talks—as always, an ultrasensitive topic in this Administration. The idea was to start a serious conversation from which the Soviets would extract an incentive to resume actual negotiations. As the plan was judged by a small band of State Department experts, that meant offering them a moratorium on testing ASAT weapons. In return, the Soviets would have been required to accept small initial reductions of missile launchers and, in a second stage, to accept still larger reductions, while the American side would have agreed, as one of the people at State put it, to "look at" outer space—to discuss a ban on Star Wars deployment. The advocates at State were pushing their luck, since none of the other Washington players—the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (or ACDA), the National Security Council staff, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff—were expected to support this initiative. Actually, the Joint Chiefs were considered a potential ally, but they couldn't be taken for granted. "They are in very low profile," one of the experts at State says. "They are doing their best to keep out of the way, because they don't want to buck Weinberger." I asked a senior figure at State what he and the others had expected to emerge from talks with the Soviets. "An interim moratorium," he replied. "State is for it. So are the Chiefs, although they are afraid to say so, and probably wouldn't formally commit themselves in one of their red striped decision papers. But they are more worried about Soviet ASATs down the road than attracted to our having them, and that is because we rely on satellites more than the Soviets do. We are more of a global power, and in our intelligence-collecting, plus our communications, we are more dependent on satellites than the Soviets are. The Chiefs will hedge if they're asked, but will say they can live with a moratorium."

With a few months to go before the election, the White House staff knew from its polls that Reagan's only real vulnerability was the war-and-peace issue. And some of the State people reckoned, or hoped, that he and his staff would take the bait and support an initiative that might bring the Soviet Union back into arms-control negotiations before the election. The conversations between Shultz and Dobrynin had one remarkable aspect: most of the other notables, including Weinberger, weren't told what was being said. Excluding Defense was playing hardball with a world-class bureaucrat—Richard Perle, a forty-three-year-old Assistant Secretary of Defense, who, besides being Weinberger's alter ego in these matters, is a major player in his own right. To the small community of bureaucrats, diplomats, and journalists who follow every twist and turn in the epic called arms control, Perle is the spoiler—a tough, resourceful infighter who more than any other person, including Reagan, is responsible for the absence of progress in arms control in the Reagan era. (Reagan, in fact, has been more of a spectator and, occasionally, an arbiter than a player.) Perle was aware of Shultz's conversations, and when he couldn't learn anything about them he threatened to boycott the interagency process by withholding Defense's participation. His adversaries at State thereupon threatened to "wrap things up without Defense," as one of them put it to me, and after a few days, it seems, the boycott threat ended.

As it turned out, there was nothing to wrap up. According to the State Department people, Dobrynin had been unresponsive and noncommittal in the talks with Shultz. That pattern, they said, continued until 9 A.M. on June 29th, when he came to Shultz's office with a formal note, which at eleven that morning was made public by his government; it proposed talks in Vienna, starting in September, aimed at "blocking" the development and deployment of all space-related weapons. The Soviet note said that "urgent measures" were needed to ban these weapons "in any basing mode . . . conventional, nuclear, laser-beam, or any other," and to destroy the systems already developed. Within the Soviet proposal were three points about which the American side was to hear a great deal: no militarization of space in any form; no ASAT weapons; no weapons in space capable of striking earthly targets. Any redundancy in the position of the Soviets is not inadvertent; they want a hedge against whatever technology may turn up.

Judith Shahn

Moscow got an answer in what may have been record time for this or any other Administration. First, Shultz met with his advisers to discuss the situation. He then put Reagan in the picture at about one, and obtained the President's approval of how the State Department wanted to respond. After that, both men left town for the weekend. At three, an interagency meeting was held at the White House to work out the exact details of the decision. At four-thirty, the meeting broke up, and diplomats representing allied governments were briefed. Then, at six-thirty, Robert C. McFarlane, Reagan's national-security adviser, announced the Administration's decision, which seemed to be upbeat and positive in tone. The United States, McFarlane said, was prepared to meet the Soviet Union in September at any site. The American goal, he said, would be "to discuss and define" arrangements for resuming negotiations on strategic and intermediate-range nuclear-weapons reduction and to work out "feasible negotiating approaches" to limiting anti-satellite weapons. In brief, Washington was saying, "Yes, but . . ." The United States would oblige Moscow by talking about ASAT weapons, provided that the Soviets were prepared to talk about ways of resuming the talks they were boycotting. Suppose the Soviets insist on limiting the Vienna talks to ASAT weapons, McFarlane was asked repeatedly. "We'll be at the meeting in September," McFarlane said. Later, Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, said the same thing.

A heavy mist of posturing and ambiguity had begun to obscure the real situation; each side was trying to acquire political advantage and a claim to the high ground. First of all, the Soviets normally don't make proposals but await American proposals and react to them. Second, they went public with this proposal instead of following the usual procedure of discussing it privately with the other side and awaiting a considered response. As for the American side, the alacrity of its reply to a totally unexpected Soviet move—one made on a Friday morning a few hours before the President and the Secretary of State were planning to leave for the weekend—shows that the Administration was more than ready to give as good as it got: to deny the Soviets sole possession of center stage, even momentarily. "The Soviets knew that their ASAT proposal would be a plus for them, and they hoped Reagan would accept," a State Department official says. "It was a can't-lose proposition for them." He meant that acceptance would give the Soviets what they wanted, but a rejection by Washington would still allow them to take credit for trying to head off a destabilizing new weapon. "Or so they thought. But we chose the middle ground. 'Yes,' we said, 'we'll talk to you, provided offensive weapons are also in the discussions.' That was interpreted by them as an effort to move the talks from Vienna back to Geneva. We were, they said, 'creating unacceptable conditions.'"

* * *

Over the weekend of June 29th to July 1st, the newspapers seemed to be covering a Ping-Pong match. Each side threw the other off by the swiftness as well as the content of its riposte. The Soviets had clearly not expected their ploy to be trumped by a yes-but reply, to say nothing of its happening on the same day. Nor did the Americans expect an immediate rejection of their artful parry, which the Soviets branded as negative, saying they were "resolutely" opposed to linking talks about outer space with resumption of the negotiations in Geneva. A few American diplomats speculated that Washington's reply might have been victimized by the calendar. The Politburo, one of them noted, meets on Thursdays. If we hadn't replied so quickly, he remarked—had waited until Tuesday, say—the Soviet reaction might have been delayed until the Politburo had met again. And—who knows?—it might have given our counterproposal serious consideration.

I asked my Soviet source, the man who had told me about the Velikhov situation, for his version of the private talks and his view of why the Soviet Union had abruptly gone public with a proposal.

"These conversations between Shultz and Dobrynin were not based on a concrete agenda," he said. "Dobrynin was merely probing the United States position to see if discussion on space matters was possible. The United States side was very negative on the entire issue. That was regrettable—not at all encouraging." As for going public, he said, "We must attract attention to the issue in the strongest possible way. That was our reason for going public. We started the talks in diplomatic channels."

I asked whether the Soviet side might have gone public in order to see if there was an agreed Administration position on restricting anti-satellite weapons—to smoke out the American attitude.

He ducked the question (which bore the implication that Moscow might have wanted to embarrass Washington), saying instead, "The electoral situation here was in full swing, and we were being accused of not wanting to deal with the Reagan Administration. That, too, was a reason for going public, but we were primarily influenced by the weight of the resources"—American technology and money—"behind this development, and we wanted to check it."

I asked him whether talks might have been possible if the Americans had dropped their linkage to the Geneva negotiations in return for his side's forgoing the commitment to an ASAT moratorium.

"That should have been done," he said. "But it wasn't."

Numerous American diplomats would gladly surrender an explicit link to talks on earth-based nuclear weapons in order to discourage space militarization. (Actually, a separate negotiation about ASAT weapons was under way in 1978 and 1979 but was ended by the Carter people as part of the retaliation against the Soviet Union's occupation of Afghanistan.) Still, while contacts with the Soviets continued over the summer, nothing changed, and no progress was made. "Talks about talks about talks" was how a West European diplomat in close touch with the affair recalled it. "We were talking about talking," said my Russian source, using oddly similar language. "Diplomatic gridlock" was a fashionable characterization of the situation then, and it still is. The White House was content, because its position seemed to reflect a willingness to meet the other side at least halfway and could therefore neutralize the war-and-peace issue. The State Department was satisfied, because the position committed the Administration to talks with Moscow if these could be arranged. And it suited the Defense Department, because literally nothing had occurred within the government which would inhibit the testing of the new ASAT system, or, for that matter, anything else of interest militarily. Although the situation was not ideal, it wasn't a bad one for the Soviets, either. By breaking off the talks in Geneva and then boycotting the Summer

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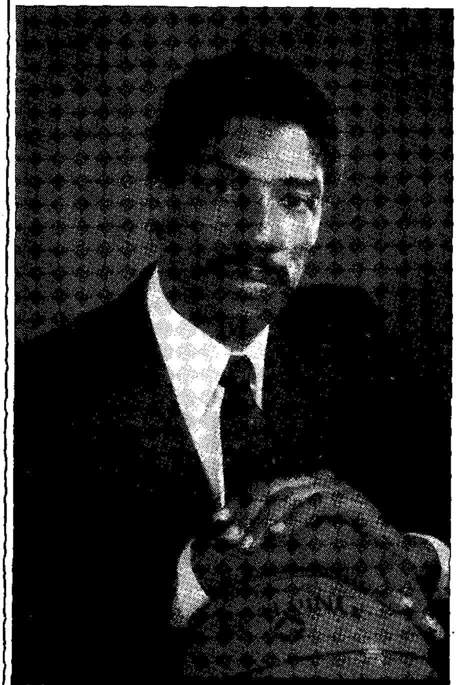

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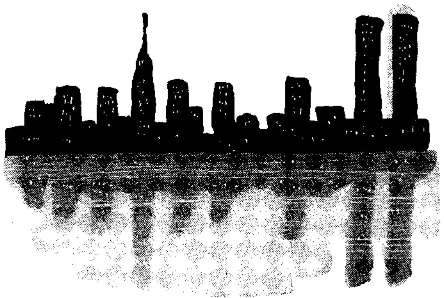
Olympic Games, they had caused people to start viewing their country as a great bear sulking in its cave and refusing to come out. Their initiative on space weaponry tended to blur that impression, and even to reproduce the status quo ante—both sides playing to the gallery and announcing arms-control positions at about the time they presented them to each other. But the Americans clearly had the better of the summer fencing, partly because the Soviets rejected linkage in any form, and partly because no one of the three points in their proposal seemed to be negotiable. "People will say the Soviet Union won't take 'yes' for an answer," said Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, who had chanced to be in Moscow for a visit over the weekend when the Soviet proposal and the American counterproposal all but flew past each other.

Washington's case also benefitted from the recent leadership changes in Moscow; aging Soviet politicians, after popping up in the top job, were falling from the scene (or, in the case of Konstantin Chernenko, apparently on the verge of falling) as if they were pasteboard figures. The Administration asked, plausibly, how serious business could be done with a government that appeared to be stuck in a continuing leadership crisis. Where, if anywhere, in such a government did the initiative lie? Who, if anyone, could speak for the Soviet Union? Actually, the evidence for a leadership crisis isn't there. The Soviet government is run collegially, and seems to be operating normally. Gromyko, according to some experienced Soviet-watchers, doesn't dictate foreign policy, as Administration sources have suggested, because he can't. Other major players, including the defense establishment and the K.G.B.—not to mention General Secretary Chernenko himself—wouldn't give any minister that kind of latitude. Indeed, the Soviet government appears to have a clearer sense of its goals than the Reagan Administration has of America's. The Soviet foreign-policy machine may be laboring; no one could argue that it has performed well in recent years. Many diplomats believe, however, that, unlike Reagan's apparatus, whose various parts continually grind against one another, the Soviet machine is at least working.

IN December of 1982, a few weeks after Yuri Andropov became the leader of the Soviet Union, he said that his country would match America "development for development" in creating new weapons. The statement drew considerable attention, but there was nothing new or especially ominous in it; Andropov was merely describing Soviet policy as it has been carried on in recent years. The policy wasn't always what it is now, however. In the early and mid-nineteen-sixties, the Russians, instead of following the American lead, as American intelligence had guessed they would—the United States was, after all, the class of the field in nuclear weapons—and building modern missile-carrying submarines and a new strategic bomber, made huge, land-based missile systems their first priority. For many years, each side went about improving the various components of its nuclear forces at a pace quite different from the other's; one side's pattern and rhythm of modernization was animated only in part by the other's programs. But now the fashion on both sides is what the bureaucrats call mirror-imaging. Never in the twenty-five-year competition in nuclear arms have the American and Soviet programs been as symmetrical as they are currently.

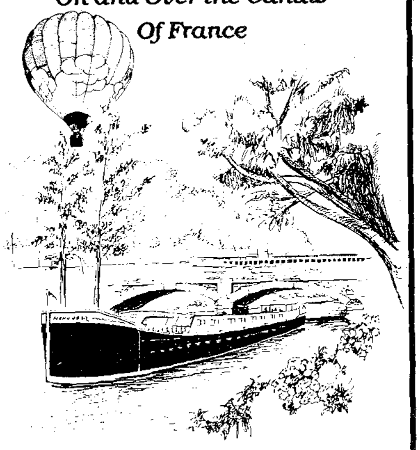
The pattern is one in which the Soviet Union, operating from a smaller and less highly developed technological base, is usually behind and struggling to catch up. With oppressively difficult problems at home and abroad, the Soviets would like to avoid the wearisome task of overtaking the Americans in ASAT and, above all, Star Wars technologies. Soviet scientists, like most of their American counterparts, doubt whether Star Wars can be made to work. Still, they know they will be told to follow the Americans down this road, as they have followed them down many others. I asked my Soviet source if his government's position on Star Wars could be summarized as "It won't work, but if the United States does it we will, too." That, he said, was an accurate description. On July 31st, *Pravda*, the official Communist Party newspaper, tried broadening the discussion to cover another new weapons system—long-range, nuclear-armed cruise missiles. An article under the headline "DANGEROUS ILLUSIONS IN WASHINGTON" attacked the United States for creating such weapons and then said that the Soviet Union was testing its own versions of them. Rather self-righteously, but correctly, the article said that the United States "once sought to outdistance the Soviet Union in ballistic missiles, and that did not work," and went on, "It tried with independently targetable multiple reëntry vehicles, MIRVs, and again that did not work. It won't work this time, either." And it hasn't: in mid-October, the Soviet Union announced that it was beginning to deploy its own new long-range cruise missiles on submarines and bombers.



Although cruise missiles are earthbound, they are, like ASAT and Star Wars systems, destabilizing, and menace the arms-control process. Ironically, they aren't very good weapons, and the military services have never admired them. Anything a cruise missile can do, a ballistic missile can do better. Unlike ballistic missiles, cruise missiles have wings, are propelled by jet engines, and never leave the earth's atmosphere. They are subsonic, travelling at just a little over five hundred miles an hour, or about as fast as airliners; this is only a fraction of the speed attained by ballistic missiles, which can reach targets thousands of miles away in less than half an hour and are far more reliable. But many defense specialists like cruise missiles, because they are small, mobile, versatile, and easy to hide—all qualities that have created deep apprehensions about them. No one in the defense and foreign-policy communities, whether for or against the new cruise missiles, doubts that in deploying them the two sides will create major uncertainties of a kind that they have tried by various means—notably the arms-control process—to discourage.

Stability in the nuclear era is the child of certainty. Uncertainty breeds instability. Because cruise missiles are small and easy to conceal, there is no reliable way to count them. The naval version can be fired from torpedo tubes and other dispensing mechanisms, and this means that there won't be any way to determine the actual armament of a given ship or submarine. The Navy plans to deploy four thousand cruise missiles over the next decade. And, while some of these are nuclear-armed and others are conventionally armed, it isn't possible to distinguish between the two. Moreover, launchers of cruise missiles, unlike ballistic-missile launchers, can be quickly and easily reloaded—an attribute that will give the system a multiplier effect, and further bedevil efforts to estimate the scope of the threat it creates. Arms-control agreements obviously do not rely on trust, and must be self-enforcing; that is, they must be verifiable. The new cruise missiles—certainly the thousands of them just starting to be deployed at sea by both sides—may scotch arms control, because they defy surveillance, hence verification. The article in *Pravda*, even while justifying this particular mirror-imaging, said that deployment of the missiles would "undermine the process of limiting and reducing nuclear weapons, thereby creating major difficulties for effective control and increasing the potential opportunities to evade and violate agreements." What the article said about MIRVs was also apt. The United States began testing them in the late nineteen-sixties and deploying them in the nineteen-seventies. The case for going forward with MIRVs was made partly on the ground that we had a long, possibly insuperable lead over the Soviet Union in the relevant technologies. The lead turned out to have been greatly exaggerated; by the late seventies, the Russians were deploying missiles with MIRVs—the very weapons that have caused the greatest concern in Washington, undermined support for the SALT II treaty, and created pressure to build the MX missile system. The same argument—for exploiting a supposed lead in some demanding technologies—lay behind the decision to embark on the cruise-missile programs. Once again, America's lead, if not illusory, was greatly exaggerated; the Soviets caught up. Curiously, the *Pravda* article didn't mention ASAT and Star Wars, Moscow's current preoccupations. But they were there implicitly; they, too, are heading toward a place in the monkey-see, monkey-do behavior of the great powers.

ANDREI ANDREYEVICH GROMYKO, now seventy-five, has been closely involved with the United States since he took over the American desk at the Soviet Foreign Ministry, in 1939—a time when neither his country nor the United States was a world power. By the middle of 1943, he was Ambassador in Washington. He has been Foreign Minister since 1957, and while he is by no means a czar in the area of foreign policy he probably does have more influence right now than he has had at any time in the past. Gromyko's interest is the center ring—relations between East and West, especially American-Soviet relations, and his country's policy toward China and Germany. The Soviet propaganda machine grinds out millions of words about Africa, but it is my impression that Gromyko has never visited an African country. (I asked the Soviet Embassy in Washington about that, and was told that if one considers Egypt a part of Africa—the State Department does not—Gromyko has been to Africa; they also say he may once have visited Algeria, but they are certain that he has never been in sub-Saharan Africa.) Before Ronald Reagan came to the White House and began dealing with the Soviets as if they really were, in his words, "the focus of evil in the modern world," every American President since Roosevelt had known Gromyko. He comes to New York in September to address the United Nations General Assembly, and before 1979 he had invariably been invited to the White House at such times for a talk with the President. Reagan broke that pattern, and last year, in the aftermath of the destruction by the Soviet Union of a South Korean commercial airliner, Gromyko didn't even come to New York. Thus, the news, on September 10th, that he had accepted an invitation to visit the Reagan White House a couple of weeks later—in the middle of the Presidential campaign—was a surprise. The motive for inviting him seemed obvious. Why, then, was Gromyko obliging this President-adversary by accepting? Actually, most diplomats who follow Soviet affairs weren't surprised by his acceptance of the invitation. They would have been surprised if he had declined it. If Gromyko seemed to be doing Reagan a favor by agreeing to meet in mid-campaign, he would no doubt have rendered a larger political service to the White House by declining the invitation, for he would have saddled his country with the blame for closing off contact at the highest levels of the two governments, and, in American eyes, vindicated the Reagan hard line. Very probably, the question in Moscow wasn't "Why accept?" but, rather, "Why not accept?" The visit would demonstrate that the Soviet Union could not be ignored, even by Ronald



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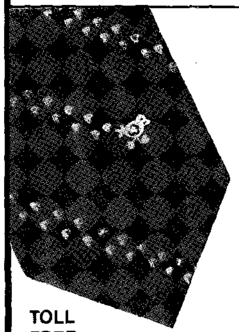

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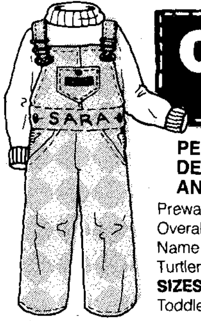

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Reagan. The world would see that the Soviet Union wasn't the withdrawn, sulky bear it had made itself seem to be. Finally, because Soviet leaders are presumably even more worried about their problems than they are angry at Reagan, they may have seen the visit as an icebreaker—a chance to take Reagan's measure, to create the personal contact to which he is said to attach importance, and to begin to draw him into a bargaining context of a kind they can live with.

On September 2nd, Chernenko replied to some questions submitted by *Pravda* and, as he had before, came down hard on space weapons. As a first step toward excluding a "military threat to the earth from space or to space from the earth and from space itself," he proposed a joint moratorium on all space-related weapons. "Such an agreement would not only avert an arms race in space but, no less important, facilitate the solution of questions of limiting and reducing other strategic armaments," he said. "I would especially like to stress this." In Washington, Administration officials, and even a few senior State Department diplomats, professed to see no significance in these words. They viewed the affair, they said, as part of a continuing effort to show that Chernenko, who had been ailing, was still alive and functional. But European diplomats (and some of the less senior State Department specialists) interpreted the Chernenko comment as an obvious signal—an expression of willingness to resume talks on existing nuclear weapons if the parties agreed to keep Star Wars and ASAT on a back burner. "We saw something there," one of the Europeans says. "A Gromyko calling card. But the State Department didn't seem to think it was anything." The experts also saw some interesting passive hints. On consecutive days (September 7th and 8th), the two Politburo members who are generally seen as the strongest competitors to succeed Chernenko—Grigory Romanov, age sixty-one, and Mikhail Gorbachev, age fifty-three—made foreign-policy speeches in foreign countries in which there was no mention of the need for American missiles to be removed from Europe before talks with Washington could be resumed. (Romanov was in Ethiopia, Gorbachev in Bulgaria. A telegram from the American Embassy in Moscow reported that Gorbachev's speech got a third more space in *Pravda* than Romanov's.) More recently, on October 16th, Chernenko, showing that he was not only alive and functional but also capable of discussing foreign policy without notes, gave an interview to Dusko Doder, the Washington *Post's* Moscow correspondent, in which the stress was on arms control; Chernenko, too, avoided linking negotiations to removal of the American missiles now being deployed in Europe. Some diplomats cited this disregard for the official line as a dog that didn't bark. Curiously, the apparent softening of Moscow's line doesn't seem to impress the State Department, even though many Soviet-watchers find it significant and rather encouraging.

The Gromyko-Reagan meeting, despite its obvious importance for the campaign, was conceived by the State Department, not the White House. In late July, an American diplomat told a Soviet counterpart that a meeting in New York between Shultz and Gromyko could be arranged. (The two have met on several occasions, and Shultz, who can extend differences between countries to include personal relations, actively dislikes Gromyko.) He also mentioned the possibility of a White House meeting. By then, the American diplomats mainly involved in dealing with the Soviet Union had decided to try for a serious dialogue on arms control. They favored a three-year moratorium on the testing of ASAT weapons, partly because they thought it was a good idea on the merits and partly because it seemed to be the surest way of maneuvering the Soviets back into the process. In no other part of the government was there support for such an approach. An ASAT moratorium, I'm told, could even have provoked some resignations within the Defense Department; the concern there is that shelving ASAT could lead to similar troubles for Star Wars. The diplomats at State reckoned that if anything useful was to come of a Gromyko visit it would have to be closely held—all information about it isolated from the interagency process and confined to a handful of like-minded people. One of them says, "None of the other agencies were cut in on the visit at any time, except that Weinberger was present for a briefing session just before Gromyko arrived." The White House helped by imposing a degree of secrecy on the visit which is quite rare in contemporary Washington; the fear was that some Pentagon officials, notably Perle, if they knew about the visit, would scuttle it by leaking word that Reagan's views of the Soviet Union and of negotiations with them hadn't changed—a maneuver that would probably have caused Gromyko to decline the invitation. The special handling of his visit may have been possible because, according to an article in the Washington *Post* which appeared afterward, the people who were strongly backing it included Nancy Reagan; the White House chief of staff, James Baker; and the deputy chief of staff, Michael Deaver. Mrs. Reagan is now believed to favor steps that might allow her husband to be remembered as a man who lowered the risk of nuclear war.

The Soviets were in no hurry to reply, and at one point, I'm told, a senior American figure urged Gromyko to accept, describing the Administration as a "coalition government," and warning against "playing into the hands of the naysayers." In late August, the Soviets did accept, and details of the visit were worked out. It was kept secret until almost mid-September. The diplomatic community was impressed by the Soviet decision; among other things, it showed that the leadership in Moscow was hardly paralyzed, as the Americans had been saying, or unable to make course corrections. Another, even more interesting example of decision-making in Moscow emerged around this time. On September 6th, Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov was unexpectedly replaced as chief of staff of the Soviet armed forces and First Deputy Minister of Defense. The surprise—indeed, astonishment—was general, the cause of the abrupt action wholly unclear. What was clear, however, was that the Politburo could reach a decision to separate an entrenched, uniquely powerful military chief from his job.

A GOOD way to force a divided government to make a decision on a controversial matter is to work a position on it into a speech draft. In Washington, the preparations for Gromyko's visit centered on the speech that Reagan would deliver to the United Nations General Assembly, together with the talking points prepared for him and Shultz to use in their conversations with Gromyko. Since the speech would be dissected by the Soviets—and seen by the world in the light of their supposed reaction—it was certain to be a contentious topic within the Administration. A draft was prepared by the State Department, and because of the close hold on the visit State was able to sit on the text for a while; the idea was to prevent the interagency process—the foreign-policy machine—from capturing the draft and neutering it. "We had a lot of specifics in the speech, including a proposal for a summit conference and for a moratorium on ASAT testing," one of the key figures at State says. In September, as the visit drew nearer, State had to begin clearing the speech draft and the talking points with the staff of the National Security Council. Not surprisingly, Weinberger's people also insisted on clearing the material, and the N.S.C. staff gave them access either to all of it or to the sensitive passages—in effect, to all the specific items. The speech was quickly gutted by the clearance process. All but one of the items that bore on controversial matters were removed, and only a person attuned to the code used by the great powers to signal each other about ASAT and Star Wars would have understood the meaning of the one that remained. It read, "During the talks, we would consider what measures of restraint both sides might take while negotiations proceed." This was a signal that Washington might be ready to consider an ASAT moratorium.

Diplomats pore over the speeches of political leaders looking for what many call the "raisins." In the days preceding Reagan's appearance in New York on September 24th, this mention of restraint was the only raisin in his speech draft. And there was heavy pressure to remove it. "It was taken out on Saturday night," one State Department official says. "On Sunday morning, it was back in, then out on Sunday night, back in on Monday morning and delivered." An advance text of the speech sent out by the United States Information Agency didn't contain the offending passage, and the agency was later obliged to cable a corrected version. The passage may have survived, I'm told, because it was almost identical to approved language that was contained in a reply to a Soviet statement last summer. "The episode showed that no issue in government is ever closed," one of the people at State said. It also showed up the flaws in the machine.

The clearance process dealt just as harshly with the talking points, and

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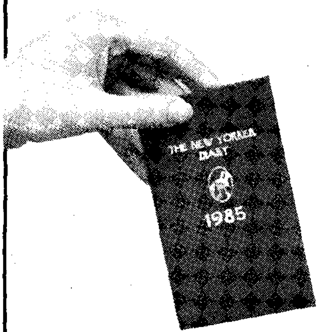

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that was important in Shultz's case, because he relies on them. "He never gets ahead of his talkers," an associate at State says. "He does no freewheeling, à la Kissinger, who was often two bounds ahead of his talkers. Shultz is cautious." I had heard that Shultz's talking points included a stated willingness to consider merging the stalled negotiations on limiting long-range strategic weapons with the equally stalled negotiations on limiting weapons of somewhat lesser range. For various reasons, such a step may be essential if there is to be any progress in limiting any nuclear weapons. "Any notion of tying the negotiations together was removed," I was told by one of State's advocates.

I asked him who had opposed the idea.

"Defense opposed it, because it recognizes that this would be the only way to make progress," he said.

I was also told that the Joint Chiefs of Staff are neutral on the issue of a single negotiation, but that the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency agrees with the Defense Department.

On neither side was there a sense that Gromyko's visit to Washington and related events, such as Reagan's speech, amounted to more than a slight break in the ice. I asked my Soviet source about the raisin in Reagan's speech. He replied with what he called a rhetorical question: "How can we ignore that what he said in New York was not what we had been hearing for more than three and a half years?" He went on to say, "If you start interpreting what was said"—that is, looking for a motive—"there are many possibilities. We'll wait until the situation is free of these political elements, which made it difficult to take the speech at face value. But we didn't decipher any flexibility on the real issues."

I asked him about Gromyko's talks with Shultz and Reagan, which by then had taken place.

"Gromyko couldn't identify any changes on the part of the United States government on the arms-limitation issues or on other issues," he said.

"Other issues," I gathered from the Americans, meant the Middle East, Central America, and southern Africa.

The Gromyko visit began inauspiciously. Gromyko's first conversation with Shultz, which occurred in New York on September 26th, went badly—at least, from the American point of view. On the following day, Gromyko spoke to the General Assembly, and his speech angered Shultz. In it, Gromyko took a fairly hard line, but certainly no harder than he had taken in other recent utterances, and actually less hard than some diplomats had expected. If there was a raisin in the speech, however, the Americans didn't find it.

A few days after the Reagan-Gromyko talks at the White House, I asked an American who was closely involved how they had gone.

"That meeting was fairly serious," I was told. "They talked about arms control and about regional questions, such as the Middle East, over lunch. Gromyko repeatedly stressed nuclear proliferation and the threat from other countries. But on other issues he stayed at a level of generality that made it difficult to get going."

I asked for an example.

Reagan, my informant replied, did indicate some flexibility on the question of combining the two sets of arms-control talks (thereby going beyond his prepared talking points, one assumes). But Gromyko avoided the bait and insisted on not being specific. He talked instead about the push of technology, and repeatedly wondered aloud whether the great powers would be able to control arms or whether arms would take control of them. It sounded as if Gromyko had handled his talks with Reagan in just the way Dobrynin had handled his talks with Shultz last spring. Nothing had changed.

I then asked this American what was said on either side about an ASAT moratorium.

Reagan, it seems, didn't go beyond the bitterly contested raisin in his speech, which was also in his talking points. He said he would be willing to consider some constraints on ASAT provided that the talks on strategic arms were resumed. Gromyko did not respond.

I asked whether Gromyko had complained about the harshness of Reagan's rhetoric.

Gromyko, my informant replied carefully, had raised that matter with both Shultz and Reagan. At one point, Reagan told Gromyko that he didn't eat children, and Gromyko said that children weren't eaten in the Soviet Union, either.

I asked if anything concrete or particularly encouraging had come out of the talks.

"We were left totally in the dark with regard to the ability of the Soviets to do substantive business with us," I was told.

My informant and others who deal with the Soviet Union are taking a strongly pessimistic line about Soviet policy. A leadership crisis is preventing movement, they think. And Gromyko, they say, not only dominates policy but also has emerged as the major advocate of an ultra-hard line toward the United States. Not everyone in Washington agrees. Some of the experts who used to deal with Soviet affairs inside the government and now follow them closely from the outside find the official line too bleak. So do many foreign diplomats. They say that Gromyko is essentially a realist; he would have to be to have lasted as long as he has in a job that lacks a power base. He is obviously cautious, and doesn't get out of step with his peers; none of them are believed to know much about the world, but each of them has a power base. The Soviet leaders, according to these other experts, would like to reëstablish a more businesslike relationship with America, and are probably ready for serious talks about arms control. Why wouldn't they be? Their internal problems are a litany of woes; their empire in Eastern Europe is trembling on its foundations; and they are caught up in an unending race with the United States—a faster horse—around the weapons-technology track. Perhaps most important, the arms-control process confirms the imposing political status of a society whose non-military attributes are rather unimpressive, and which has always felt inferior to the West. Still, it is unlikely that the Soviet leaders will take the initiative; they are used to reacting to Washington's initiatives, and their collegial style of ruling may discourage any change in the pattern, especially with relations between the two capitals as bad as they have become.

DIPLOMATS were left with a net impression that the Reagan White House would like to revive the arms-control process but probably won't. It won't, they think, because it can't. And the reason it can't, they say, is that no one is in charge. Reagan is seen as having delegated control of the subject to Shultz and Weinberger. At first, Shultz wasn't com-

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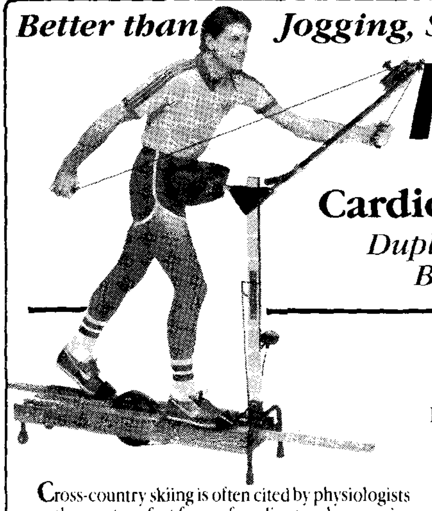
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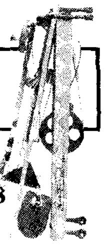

fortable with it, and he, too, delegated control. He still doesn't understand the ins and outs of arms control or of relations with the Soviet Union, but he is trying harder now. Indeed, he is currently spending more time on his Soviet brief than on any other subject, according to an associate of his at State, and the brief itself is dominated by arms control. But Shultz's problem—his and State's—is being isolated, bereft of allies in the interagency process. I asked someone who helps Shultz with arms control about this. He said that General John Vessey, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was less familiar with the material than General David Jones, his predecessor, and was not of much help. Kenneth Adelman, the director of ACDA, was of no help, he said, and more often than not sided with Weinberger. As for Weinberger, he has never bothered to learn much about arms control. Philosophically, he resembles Perle, to whom he delegated the operational responsibility for—hence control of—the subject within Defense. The National Security Council staff has generally been weak and rarely a factor. The battles over arms-control options in this Administration have been fiercer than those experienced by any predecessor, but the continuing struggle has never been joined at the senior level, as it always was in the past. Under Reagan, the key figures—the ones shaping the decisions, not just the options—are all bureaucrats. And, in the undirected, disorderly situation that has developed, naysayers flourish. If they are faced with sensible proposals that have some chance of success, they can block them, either by refusing outright to go along or by offering alternatives too sweeping to be even remotely negotiable.

Possibly because he is detached from the policymaking process, President Reagan talks as if he were unaware of the problem. A few weeks ago, he denied reports of disputes among his advisers and said, "I don't know where all this talk came from." Actually, it comes from his own senior staff people, a few of whom wanted him to break the internal gridlock by appointing an "arms-control czar" who might have bypassed the interagency process. But Shultz and Weinberger, although they are miles apart on policy matters, were of one mind on this threat to their preëminence, and managed to sidetrack it.

Re-starting the arms-control talks wouldn't be difficult if Reagan's machine could be made to work properly. The outline of a simple initial trade is fairly obvious. In return for a Soviet agreement to scrap its primitive ASAT weapon (as we scrapped ours nearly a decade ago), the United States might be willing to accept a moratorium of three years or more on testing such weapons. They have no rational purpose or mission; that, at least, is the strongly held opinion of allied governments and the larger part of the foreign-policy community. There isn't much time, since the United States probably will begin testing its ASAT weapon against a target sometime in the spring. The Soviets seem to see this project as a stalking horse for Star Wars, and Star Wars, although it is clearly less imminent, worries them far more. Fortunately, neither side is likely ever to find out how well or badly Star Wars devices would work in the environment for which they were created. But an irony of the situation is that the harm the project may do to stability and arms control won't be affected by its implausibility. Soviet defense planners will ascribe the maximum in destructive potential to our Star Wars weapons, just as our planners will to theirs. Many diplomats would like to see Washington use the leverage arising from Moscow's deep concern about space weaponry to make a second trade: talks about Star Wars in return for a revival of the Geneva talks on some negotiable basis.

Over the spring and summer, Soviet diplomats were saying that they were reconciled to Reagan's reëlection. A senior figure in their Washington Embassy even gave some American reporters a sophisticated state-by-state briefing designed to show that Reagan couldn't be stopped. The focus of concern now, according to most diplomats—American, allied, and Soviet—isn't Reagan, who is believed to want progress, but the people he will deploy in the key jobs at State and Defense and on the N.S.C. staff in his second term.

I asked my Soviet source about this. "There must be a political will to make progress," he said. "It used to be axiomatic in the United States that it couldn't rely solely on arms for security. That changed three and a half years ago. We are not unmindful of the people who are or who are not in favor of making progress in these matters. If you continue to have people

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who in the past have opposed arms control, well . . .” He ended his reply with a shrug.

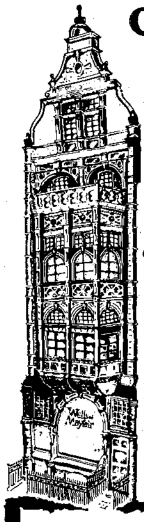
Reagan’s good intentions and George Shultz’s support for them won’t be enough to revive arms control, according to both American and European diplomats. Reagan, they say, will have to replace a few obstructionists with people who can help Shultz or Shultz’s successor. And, whatever happens, they add, Reagan can no longer afford to watch the struggle from the sidelines—not if he wants to make something happen.

A few weeks before the election, McGeorge Bundy, who was Special Assistant to the President for National Security from 1961 to 1966, wrote, “If Mr. Reagan wins a second term and decides to take arms control seriously, he will have to change his way of work. Without strong and determined executive leadership, no Administration has ever reached any arms-control agreement. The internal conflicts that inescapably beset this topic in the Pentagon and elsewhere are too strong to be resolved into negotiable proposals by merely bureaucratic bargaining, especially when the most determined infighters are also the most ardent enemies of agreements. Either the President himself, or some senior colleague to whom he clearly gives his trust, must take the lead, and on substance, not slogans.”

Reagan-watchers doubt whether he will tell his old friend Weinberger whom he can have or not have working for him in the Pentagon. And firing Weinberger is the last thing anyone expects Reagan to do. Earlier this month, Reagan appointed Paul H. Nitze as special adviser to Shultz for the talks with Gromyko on January 7th and 8th; the idea is that if these should lead to further discussions, or even to negotiations, Nitze would be in charge of them, reporting to Shultz. This move was aimed at shifting the logjam. Nitze, now seventy-seven, is a strong and credible figure, and he has probably had about as much direct experience with security matters as Gromyko. He is a problem-solver, and he knows the arms-control terrain intimately. Ironically, Nitze opposed the SALT II treaty strenuously and more effectively than anyone else. But he does want to make progress now. Nitze’s last job was managing the negotiations in Geneva on intermediate-range nuclear forces, and his celebrated walk in the woods with his Soviet counterpart, Yuli Kvitsinsky, might have produced an agreement if he had had allies in Washington. He didn’t have them then, but he has one now in Shultz. (McFarlane is said to have become another.) The supreme question, however, is whether Reagan will actively support them when push comes to shove. If he does, the naysayers, however resourceful, will obviously find the going much tougher than before. If he doesn’t, the Shultz-Nitze combine will be beaten. The prospect of Reagan involving himself directly with arms-control policy does require some stretch of the imagination; that isn’t his style, and his off-the-cuff remarks on the subject reveal a remarkable gap in his knowledge and understanding of nuclear weapons.

Actually, what does or doesn’t happen may be controlled by the calendar. Reagan will have to accomplish whatever he wants to do quickly—before he becomes a lame duck. Also, his military budget—especially the financing for big programs, including Star Wars—could easily encounter stiff resistance in a Congress determined to pare the deficit if there is no progress on the arms-control front. Finally, there is the SALT II treaty, which both sides are observing, even though the United States hasn’t ratified it; the Administration’s euphemism for keeping faith with an agreement it won’t ratify is “interim restraint.” The treaty expires on December 31, 1985, and the pressure to break away from its limits and restrictions will be heavy—probably too heavy unless Washington and Moscow can jointly agree to keep the lid on by continuing to exercise interim restraint. Whatever Reagan tries to do along those lines will be complicated by some of his own people, who are mounting a campaign against the SALT regime based partly on charges that the Soviets have violated it.

Each side seems to be awaiting a move by the other. “We have had a bad experience,” my Soviet source says. “The first and foremost thing we require is proposals that take account of the other side’s”—his side’s—“legitimate interests. We want to see in diplomatic channels what is new and what isn’t new.” His counterparts at State, aware that Reagan’s machine is no self-starter, are hoping that the Soviets will create movement by plucking the raisin from Reagan’s speech—by taking him up on his offer to consider a moratorium on ASAT tests in return for new talks on nuclear weap-



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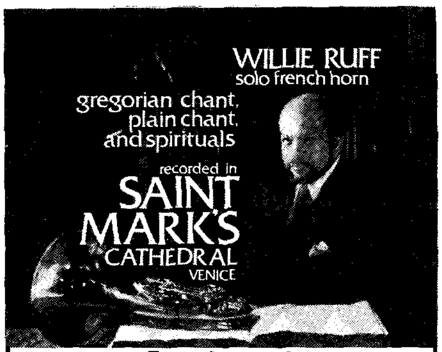

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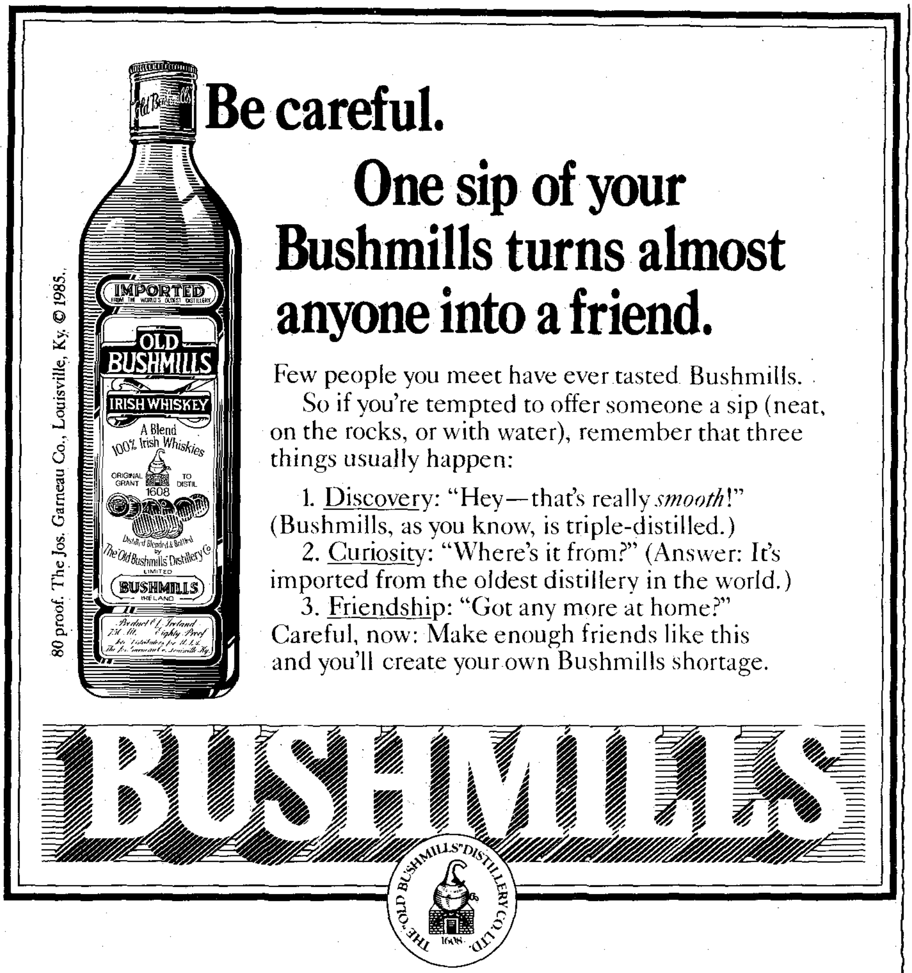

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ons. "It's up to the Soviets," says an American diplomat, a specialist. "They know that a test of the American ASAT weapon is coming in the spring. They should do something before then. It's a small window"—the time remaining before the test.

In recent days, various Soviet personalities, from Chernenko on down, have been talking as if the initiative for the Shultz-Gromyko talks had been theirs, and saying that it is they who are prepared to discuss the entire range of nuclear issues. Whether all this represents more than an attempt to drive a wedge between America and its European allies isn't yet clear; Gorbachev, whom Western capitals now consider the second most important Soviet leader, said during a visit to London a few days ago that "it is now up to the United States to make a move" if the Shultz-Gromyko talks are to succeed. He was clearly referring to space weaponry, since the prospects for the American side's offering the moratorium on ASAT testing that the Soviets seem to require are at best unclear. The Weinberger people are opposing a multiyear moratorium, still afraid that it would create a precedent of the sort that would lead to restrictions on Star Wars. The State Department, as before, would accept a pause in testing. Weinberger's people feel that the United States left perfectly good arms-control proposals on the table at Geneva and shouldn't budge from these. The State Department wants to negotiate, but isn't optimistic about the prospects for an agreement. A few experienced and astute European diplomats do take a fairly optimistic line. "The important thing is that Shultz and Gromyko are talking," one of them says. "They will continue to talk. That is the right channel, and might lead to something."

For twenty years or more, some of the people who think about nuclear weapons have said that time is running out for arms control. Unless Reagan changes his ways—and soon—1985 is likely to be remembered as the year in which that prophecy came true.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Jack Hairston in the Gainesville* (*Fla.*) *Sun*]

When Marshall Criser saw the deck was totally stacked against the University of Florida, the UF president folded the Gator tent Tuesday and accepted the medicine of the Southeastern Conference Executive Committee.

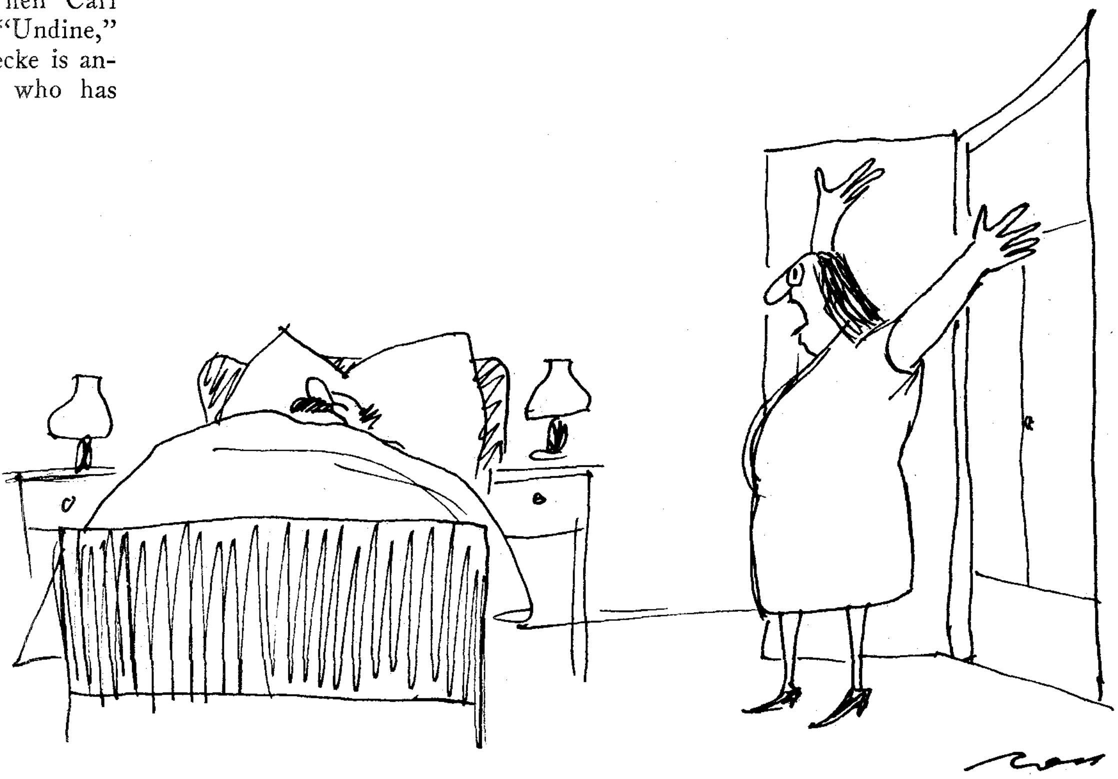
MUSICAL EVENTS

Musica da Camera

MERKIN HALL was pretty well full for Charles Neidich's Sunday-afternoon clarinet recital last week. He's an artist of uncommon merit—a master of his instrument and, beyond that, an interpreter who keeps listeners hanging on each phrase he utters. The recital began with the Morceau de Salon, Opus 229 (1862), of Johann Wenzel Kalliwoda, once a violinist under Weber and for many years the distinguished director of Donaueschingen's musical life. Of Kalliwoda's compositions, about several of which Schumann wrote appreciatively, the Fifth Grove (1954) said, "Their day is now over," but wind players keep Opus 229 alive—there are at least three modern recordings, on clarinet or on oboe—and in the New Grove the Kalliwoda entry is twice as long as before. The Morceau de Salon—a recitative, aria, and cabaletta for a woodwind virtuoso—is a charming piece when played as Mr. Neidich played it, with the grace, the phrasing, the heady bravura, and the teasing wit that singers like Sembrich and Tetrazzini once brought to comparable vocal morceaux. There followed Schumann's Three Fantasy Pieces, which Mr. Neidich played with poetic insight and in a text that he had freed from Clara Schumann's editorial interventions. Then Carl Reinecke's program sonata "Undine," Opus 167 (c. 1885). Reinecke is another Romantic composer who has returned to favor; the list of recordings in the Schwann catalogue is surprisingly long, and contains five versions of the "Undine" sonata in its original, flute form. In a program note, Mr. Neidich suggested that no mere arranger but the composer himself may well have prepared the clarinet version, since it departs from the original and is beautifully written for the instrument; and by his performance he argued the case even more eloquently. The clarinet has a more varied and more moving voice than the flute's, one better suited to this tale of mystery, enchantment, love, tragedy, and final transfiguration. By comparison with, say, James Galway's swift, perfunctory performance of "Undine" recorded on RCA, Mr. Neidich's "Undine" was a marvel of romantic storytelling—in its ripples, its rocking, its whispers, its cries, its passages of passionate song. The soft-breathed notes at the very end were magical.

All three pieces are for clarinet and piano. The pianist was Elena Ivanina, who is Mrs. Neidich—Crimean-born and Moscow-trained. Mr. Neidich, the first Fulbright scholar to have studied in Russia, is a graduate both of Yale and, like his wife, of the Moscow Conservatory. In the Reinecke, she was rather too reticent, too much an accompanist. (The New Grove rightly praises the "Brahmsian majesty and warmth" of Reinecke's later chamber music, which calls for big, uninhibited playing.) But it was not altogether her fault. Merkin Hall's piano is a full-size, full-strength concert Steinway, and not for the first time I wished that the hall had also a smaller, beautiful instrument that could accompany singers and play in chamber music without needing to be held at half throttle. Berg's Four Pieces, Opus 5, which opened the second part of the recital, presented a more even duo—a meeting of two keen minds in one of our century's small masterpieces. Mr. Neidich played the quick, nervous phrases and touched the soft pulse tones with miraculous art. The second part was all twentieth-century. Meyer Kupferman's Sound Spells No. 6 (1982), written for Mr. Neidich, is a duo for live clarinet and "larger-than-life" tape-recorded clarinet—an arresting dialogue, sometimes suggestive of schizophrenic musings with a doppelgänger. Edison Denisov's finely wrought Sonata for unaccompanied clarinet (1972) has two movements—the first ruminative and sad, with microtonal inflections, the second pipping and playful. Finally, there was Daniel Paget's "Romania!" (1979), a work that in various instrumentations, its composer told us in a program note, "has delighted audiences around the country." It's not much more than ethnic café music, exuberantly and skillfully written, but it gave the protean Mr. Neidich a chance to display yet two more of his tone colors: a low, husky murmur and high, gypsy keening.

Merkin Hall, in the Hebrew Arts School, on West Sixty-seventh Street, is not officially part of Lincoln Center, but in effect it's the intimate hall for chamber music which the Center itself lacks. Since its opening, six years ago, it has gone from strength to strength: seventy-five concerts in the first full season, 1979-80; two hundred and



"Up, up, and awaaay!"

sixty this season. Attending concerts there has proved an unfading pleasure. Although ideally I'd like just slightly warmer acoustics—not simply true but positively flattering—I'm not complaining. Accuracy and clarity of sound, agreeable architecture, comfortable seats, excellent sight lines, sensitive lighting of the platform and the audience, and the courteous welcome from those who work there conspire to heighten enjoyment of the performances. The hall has four resident ensembles—Music Today, Musica Camerit, the Mendelssohn String Quartet, and the Hebrew Arts Concert Choir—and is the New York home of the Boston Camerata. A few days before Mr. Neidich's recital, the Mendelssohn Quartet completed a three-concert cycle in which Schoenberg's four quartets and three of Mendelssohn's were played. The final program was Schoenberg's Third and Second, divided by Mendelssohn's Opus 44, No. 2, in E Minor.

The young quartet—it made its début, in Merkin Hall, in 1981—has grown into an alert, finely tempered ensemble whose playing holds one intent on the progress of the music. The cellist, Marcy Rosen, is perhaps the strongest personality, but not in any way that unbalances the team: the sense of four well-matched but distinct characters pursuing one musical end gave the performances more interest and liveliness than those of homogenized ensembles. The players are supple. No blanket epithets for their timbre will serve, since it varies responsively to the music, from delicately dry to warmly emotional; it's never routinely sleek. Their intonation is pure, and their rhythms are athletic. Schoenberg's Third began just a shade tentatively, but quickly gathered strength. Mendelssohn's E-Minor—less adventurous than the A-Minor, which was played in the first program, but exquisitely fashioned—was lyrical, elegant, and warm. Schoenberg's Second received the most gripping performance of all—its discourse impassioned, its tempo fluctuations beautifully judged—until the soprano soloist, Phyllis Bryn-Julson, entered. Usually so sure an artist, here she uttered "Tief ist die trauer" so loudly as to break the spell, and she seemed unable to weave her lines into the string players'. Her share of "Ich fühle luft von anderem planeten" lacked legato and remained earthbound, unecstatic.

Lincoln Center was further enriched, last month, by something that for twenty-five years was missing: a well-stocked record store open after concert time and final curtains. It's Tower Records, on the block between Alice Tully Hall and Merkin Hall, and in its bins recorded riches imported from all over the world are displayed. What the area still lacks is a comparable music and book shop.

I'D not been in Wilmington, Delaware, in eight years. In 1976, I went there to hear the première of Alva Henderson's "The Last of the Mohicans," a Bicentennial commission, given in the town's newly restored Grand Opera House. The restoration was not yet finished, but nearly enough so to show that the theatre, an eleven-hundred-seater that opened in 1871, is a highly attractive place. And it is one apt for voices overtaxed by the immense "arts centers" that make opera in many cities something different from sung drama in which almost every word is audible and every expression legible. The restoration is now complete: the foyers are handsomely frescoed; a bookshop and a restaurant lead off the lobby. By German standards, the public spaces are, admittedly, meagre. (So they are in most Anglo-Saxon theatres; at Covent Garden the room that on the Continent would be the spacious grand salon is all too aptly designated the "crush bar.") But some intermission discomfort—mitigated on warm nights by the theatre's position on tree-lined, traffic-free Market Street—is a small price to pay for the intimacy and warmth of sound in the auditorium.

I returned to Wilmington this month for OperaDelaware's production of "Aida." It's not an opera that lends itself to small-company performance. It's hard to stage in a theatre that has no flying space above the stage. But it was conducted by David Lawton, and he's a Verdian whose high merits as scholar and performer would warrant a longer expedition than that from New York to Wilmington. (In fact, it's an easy excursion provided one doesn't mind the late hour of arrival home by Amtrak's Night Owl. The opera house is a short walk from Wilmington's railroad station.) Mr. Lawton had newly edited the score from Verdi's autograph, as he had for the "Traviata" he conducted last year in Wilmington and the "Macbeth" he conducted at Stony Brook in 1981. In a program note for "Aida" he wrote:

> The changes I had to make with respect to dynamics, phrasing, and articulation alone number in the thousands. These alterations, though perhaps not immediately obvious to the listener, should result in greater clarity of texture and variety of expression, as they did in "La Traviata."

They did so in "Aida." But more obvious to the listener were the changes of tune between Verdi's first ideas, set down in the autograph, and the revised versions found in the early printed scores. That curiously dapper little melody to which Ramfis in the second-act finale sings "Son nemici e prodi sono" once continued less squarely. Amneris once gave a dramatic scream on high A (the autograph specifies "*un grido*") when hearing the sentence—to be entombed alive—pronounced on Radamès by the priests. Aida's question to Radamès at the end of the Nile scene—"By what route can we avoid the army squadrons?"—once followed the contour of the first-violin line, and only later did it double the second violins and then the cellos. The familiar printed scores are not "wrong" on these points. The composer himself directed several productions of "Aida," and it's inconceivable that he would have allowed material to circulate, through several editions, that in melodic matters did not represent his final intentions. An autograph is not always a better guide to a creator's considered text than the first edition—let alone later, corrected editions that pass under his eye. (In the coda of "Caro nome," the new critical edition of "Rigoletto" follows the autograph rather than the printed texts in a way that seems to me a shade less than convincing.) On the other hand, in the hurly-burly of the performing arts little is definitive, and—as I can attest in a modest way from my own experience as a translator—changes made to suit the caprices or capabilities of a particular interpreter sometimes get into print and stay there even though a later artist may reveal an initial idea to be more effective. At all events, it was interesting and valuable to hear these episodes of "Aida" as Verdi first wrote them. Whether to bring any of them into general use can be left to individual taste and discernment, and must depend, in part, on the singers concerned.

That the orchestral materials in common use for Verdi's operas are corrupt is not, however, in dispute. Instrumental parts were prepared in the first place by copyists who in matters of phrasing and dynamics tended to make regular what the composer may have intended as fine distinctions. Later editing produced further regularization, and conductors' added markings also found their way into some printed texts. The work was not all bad: someone has to edit what Verdi wrote and to make decisions before the parts can conveniently be set out on the stands and rehearsed. (There's plenty of "editing" in the new "Rigoletto" score, but whereas in the old scores one can't tell what's Verdi and what's not, the new editor of "Rigoletto," Martin Chusid, has clearly distinguished his markings from the composer's.) In general, today there's a greater readiness to prize composers' discrepancies and find significance in their quiddities. One couldn't draw any instrumental conclusions from the Wilmington performance, however. The score did sound more transparent than usual, but since a much-reduced orchestration was used that wasn't surprising: nice points of dynamic distribution in a tutti passage can hardly be judged when the lines for second oboe, second bassoon, third and fourth horns, and three of the four trombones—or, in the Amneris-Radamès interview, second oboe, English horn, bass clarinet, and two of the horns—are missing.

The singing was marked more by feeling for the music than by technical accomplishment. Although Daisy Newman, the Aida, spun some exquisite high notes, she was much of the time afflicted by tremolo. The Amneris, Janis Eckhart, had a ripe wobble. The Radamès, Lawrence Bakst, had a well-formed and unforced tenor. But he sang his phrases. As if they were punctuated. Like this. He came to full stops instead of carrying the sense through the frequent rests of the hero's line. Leland Kimball's direction drew intelligently on the published production book, in ways that clarified musical and dramatic balances. He then spoiled the effect with idiotic added inventions of his own. The opera begins with Ramfis and Radamès in mid-conversation; that the first word is "Yes" makes this plain, and the production book spells it out. In Wilmington, Ramfis advanced to address a Radamès seated at a café table, and interrupted his gaming with two vivandières and a veteran—who remained onstage to eavesdrop on the intimate exchanges that follow. The "*serto trionfale*" with which Amneris later invested the hero was a long daisy chain of bright paper flowers; the poor fellow had to wear it, an unheroic stole, during his triumphal scene. Aida wore a short tennis dress and, when flung to the ground in the Nile scene, strove valiantly to avoid immodest exposure. The production book says, "At the announcement of 'Radamès!' as supreme commander, some of the chorus turn to their neighbors to communicate the news; others point him out with a little gesture . . . Well executed, the scene takes on a splendid aspect of truth." As executed with high enthusiasm by an amateur chorus, the scene was less than veristic. All in all, this "Aida" was an odd mixture of village-hall grand opera and accurate Verdian endeavor. Mr. Lawton's conducting made it worthwhile. He has a natural feeling for tempo, a grasp of the way Verdi's music moves, a command of balance between outer and inner voices which are altogether remarkable. To these virtues he adds the daring of a true dramatic conductor—the readiness to seize chances, to breathe and feel with the singers as some important moment approaches. (I can't think why the Met and the City Opera aren't competing to engage him. Have their talent scouts not attended his Verdi performances?) The Wilmington audience was enthusiastic but musically barbarous. Amneris had to launch her cry of "Ritorna vincitor!" through a storm of applause after the hanging dominant-seventh chord that closes the "Guerra!" chorus; and the coda of Aida's romanza "Ritorna vincitor!" was similarly obliterated. Will one ever hear the scene change of Act I performed as Verdi conceived it: the last note of Aida's romanza dying away as she walks into the wings; a swift open-scene transformation to the temple while the music continues unbroken; the prima donna's voice floating back, over the harps, as she herself voices the offstage priestess's invocation to mighty Fthà?

—ANDREW PORTER

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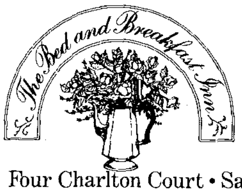
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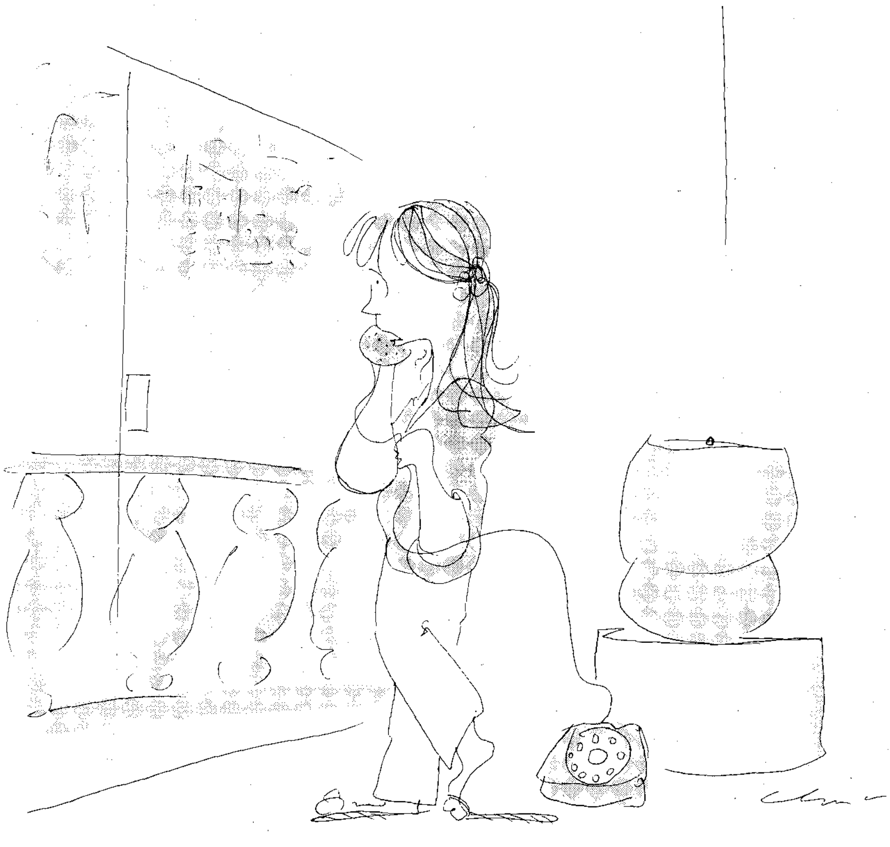
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE pals of "The Accrington Pals," at Hudson Guild, are the young men of an industrial town in Lancashire who volunteer for service in the First World War. The action of Peter Whelan's play is set in Accrington and on the battlefields of the Western Front between 1914 and 1916, but what it is truly about is the women at home, thrown on their own for the first time in their lives. At first, they are skeptical of the patriotism that lures their husbands or lovers, and of the good news that comes from France, and finally they are faced with the tragedy, the terrible slaughter that wipes out all but a sprinkling of their men. At home, among wives and girlfriends, we see the effects of unceasing tension, the first stirrings of dissatisfaction with their shabby lot in the factories and mills. The leading character is May, a woman of great independence, who runs a vegetable stall in the middle of town with the help of her lodger, an artist named Tom. She never stops picking on him, chivying him to assert his independence, his difference from the others, and she is furious when he volunteers. She will not admit that she loves him until after he has left, and then speaks of her love only to a woman named Eva, who comes to share her house and the stall, and who is the lover of Tom's closest friend. The story, like the subliminal nostalgia and bitterness of most English plays these days, is too familiar even to be outlined, but the quality of the storytelling is good. Mr. Whelan writes of his characters and their activities with imagination and tact, and makes them credible. Even so, this tragic, watershed war and the subsequent decline of England is a theme that could use a rest.

The action is composed of small scenes—tête-à-têtes, as often as not—and, under Daniel Gerroll's capable direction, each of them achieves its proper effect. (An excellent actor has become an excellent director.) Amelia White is May, who increasingly finds it as difficult to cope with her own feelings as with the circumstances of her life. Kate Burton is the woman who comes to live with her. Veronica Castang plays a harried, desperate mother who never stops abusing her small son (E. Keyishian). When the inevitable bad news comes, the mother is devastated and helpless, and the boy takes charge. Anthony Fusco is Tom, the artist who dreams of an ideal world where everything is freely given and taken. All these actors are admirable, as are Ian Stuart, Denise Stephenson, Thomas Virtue, and Amanda Carlin, among others. Robert Thayer's complex setting, as lighted by Phil Monat, is also commendable, and so are the costumes by Pamela Scofield.



"You've got to come. We need your luminosity."

"DIAMONDS," at Circle in the Square, is more sinned against than sinning—it received a generally poor press, yet a revue about baseball, directed by Harold Prince, was bound to raise the highest hopes. What we have here is a show that is entertaining most of the time, with words and music by everybody on earth. ("Everybody," by the way, includes Abbott and Costello and Albert Von Tilzer.) The action takes place in a marvellous environmental setting by Tony Straiges, lighted by Ken Billington, with the audience seated, in effect, in the bleachers. Chip Zien and Larry Riley are proficient performers and good company, and some of their numbers are memorable—most notably Mr. Zien leading a sing-along of "Escorte-Moi" ("Take Me Out to the Ballgame" in French) and Mr. Riley as singer and narrator in "1919," a sketch about the Black Sox scandal and Shoeless Joe Jackson. A dynamic woman singer named Jackee Harry does an effective gospel song, "He Threw Out the Ball," in Act I, and in Act II she sings a ballad, "Stay in Your Own Back Yard," about black baseball players through the years, ending triumphantly with Jackie at the bat. Also in the second act, "Who's on First?" is as funny as ever, this time with Mr. Zien at the controls. Among the other performers, I especially enjoyed Loni Ackerman, Susan Bigelow, and Dick Latessa, but everyone sang, danced, and acted well enough. At the same time, it must be said that some of the irony and humor throughout the show are too heavy-handed and self-congratulatory. The musical direction and orchestrations were by Paul Gemignani, the choreography was by Theodore Pappas and the costumes were by Judith Dolan.

—EDITH OLIVER

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One noun describes the new tax law' section on divorce: messy.—*Jane Bryan Quinn in the Chicago Tribune.*

It describes more than the tax law.

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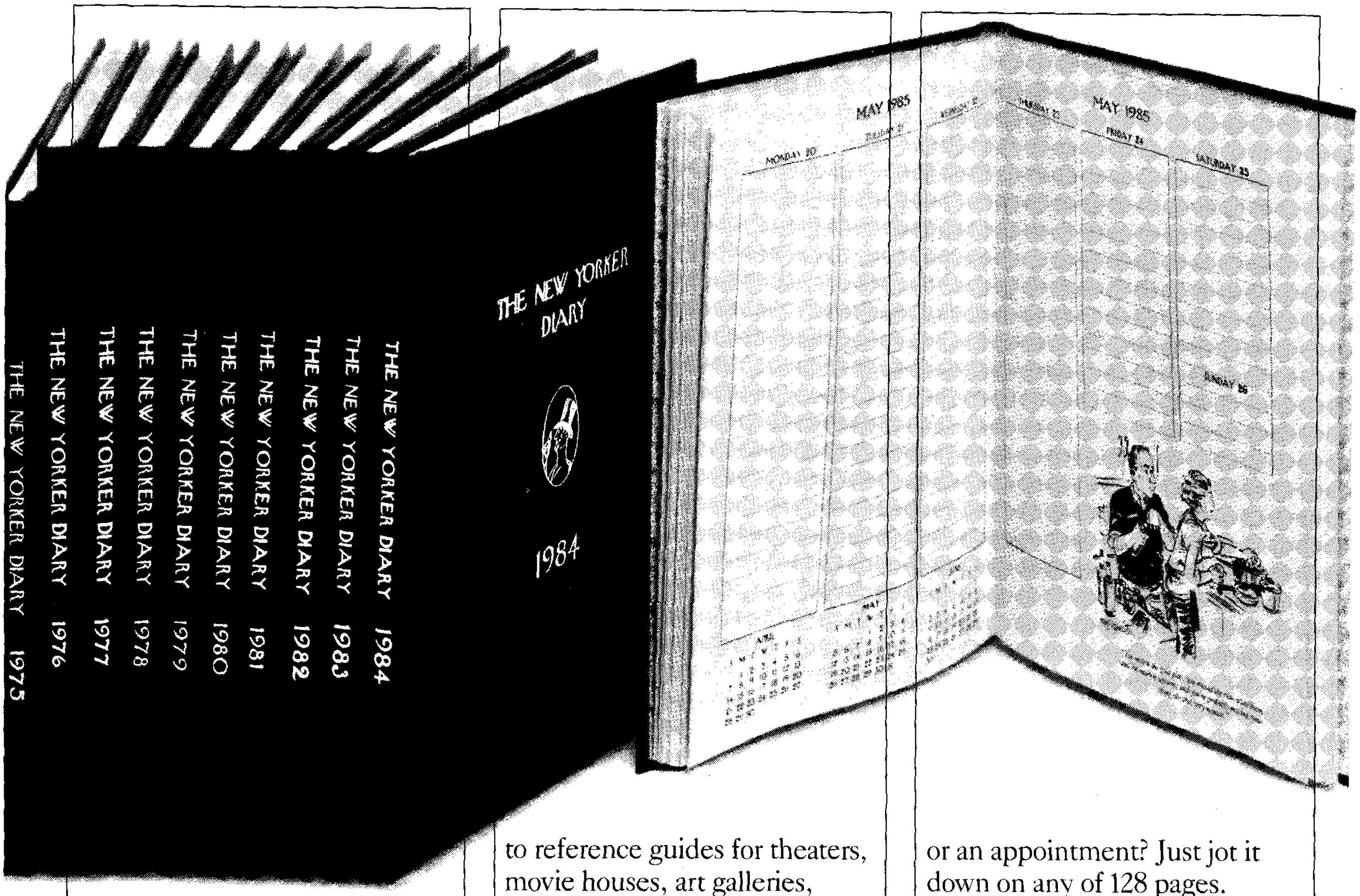
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THE SPORTING SCENE

ISLAND RITES

THE Saturday before Thanksgiving marks the end—or the beginning of the end—of the high-school and college football season in most parts of the country, and it is the day traditionally reserved by many teams for games against their oldest and most cherished rivals. This past fall, the important day fell on November 17th, and it was celebrated, for example, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where some forty thousand observers assembled for the hundred-and-first installment of the ritual combat between Harvard and Yale; in Columbus, Ohio, where 90,286 fans—the largest Ohio Stadium crowd ever—watched the Buckeyes of Ohio State take on their old nemesis the Wolverines of Michigan; in Columbia, Missouri, where the University of Kansas and the University of Missouri once more joined in battle (theirs is the oldest football rivalry west of the Mississippi), before a congregation of 41,027; and in Pasadena, California, where 90,096 fervent Bruin and Trojan rooters gathered for the annual contest between U.C.L.A. and Southern Cal. All these games were played on the United States mainland, of course. The most important football game offshore that day took place on a windswept field on the island of Nantucket, thirty miles south of Cape Cod, where the Nantucket High School Whalers, before a crowd of perhaps a thousand, met their hated (and beloved) foes from across Muskeget Channel—the high-school team from the island of Martha's Vineyard. In the mind of everyone there—alumni, players, parents, friends, coaches—those other games were relegated to the category of matters "off-island," which is how Nantucketers and Vineyarders refer to all the rest of the world.

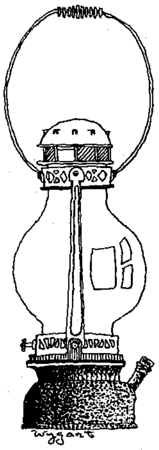
This was the thirty-sixth such encounter between the two teams, in a rivalry that extends back to an era when Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and Provincetown (not an island, strictly speaking, but the next thing to one, especially in late fall) were the only schools willing to embark upon the journeys required to reach such isolated spots. In recent years, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard have both become members of the Mayflower League—ten schools, almost all of similar size (the others are mostly in small towns in southeastern Massachusetts), that play each other on a regular basis—while Provincetown has simply given up the game. And though Nantucket High, with an enrollment of only two hundred and twelve students, is the smallest school in all of Massachusetts to field a football team, it has lately become something of a gridiron power. In three of the last five years, the Whalers have advanced all the way to the Massachusetts Super Bowl, or state finals, in their division, and in 1980 they won the state championship. The Vineyard's high school is twice as large as Nantucket's, but its football successes have been more modest, and in the Nantucket series it owns by far the poorer record—only ten victories as of last year (compared with Nantucket's twenty-three), and none since 1977. The complex, friendly antagonism between the two schools has remained constant, however, and thrives despite—or perhaps because of—considerable obstacles.

Chief among these is simply geography. Ferries run all year from Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket to the mainland, but during the fall and winter months there is no direct ferry service between the two islands, which are twenty-five miles apart. Someone who was determined to travel from one to the other by sea would have to undertake a two-and-a-half-hour ferry trip from Nantucket, say, to Hyannis, over on Cape Cod; somehow portage from there to Woods Hole, twenty miles away; and then take a forty-five-minute ferry ride across Vineyard Sound to Vineyard Haven. Actually, the residents of one island rarely visit the other—except to play or to watch football, that is—and when they do they prefer to fly. Even flying became problematic this year, however, for just a week before the big game the Federal Aviation Administration suddenly grounded Provincetown-Boston Airline (familiarly known as P.B.A.), the largest of three air carriers serving the two islands, for safety violations and improper maintenance procedures. Neither of the remaining airlines that usually cover the route, it turned out, owned a single plane big enough to carry an entire football team, and the Vineyard athletic director, Anne Carmichael, had to organize a makeshift airlift that would

carry her players over in stages. Some of the fans began talking about taking their skiffs and dinghies and Boston Whalers out of the garage, putting them back in the water, and cruising across.

In season, of course, both Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard are popular and busy resorts for the famous and well-to-do, and for those who like to be around them. Until this November, my own experience of the islands had been limited to an occasional overnight visit on a sailboat while en route to somewhere else, and my impressions were mostly of crowded anchorages and expensive restaurants and sunburned tourists in brand-new Top-Siders. But over the years I had often heard Nantucketers and Vineyarders say, almost apologetically, that things were different in the fall, and I kept hearing, too, about the football game, which they said was different from any other. This November, I took a couple of days off and visited both islands, which now, in their battened-down, autumnal phase, seemed lonelier and somehow more serious places. The beaches were bare, except for a few surf casters trying for one last blue; the boutiques were boarded up; the harbors were still and empty. I travelled around, taking in the bleak but lovely scenery—seemingly endless variations of brown and purple—and talking to the players and their coaches and supporters, and eventually I came to understand some of why the Martha's Vineyard–Nantucket football game matters so much to people who live there year round. Like many fierce competitions, I began to suspect, this one has at bottom some of the qualities of sibling rivalry: primal feelings of inferiority and superiority, love and envy, shared, in this case, by two places that are virtually the same—or that are more like each other, at any rate, than they are like any place on the mainland. There may also be an element of mutual longing for importance, of nostalgia for the bygone whaling days, when the towns of Nantucket and Edgartown were two of the wealthiest and most powerful seaports in the world. First and foremost, however, the game is a celebration of small-town high-school football, played there in a simpler and purer form—an *older* form, perhaps—than it is just about anywhere else, and also a celebration of island life itself: its rigors and solitariness, its quiet beauty and simple pleasures.

IN the early days of whaling, Nantucket was famous for producing people who were larger and hardier than life—legendary figures such as Captain Reuben Chase, who was said to stand up by unfolding his six-foot-six-inch frame like a carpenter's rule, and Chase's three-hundred-and-fifty-pound sister, Deborah, who once threw a grown man onto a rooftop. The present-day Whalers are mere sylphs by contrast, as I discovered the Saturday before the Vineyard game, when I went to see them play against Old Colony, a mainland school hidden away in the pinewoods outside New Bedford. Their defensive line averaged barely a hundred and sixty-five pounds or so—small even for high-school football—and there were only three players on the team who were over six feet. Many of the boys seemed to not quite fill their uniforms: the helmets looked too big for their bodies; the thick, padded football pants only emphasized the thinness of their shanks. The Whalers are all quick and well trained, however, and Tim Ostebo, their tall, confident quarterback, has what may be the best Nantucket arm since Jerry Evans'. (Evans was the Nantucket sailor aboard John Paul Jones' Bonhomme Richard who helped scuttle the Serapis by lobbing hand grenades into her hold.) At one point, Ostebo completed five successive passes against Old Colony—including a lovely twenty-yard down-and-outer to a fleet halfback named Richard Perry—for two consecutive touchdowns, and the Whalers won easily, 39–12. Afterward, I went up to the head coach of Nantucket, Vito Capizzo, and complimented him on the potency of his passing attack.



He winced. "Oh, I hate to throw," he said. "Three things can happen when you throw the damn ball"—it can be caught, dropped, or intercepted, that is—"and only one of them is good. I like to keep the ball on the ground, where at least I know where it is and the other team can't get it."

Vito Capizzo is something of an island legend himself—an intense, passionate man who has a habit of saying "Time out!" when he means "Hold it!" or "Excuse me," and who speaks so fast and with such feeling that, like a running back racing ahead of his blockers, his sentences sometimes leave listeners panting to catch up. Capizzo was born in Italy in 1940 and came to this country ten years later, knowing little English and less about football. Nevertheless, he went on to star in that sport, and in ice hockey, at Natick High School, outside Boston, and he played football briefly under Bear Bryant at the University of Alabama. He came to Nantucket in 1963, partly by accident ("When I first heard about it, I thought the job was in *Nantasket*," he told me, referring to a popular beach and amusement-park area just south of Boston. "I didn't know anything about any *island*"), and at a time when the Whalers' football fortunes had fallen so low that the school was considering dropping the game. Capizzo quickly turned things around, going undefeated in just his third season on the island, and he has since become one of the most successful high-school coaches in New England, with a lifetime record of 117–57–6.

I spoke to him again the following Thursday, in his office at Nantucket High, a low, gray-shingled building on a winding road leading from town out to the beach, and he confessed that in the last three weeks the team had actually passed for nine TDs. Partly to blame, he added, was David Cantrell, the island's new Methodist minister and a former kicking specialist who had tryouts with both the New York Jets and the Philadelphia Eagles. "David's been coming out, volunteering his services, and he's added a new dimension to our game," Capizzo said. "It still makes me nervous, but so far no interceptions—knock on wood." He stood up. "Come on, I want you to meet the players," he said, and he led me down a hall to the gym. On the way, he said, "We have great kids here—great kids and a great program. Out of something like a hundred and two boys in the school, I think it is, seventy-eight are playing football this year. We never cut anybody—I just don't believe in cutting—and we guarantee each boy three away games. How that works is we usually take the ferry over on Friday night, before a Saturday game, and we stay—four boys to a room—at a motel in Hyannis. We have a team supper that night at the Cape Cod Mall and afterward the boys get to walk around there a little. That's a big treat for them, because, of course, we don't have any malls here on the island."

Inside the locker room, rock music was blaring from a tape deck, and a few of the players were beating time on the benches as they waited for their ankles to be taped. Capizzo shouted for someone to turn the volume down, and then introduced me to several of his key players—most of whom I remembered from the Old Colony game, and all of whom seemed even smaller and more boyish now without their helmets and pads: Tim Ostebo, blond and handsome, with the quiet, almost royal bearing of that one boy in every high-school class who everyone knows is special; Richard Perry, the team speedster; Gary Yates and Darrell Allen, who Capizzo said were his "unsung heroes" (Yates, at five eight and a hundred and forty-five pounds, is barely cabin-boy size but sports a full set of captain's muttonchop whiskers, and Allen, a linebacker and blocking back, is clean-shaven but not much larger); the center, lanky Ray Ernsberger ("Two years and not a single bad snap," Capizzo said); the Bartlett twins, David and Daniel, who between them had managed to involve the Bartlett family in just about every tackle the week before. The players talked for a while about why they wanted to beat the Vineyard on Saturday ("There's just something about them I don't like," Gary Yates said. "I don't even like their name. *Vine*-yard." He pronounced it very slowly, with a look of disgust. "We call them the Grapes"), and then the conversation turned to their own island.

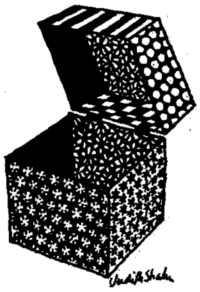
"It's just a nice quiet place," Darrell Allen said. "I guess if you live here you miss a lot. I mean, we go off-island and the schools are bigger there and stuff, but here everybody cares about each other. We're like brothers."

"You get that fresh, fresh air here," Richard Perry said, almost dreamily.

Ray Ernsberger said, "Sometimes you can feel, you know, like you're in a rut here—that nothing ever happens. But then when I think about going off-island I know I couldn't survive over there."

"All that traffic, and everything moving so fast," Darrell Allen put in. "I couldn't put up with that. No *way*."

I stayed to watch practice, and shagged balls for a while for Juan Garcia, a five-foot-tall exchange student from Cali, Colombia, who this year, since Nantucket has no *fútbol* squad, had found himself kicking field goals and extra points for the Whalers. With David Cantrell holding, and urging him to keep his head down, Garcia booted five for five from the hash marks on the twenty and then moved back to the twenty-five and began the drill again, pausing every now and then to check for wind shifts and to adjust his football pants, which were several sizes too big. From the other end of the field, where the offense and the defense were running plays against each other, came the sound of voices raised in the strange code language of football: "Power I right, left twenty-eight counter . . . C'mon, c'mon. Thirty-two quick pitch, swing to the right, to the *right!*" Coach Capizzo stalked back and forth, shaking his head and throwing up his arms in disbelief at every dropped ball or missed blocking assignment. "Catch the ball with your *hands!*" he cried. "Not with your friggin' stomach!" I could hear the clack of shoulder pads, the thud of running feet, the soft *Whuf!* exhaled by the linemen as they smacked into each other. And then, without warning, the sun was going down behind streaks of dark-blue and purple clouds, the few cars going by had their headlights on, and, without my noticing it, the afternoon had slipped by. Standing there on the sidelines in the cold and the twilight, I began to feel old—and a little sorry for myself, I suppose—and I thought of all the other fall football afternoons I had seen pass with this sharp, melancholy swiftness, like youth itself. I was also seized with a sudden awareness of being on an *island*, and far out to sea.



Later, David Cantrell, the Methodist who likes to pass, invited me back to his parsonage, a gray saltbox a mile from the school, to get warm, and over cups of tea we talked about football and Nantucket. He is a boyish-looking man of about forty, with blond hair parted in the middle and wire-rimmed glasses, and he looks less like a clergyman than like a tennis pro, which is what he was after he finished his brief football career and before he answered the Call. "Those kids hit so hard in practice that at first it made me a little nervous," he said. "But then I realized that they're so good technically—so well schooled in the basics—that there's actually little danger of their getting hurt. Vito is just a super coach—I'm really impressed with the way he relates to his kids. It's a good, no-nonsense bond. He shouts at them, demands a lot of them, but then lets them blow off steam back. And I've really enjoyed working with the kids myself. They're a real cross-section. Take those Bartlett twins—they're *hitters*, but nice boys, really nice boys. Their family owns a farm out here. And Timmy Ostebo—what can I tell you about him? Good student (he's applied for early-decision to Middlebury), terrific athlete—and a real Nantucket kid. His father—stepfather, rather—is the Unitarian minister here in town. A lot of the other kids have parents in family businesses—you know, plumbers or carpenters." He paused, and blew on his tea. "There's not a lot for kids to do out here," he went on. "There's no outlet for them, and sometimes I think they really feel bored. But I also think they find a real identity in small-town life. I've worked with kids in prep schools, from wealthy families, and some of them don't have anything to hold on to. Money becomes an extremely important part of their identities. That just doesn't happen here."

I asked Cantrell whether *he* ever got bored.

He smiled, and said, "Well, I've only been here since the beginning of the fall—I haven't been through a winter yet. But so far I just love it. You know what it reminds me of? The Midwest. Here you've got this pretty little town in a rural setting—some people might object to that word, but it *is* rural—and every Saturday afternoon the biggest thing around is the high-school football game."

I FLEW to Martha's Vineyard the next day and arrived at the high school—a modern glass-and-brick building across from a grove of lichen-covered scrub oaks—just in time to catch a last-period pep rally. The student body sat in bleachers on either side of the gym floor and cheered as, one by one, the team members, wearing their game jerseys over jeans or camouflage pants, bounded out and laid high-fives on each other. They were, on the whole, much bigger than the Nantucket squad, but had less hair. Many were coiffed in "skinhead" fashion, with just fuzz covering their scalps, and one—an enormous boy named Peter Duart—was completely bald except for a stripe running down the center of his head and a big bushy "M" on one side and a similarly bushy

"V" on the other. He made me think of Queequeg.

One of the co-captains, Richard Cage, stepped forward and addressed his men. "What do we eat?" he yelled.

"Whale meat!" they replied. Over on the mainland, I imagined, other football players that day were clamoring for gator meat or bear meat or gopher meat, or whatever the local dietary custom required.

"What?" Cage asked again.

"WHALE MEAT!" the team shouted, and then they all ran into the center of the gym, formed a circle, and began to pummel each other, crying, "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"Just ancient rites of fertility," said a teacher standing near the door.

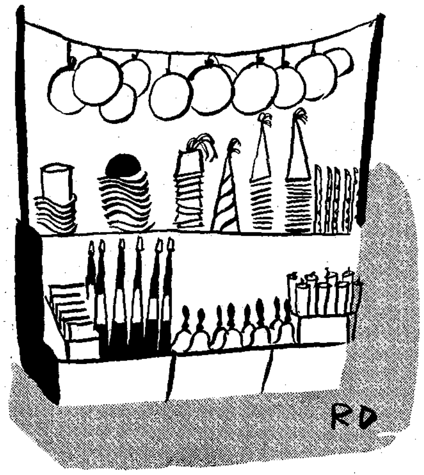
Outside, at practice, I joined the Vineyard head coach, Bob Tankard, as he put his troops, wearing helmets but no pads, through some light kickoff and punt-return drills. Tankard played for the Vineyard himself back in the early sixties—he was a halfback and safety on a team that beat Nantucket three times in a row—and he still moves with an easy, liquid grace. "I'd love to play in it just one more time," he said to me about the Nantucket game. "David Morris, my assistant coach out there, and I are the only ones here who've ever beaten them." His face clouded. "We've had an up-and-down season—some injuries, a couple of bad games in the middle of the season, and then, two weeks ago, we lost by one point to Blue Hills, the best team in the league." (Blue Hills was the only team to have beaten Nantucket all season.) "But let me tell about some of the players," Tankard said, brightening, and as he went on to list them the names themselves, wonderfully varied and also repeated (there are several sets of cousins and two pairs of brothers), began to suggest the complexity of Vineyard society: Jason and Durwood Araujo, Jimmy Jette, Randy Fauteux, Robert and Peter Duart, Glenn, Joe, and Anthony Gonsalves, Philip and Richie Packish, Jason Chatman, Scott Dario, Mark Klingensmith. . .The Vineyard team is more ethnically diverse than Nantucket's—with more blacks, more players of Portuguese or Cape Verdian descent—and I would guess that many of them come from somewhat poorer families than their Whaler counterparts. In spite of sky-high real-estate prices, neither island is rich, but Nantucket, with a year-round population of around five thousand, is, on the whole, a little better off than the Vineyard, where ten thousand people live year round; and if the football team is any evidence there may be proportionately more well-to-do, urban types who have recently settled on the smaller island.

The Vineyard's defensive coach, a small, wiry man named Tim Anthony, came over and joined us, and Tankard went on talking about the team. "Richie Packish is the quarterback," he said. "He played soccer for three seasons and only came out for football this year. He played cornerback and defensive end, and then about halfway through the season, when the regular quarterback got injured, we gave him a shot at that, and he's done a fine job."

"You want to know the difference between us and Nantucket? It's one word," said Anthony, in the conspiratorial tone of that man in "The Graduate" who murmurs "Plastics" to Dustin Hoffman. "Soccer."

Soccer is a game much in favor these days among some parents and school administrators, because it is less violent than football and requires no expensive equipment, but dyed-in-the-wool football people often decry it on both moral and patriotic grounds. Capizzo told me that soccer was "Communist football," and Anthony said, flatly, "Soccer does nothing for the character." The real trouble, of course, is that soccer draws away young athletes who might otherwise be on the gridiron.

"They don't have it over there," Anthony went on, "and they've got about eighty kids playing football to our forty. They live and die football over in Nantucket. We've got more kids here who go both ways"—play both offense and defense, that is—"and where that may show tomorrow is when we start getting down to the middle of the last quarter. We may get tired. I've got some surprises, though. I don't think of it as playing Nantucket—I'm playing *Vito*. I'm going to go right inside his mind"—he squinted and peered into the distance—"and figure out Vito's game plan."



"You know, you hear a lot of negatives about football these days," Tankard said. "But I still think there are a lot of positives. That it teaches teamwork and responsibility, builds character—all that old stuff is still true. I also think that, for our kids here, football instills in them an attitude that they can *do* things, be successful. Kids on the island are tough, but I think some of them have a kind of inferiority complex. They're exposed to an awful lot in the summer, remember—a lot of affluence—and they see the summer kids and they say, 'Wow, those off-island kids have *everything*.' And you get a lot of our kids who go away to college, or whatever, and come back after only a couple of months—they just can't hack it over there. So what I try to tell my kids is 'If you want to come back to the island, fine, but bring something back with you—don't make the Vineyard your home *now*. Before you decide anything, give yourself a chance outside—let yourself be exposed to things.' "

Out on the field, the varsity was running through mock plays—going through the motions of football but without blocking or tackling each other. They looked almost like boys pretending to play football. Maury Dore, who used to coach the Vineyarders, came by in his red pickup to watch and lend moral support. A couple of teen-age girls climbed halfway up the empty bleachers and sat together, whispering and pointing. And soon this brief afternoon, too, had slipped away—or, rather, blown away, on a sharp northwest wind that swept in from the Atlantic, bringing banks of gray clouds and sometimes knocking the football right off the kicking tee.

A team supper, for players and their parents, was scheduled that evening, and after practice many of the players tossed around a spongy Nerf football in the gym as they waited for their folks to show up. In spite of their menacing hairdos, they were shy and polite, but they were also definite in their ideas about the next day. "It's like a second chance for us," Woody Araujo told me. "We win it, and that'll be a complete season right there."

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this game is?" said Robert Baratta, the team manager—a tall red-headed boy, who, perhaps by virtue of his front-office position, was conspicuously dressed not for the island but for a night at Danceteria: dress shirt and skinny tie, pleated pin-striped trousers, pointy gray shoes. "It's so important that I couldn't sleep last night, and I only keep the *stats*."

Eventually, the mothers and fathers appeared, bearing salad, garlic bread, and big trays of homemade lasagna, and everyone filed into the cafeteria. The members of the team sat together at long tables in the center. The parents ate in smaller groups on the outskirts of the room, talking quietly among themselves, and looking with indulgence as their sons—taking on extra carbos in preparation for the morrow—went back for seconds and thirds. The team's spent soda cans began to mount up like empty howitzer shells.

THE TAVERN
T Goddard

"I don't know where they put it all," one mother said, shaking her head.

"We had a dinner here for the junior class the other night," said another. "If you happened to have the misfortune of a son who was both a junior *and* a football player, you wound up baking a lot of lasagna this week."

IN seasons past, fans going from one island to the other for the game have on occasion actually travelled in a flotilla of small boats, but any lingering plans for a Dunkirk-like evacuation from the Vineyard this year were dashed by the weather on Saturday morning. It was bright but cold, with a blustery wind—still from the northwest—that had whipped the sea into whitecaps. Plane it would have to be. By seven-thirty that morning, the tiny waiting room at the airport on Martha's Vineyard was crowded with players and with nervous parents and friends. Most high-school teams nowadays travel with enormous equipment bags, such as the pros use, but each of the Vineyard journeymen was toting his own helmet and shoulder pads. Nobody spoke much—not even when the planes began leaving. Twenty-seven boys went off in a Gull Air CASA, nine more in a Cessna, and then, a short while later, both planes returned for more. All morning, the planes flew back and forth—after the players went the cheerleaders, and then the parents and fans—until the airport began to resemble a staging area for some undercover military operation sending off waves of commandos disguised as a football team and hundreds of secret agents and infiltrators in the guise of moms and pops.

The flight from Martha's Vineyard to Nantucket takes about twelve minutes—most of it over water, of course—and the ride that morning, perhaps because of the buffeting wind, seemed to me unusually bumpy and scary. I rode in the Cessna with Anne Carmichael, the principal, the school superintendent, and some others, and I thought I saw even a few of those experienced island-hoppers blanch a little. The sea below was gray and wintry, and a few lonely-looking scallop boats were rolling in the swells. Over on Nantucket, the wind was blowing just as hard—"a real fresh breeze," one of the locals called it—and it became an almost mischievous presence in the jayvee game that preceded the day's main event. The jayvee players, even smaller and lighter than their senior counterparts, sometimes seemed held back as if by an invisible hand; and, depending on compass bearing, punts and passes either hung for seconds, like Frisbees, just out of the reach of everyone, or else swooped straight up and back, like horribly shanked golf shots. The chain crew, grappling with the billowing and flapping yard-markers, looked like windsurfers.

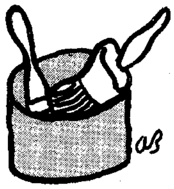
The jayvee contest ended, fittingly, in an 8–8 tie, and just before it did so the annual Homecoming Parade came honking and tootling out from town and drew up on a shallow incline overlooking the field: an old blue Mercedes, a somewhat newer-looking orange B.M.W., a brace of black Model Ts, and several flatbed trucks decorated with blue-and-white streamers (the school colors) and bearing all five members of the Nantucket school band, the class floats (displaying appropriately costumed grape-squashers, grape-jammers, and, inevitably, even on Nantucket, grape-"busters"), and, finally, the Homecoming Queen and her Court—five very pretty teen-age girls with bright cheeks and wind-blown hair who were huddled together in their best wool coats and waving shyly. The Nantucket fans followed—those who hadn't come out for the jayvees, that is—and presently filled the green wooden grandstand on the east side of the field and then overflowed, two or three deep, down to the goal lines at either end. The Vineyard fans—fewer in number, of course, but acoustically augmented with cowbells and air horns—were already ensconced in a smaller set of bleachers opposite. Collectively, the spectators formed a kind of diorama of contemporary New England: kids in snowsuits; old gents in felt hats and tweed overcoats and flannel shirts; bearded young fishermen, with ponytails coming out from beneath their knitted watch caps; small boys in stocking caps piggybacked on top of bareheaded fathers; babies in crocheted bonnets; preppies in down vests and Bean shoes; grandmothers in print kerchiefs; middle-aged women with frosted hair, wearing leg warmers and fur coats; girls in short, wide-shouldered jackets and tight jeans; men in corduroy car coats and tweed caps; even a couple of women wrapped in blankets—all stamping their feet and beating their arms, eager for football.

Then a cheer and a *thump-thump* of mittened hands as the teams—Nantucket in blue and white, the Vineyard in white and grapey purple—ran out and went through their cals. The refs appeared, wearing extra insulation under their zebra stripes, it seemed; the captains shook hands; the coin was tossed. Phil Jekanowski, a local crooner, sang the anthem over the P.A. system—slowly and with dignity—and at last we were ready. "Aw*right!*" someone bellowed.

Nantucket had won the toss, and elected deferred gratification—giving up both the ball and, for the first quarter, the north goal in order to have the wind behind them at the game's end. A number of hometown theoreticians complained that this was overly cautious, but no matter. The teams lined up; Edgar Duran put his foot into the ball for the Whalers (Garcia is too fragile for kickoff duty); and Scott Dario, a Vineyard whippet, scooped it up and brought it to the thirty. Immediately, the air horns began blasting from the Vineyard side. The Vineyarders managed a first down on their very first possession (though they needed a risky fourth-down play to obtain it), and were on their way to another when Dario, steaming along the right sideline, smacked into the Whaler linebacking corps and coughed up the ball. Mark Kenward pounced on it, and Nantucket took over. On the Whalers' third play of the game, Ostebo handed the ball to Perry, who went off tackle, slipped through the linebackers, and suddenly found himself in the open with just a man to beat. He made a nice little juking move, cut to his left, and he was *gone:* a forty-six-yard TD that had me (and everyone else, too, I suspect) stunned, partly because it happened so suddenly and partly because Perry is one of those truly gifted runners—like Gale Sayers or O. J. Simpson—who don't *look* particularly fast. He seemed to slide along, hardly moving his legs—like someone doing the moonwalk.

Perry failed to make it into the end zone for the two bonus points (Coach Capizzo had evidently decided not to match Garcia against the wind), but, even so, nothing that happened in the rest of the first quarter diminished the almost shocking brilliance and ease of that first score. It almost disrupted the rhythm of the game. In the second quarter, after changing ends, Nantucket immediately went to the air, with Ostebo throwing at every opportunity, but he failed to correct for windage, and most of his passes overshot their target. The teams moved back and forth in a land battle—with Perry typically going up the middle or off tackle and Dario trying to get outside—until very late in the half, when, as the result of a fifty-yard, tail-wind-assisted Perry punt, the Vineyard found itself pinned deep in its own territory and unable to get out. On fourth down from their own sixteen, with about three yards and two minutes to go, the Vineyarders—in what was probably the key decision of the game—chose to go for a first down instead of punting into the teeth of the gale. No dice. The Vineyard fullback, Woody Araujo, was straightened up by David Bartlett and a host of Whalers almost before he had got going. Nantucket's ball, first and ten, on the nineteen. Ostebo, after a couple of busted plays (a fumble and what was meant to be a pitchout except there was no one to take the pitch), hit his favorite receiver all year, an end named Chris Fox, with a pass up the middle—a bullet this time, which stayed low and out of the jet stream—and on the next play Perry lugged the ball in for another TD. Tiny Juan Garcia came on and—*olé!*—booted the extra point, to make it Whalers 13, Vineyard 0. The clock ticked down, and the fans, still buzzing and shaking their heads, made a beeline for the refreshment booth, where the Nantucket senior class was offering restoratives in the form of frankfurters and steaming hot coffee. "How 'bout that Perry!" I heard a number of island voices exclaim.

For the second half, I left my perch in the grandstands and joined the Nantucket technical-advisory corps: the roving band of anxious parents and former players (recognizable from their faded blue varsity jackets) who, too nervous to stand still, moved up and down behind the sidelines, intently following the progress of the ball and shouting out, at crucial moments, "Get tough, get tough!" and "Big D! Big D!"—for "Dee-fense." ("How come we never shout 'Big O!' " I heard the female companion of one of them ask.) My impressions of this part of the game are necessarily a little incomplete, as I was often trying to peek over someone's shoulder or between two heads, and, anyway, my fingers were too numb for me to flick through the program to check a name or a number. But I recall, among other things, Coach Capizzo pacing back and forth, the antenna on his headset bent back a little, as if he had clipped it on a low garage door; Coach Tankard, with one hand on a boy's shoulder, speaking into the earhole of his helmet as the boy nodded up and down, up and down; Timmy Ostebo hunched over the center, barking the signals, his shoulders moving a little with each "Hut!" And I recall Scott Dario and Richie Packish dashing back and forth behind the line, looking for an opening (Dario had seventy-five yards for the day, on seventeen carries, but he must have covered at least twice that much laterally); the linemen grunting and straining, digging for traction with their feet, fending each other off with their elbows. I recall assorted crushing tackles and strategic stunts and blocks, though I must confess that I have difficulty following the new higher mathematics of defensive football—the 5–2, the 4–3, the "nickel" back, and so on—especially since these formulas so quickly result in the same old tangle of bodies. My own private criterion for defensive effectiveness remains how dirty a player's uniform gets, and on this score Gary Yates, the Bartletts, and the Vineyard's Mark Klingensmith made all-New England that afternoon. But most of all I recall a third-down play late in the fourth quarter when Ostebo dropped back to pass, hesitated, dropped back some more, and, just before he was about to be sacked, lobbed a little screen pass to Richard Perry, who took the ball at about midfield, spun around, and then slanted to his right, finding more and more room, until, finally, he got into the clear and zipped along the sideline for another touchdown. Later, while yanking a sheet of paper from the typewriter, I discovered that I had accidentally made an action model of this sensational run. There was a little rip at the fifty-yard line of the sheet, and when I pulled the page out of the machine a tear slowly appeared—a little jagged at first, and then faster and smoother as the left-hand side pulled away: *that's* Richard Perry, bouncing off tacklers, picking up speed, bound for the end zone. Garcia's kick was good, and the score was 20–0, which was how it remained. The final minutes of the game, prolonged by a series of roughness penalties incurred by frustrated Vineyard players, only gave the statistical-minded time to add it all up: three touchdowns for Perry (whose last high-school game this was) and a hundred and nine yards on fourteen carries—the kind of afternoon that makes for a Nantucket legend.



The players lined up and shook hands at the gun, the fans stood up and cheered—for everyone, it seemed, including themselves—and, slowly getting used once more to the feeling of circulation in the lower extremities, began filing out. On the way back to the buses that would take them to the airport, the Vineyard faithful, leaning purposefully into the wind, seemed cheerful and businesslike. "Too bad," one of them said. "But it was a good game. I'm glad we came." The Nantucket fans, on the other hand, seemed a little subdued, reluctant to have the afternoon end. Banks of gray clouds had filled the sky, I noticed, and the light appeared to come not from the sun but from the white rim around the horizon, where the ocean was—a severe, melancholy light that etched everything in outline and drained it of color. Winter light. In the crowd, I ran into a man I had met the week before, at Old Colony—Bob Mooney, a lawyer on Nantucket, a part-time historian, and a full-time fan. (The license plate on his station wagon reads "WHALE.") Mooney waved to me and came over and shook my hand. "Well, that's it, then," he said. "For the next few months around here, it's all downhill." —CHARLES MCGRATH

BOOKS

Raptures and Rendings

THE new Poet Laureate of England, Ted Hughes, now in his mid-fifties, has written a water book, "River" (Harper & Row; $12.95), to match his 1979 earth book, "Moortown." In "Moortown," Hughes' animal surrogates were chiefly sheep and lambs; in "River," they are fish, eels, and insects. Hughes notices in nature what suits his purpose: if he wants to wince at man's naïveté, he writes about the innocent lamb ignorant of its fate; if he wants to write about disability, he describes a dying insect. In "A March Calf," for example (from the 1975 volume "Season-Songs"), Hughes is the knowing speaker observing the lamb for the slaughter:

Right from the start he is dressed in his best—his blacks and his whites.
Little Fauntleroy—quiffed and glossy . . .

Hungry people are getting hungrier,
Butchers developing expertise and markets,

But he just wobbles his tail—and glistens
Within his dapper profile
Unaware of how his whole lineage
Has been tied up.

In "A Cranefly in September" (from the same book), Hughes is the "giant" who watches the crippled cranefly "with her cumbering limbs and cumbered brain." He prophesies that

Her jointed bamboo fuselage,
Her lobster shoulders, and her face
Like a pinhead dragon, with its tender mustache,
And the simple colorless church windows of her wings
Will come to an end, in mid-search, quite soon.

Poems like these imply, as Hughes wishes to imply, that we, too, are only animals in the universe, and live and die as helplessly and as unavoidably as any other animal form. But the poems shade rather too easily into a form of sadism. Hughes no doubt means to include himself in the human family of deceived lambs; but the writer of the poem is undeceived, and the irony is tinged with the relish of superior power, if only the superior power of knowledge. The giant who watches the cranefly takes the diagnostic tone of a doctor watching a terminal case: he "knows she cannot be helped in any way." It is not Hughes' frustration at his own helplessness that the poem illuminates but, rather, the triumph of his biological knowledge:

The calculus of glucose and chitin inadequate
To plot her through the infinities of the stems.

For a long time, Hughes has represented himself as the man who has seen into the bottomless pit of aggression, death, murder, holocaust, catastrophe. There, in the pit, he has faced not only the physical evils of mutilation and extinction but also the moral squalor attending on the brute survival instinct, the impulse to prey on others out of self-interest. His earlier surrogate forms, the hawk and the crow—in "Lupercal" (1960) and "Crow" (1971)—are his vehicles for facing base instinct. Crow, for instance, watches a suicide; when it is over "And the body lay on the gravel / Of the abandoned world . . . / Crow had to start searching for something to eat." The hawk says, in "Hawk Roosting":

I kill where I please because it is all mine. . . .
My manners are tearing off heads—

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living. . . .

I am going to keep things like this.

These are the poems of a man convinced that social hypocrisy has prevented such unlovely truths from appearing in poetry except in an "ethical" poetry condemning them. Hughes is determined to unveil these instincts, to show himself and others, through such animal surrogates, in the most predatory and self-serving light. Needless to say, there is a self-sadism here, which, when Hughes splits himself in two—the watcher and the watched—turns into what appears to be sadism toward the foolish lamb and the stumbling cranefly.

In fact, Hughes' gaze has been so relentlessly selective as he looks at the world that all the arguments made against any "naturalistic" writer apply to him. If a hundred lambs are adequately born and one is not, Hughes' poem will savagely concern itself with the exception. His anger against a world containing stillbirths may be his conscious motive for writing; but what reader will not see in "February 17th" (from "Moortown") Hughes' powerful imaginative appetite for naming and ornamenting disaster? In the poem, Hughes, who has a farm in Devon, tells us that he found one of his ewes with a half-born lamb "looking out" of her "back end":

heidi

A blood ball swollen
Tight in its black felt, its mouth gap
Squashed crooked, tongue stuck out, black-purple,
Strangled by its mother.

After trying in vain to pull the lamb out, Hughes fetched a razor, and

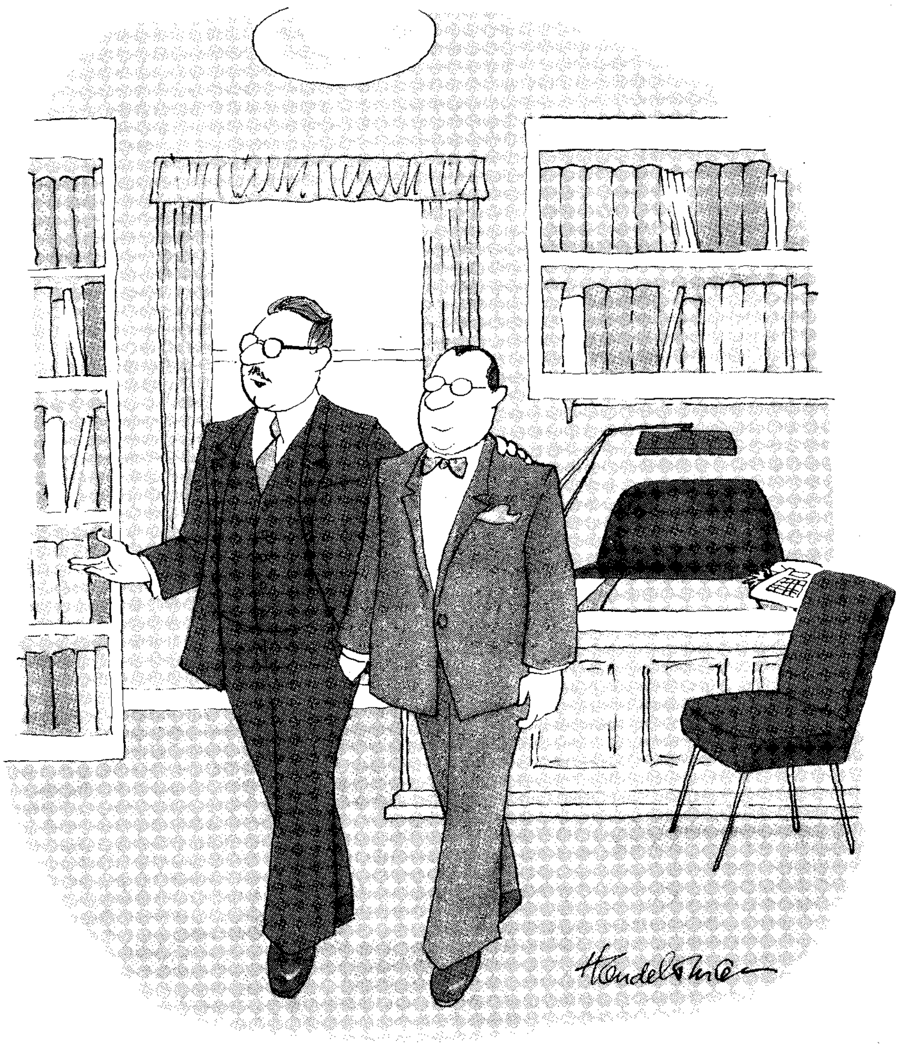
Sliced the lamb's throat strings, levered with a knife
Between the vertebrae and brought the head off
To stare at its mother, its pipes sitting in the mud
With all earth for a body.

Then, after decapitating the lamb, Hughes reached in to pull out the rest of it; it came (and the poem ends)

In a smoking slither of oils and soups and syrups—
And the body lay born, beside the hacked-off head.

To the argument "But that was exactly how it was" one can only put the counterargument: This is a poet who wants to write words like "blood ball swollen" and "sliced . . . throat strings" and "hacked-off head." Poems are, at one level, experiments in getting certain sounds and phrases and grammatical forms down on paper; and Hughes likes violent phrases, thick sounds, explosive verbs.

Hughes grew up, as every commentator on him remarks, with a sense of violence and death. This is attributed by Hughes himself, and by his critics, following him, to his having internalized his father's experience of the First World War. As the poems "Out" and "TV Off" tell us, the elder Hughes was wounded and left piled with the dead for two days; later, though outwardly healed, he never recovered from that memory of lying "Golden-haired, while his friend beside him / Attending a small hole in his brow / Ripened black." It may be true, as Hughes says, that "the shrapnel that shattered my father's paybook / Gripped me," and that Hughes' writing replays a child's monstrously enlarged imaginings of trench warfare,



"The basis of our defense will be that a man of your standing in the community, whatever else he may be, is certainly no thief."

• •

mutilation, and death. But something more has been added. Hughes mixes sexual intercourse into the brew of war and death, and his blighted imagination, though it occasionally mentions joy, tends to speak even of that with the exhaustion of one who knows all the moves in the erotic battle and finds a perverse fascination in the stylizations of victimage. In the new book, a damselfly who kills her mate during intercourse serves Hughes as a sexual symbol. She appears, in "Last Act,"

> Hover-poised, in her snakeskin leotards,
> A violet-dark elegance,
>
> Eyelash-delicate, a dracula beauty,
> In her acetylene jewels,
>
> Her mascara smudged, her veils shimmer-fresh.

Later, Hughes finds her murdered mate:

> A touch-crumple petal of web and dew—
> Midget puppet-clown, tranced on his strings.

Less violent matings interest Hughes proportionately less; he insists on demystifying "love" into its most aesthetically lethal biological instance. It cannot be aesthetic for Hughes, one suspects, without its fatality.

Hughes has by now found many ways to embody his wounded sense of the world: catastrophe (the stillborn lamb), predatory acts (by the hawk, by butchers), sexual victimage (the damselfly), suicide (Ophelia), and, in this book, hunting and fishing. He tears off the bandages to expose the "red unmanageable life," the raw flesh of existence. And he must find not only adequate emblems but adequate formal means. For him, this has meant putting the world into parables, which have an air of reducing things to their most basic terms. Here we are, for example, after the nuclear holocaust:

> The demolition is total
> Except for two strange items remaining in the flames—
> Two survivors, moving in the flames blindly.
>
> Mutations—at home in the nuclear glare.
>
> Horrors—hairy and slobbery, glossy and raw.
>
> They sniff toward each other in the emptiness.
>
> They fasten together. They seem to be eating each other.
>
> But they are not eating each other.
>
> They do not know what else to do.
>
> They have begun to dance a strange dance.

This, from the volume "Crow," is disarmingly entitled "Notes for a Little Play." It uses, in a wholly mistaken portentousness, all the formal means of parable: a minimal number of actors and actions; an exaggerated plot (in which survivors immediately grapple in intercourse); a primerlike vocabulary ("See the mutants. See them slobber. See them fasten. See them dance"); an equally primitive syntax of short, unsubordinated, and atomized declarative sentences; and an impersonal point of view, which assumes that the anecdote has general applicability. The dangers and powers inherent in parables as representations of human life are self-evident; parables have appealed to stylists from Jesus to Kafka as an exercise in producing the greatest resonance with the fewest words. The irreducible child in Hughes, for whom reality is always large and looming, relishes parables as he relishes cartoon images.

In the new volume, cartoon appears in "Night Arrival of Seatrout" as a fantasy by a grimmer Disney. It is an autumn night, and Hughes fishes amid menacingly eroticized rural scenes:

> Honeysuckle hanging her fangs.
> Foxglove rearing her open belly.
> Dogrose touching the membrane.
>
> Through the dew's mist, the oak's mass
> Comes plunging, tossing dark antlers.

The seatrout leaps, snarls, and shivers; lobworms couple; earth sings under her breath.

> And out in the hard corn a horned god
> Running and leaping
> With a bat in his drum.

Though this would like to be pagan, it is in fact neo-pagan and symbolist, a "hard," revisionist view of Keats' apparently softer autumn. Hughes' neo-paganism was learned at Lawrence's knee, and his parables are Lawrentian, too. So are his repetitions (a formal means revived by Lawrence and frequent in Hughes):

> The river . . .
> Lay dark and grew darker. An evil mood
> Darkened in it. . . .
>
> Its darkness under roots . . .
> Was dark as blood,
> Rusty peaty blood-dark, old-blood dark.

"Dark," "darker," "darkened," "darkness," "dark," "blood-dark," "dark"—all these variants occur in eight lines, as though, in Lawrentian intensification, one could mesmerize oneself farther into sensation by reiteration of a single hypnotic word. The hope of simplification through intensity explains as well Hughes' continued attachment to fixed, repeated sentence forms, as though a furrow once plowed could only be cut deeper and deeper.

On the other hand, against these simplifications of form and language, which play, we might say, the role of fate in Hughes' universe (incorporating the immutable, the geometric, the rigid, the reduced, and the physical laws regulating space and time), there appear a number of variable forms, playing, we could say, the role of free will. It was in Hopkins that Hughes first found a model for this variable side of his otherwise obsessive nature—a side both visual and kinetic, and more animal than human. The intellectual side of Hughes is entirely aligned with fate; only his physical, sensual being escapes into freedom. In a remarkable poem on growing old, "October Salmon," Hughes sketches brilliantly the moment of male adolescence, remembering

> The eye of ravenous joy—king of infinite liberty
> In the flashing expanse, the bloom of sea-life,
>
> On the surge-ride of energy, weightless,
> Body simply the armature of energy
> In that earliest sea-freedom, the savage amazement of life.

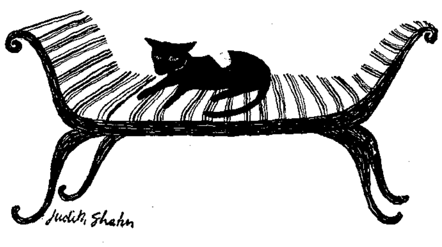
This pure kinetic energy is often coarsened and brutalized by Hughes, when it is too theatrically tethered to his Celtic, even Scandinavian, gloom, or when it is too orgasmically "spasming" (his coinage) on the page, or when it is too imitatively re-creating Hopkins' larks and kestrels. But at its best, reined in, it gives Hughes' poems their tensile strength. Hughes has found it difficult in the past to moderate his touch. When he presses just hard enough, not too hard, he raises the English pastoral (Hopkins through Hardy through Lawrence) to a sharper and bleaker pitch. In "The Vintage of River Is Unending," Keatsian autumn—the ripeness, the grapevines, the sweetness, the gathered grain and swelling fruit, the weighted boughs, the river, the cider press—finds itself concentrated as in a burning glass in Hughes' praise of the river of being:

> Grape-heavy woods ripen darkening
> The sweetness.
>
> Tight with golden light
> The hills have been gathered.
>
> Granite weights of sun.
> Tread of burning days.
>
> Unending river
> Swells from the press
> To gladden men.

If this vocabulary of praise seems startling coming from the Hughes of wounds and blood, talon and fang, it is no less startling than Hughes' frequent abandon, in "River," of the iron maiden of his habitual sentence structure. "River" is altogether a more flexible book, it seems to me, than its predecessors. Hughes is still recognizably himself in the thrust and momentum of his lines, in his choice of the animal world as human mirror, and in his interest in determined biological patterns. But he has readjusted his focus. As Crow, he was predatory and avian; as lamb, he was victim and mammal; now he goes lower on the evolutionary scale, and becomes eel, fish, insect. The cooling of the blood into a subaqueous current tempers Hughes' lines. They are still headstrong, still governed more by a linear sexual drive than by a spatial pooling; but they are driven less by the plunge and drive of instinctual will, more by the rhythms of biological birth and decay. Hughes seems to have decided, somewhat in the manner of Whitman, that if there ever was any death it led forth life. In the baldest statement of the book, Hughes hails, in italics, the river's perpetual "toilings of plasm" as the salmon spawn:

> *Only birth matters*
> Say the river's whorls.

Hughes' new vitalism participates in the same mystic obscurantism that animated his earlier convictions about rapacity and death. But because it exchanges the drilled bullet-gaze of Crow for a more sensuous, free-ranging, and associative registering of the natural scene, the vitalism seems more comprehensive and more adequate to natural existence, and even to human existence.



Hughes' father's nightmarish sense of war may have caused his son's obsession with death. But it is also possible, as Hughes suggests, that some quirk in his own makeup dictated his deathly sense of life, and drew him to others who carried death within them. In any case, Hughes often seems to have felt that, unlike ordinary people, he could not live but only imitate the actions of the living. "Life is trying to be life," he writes, in a poem of that title, but "death also is trying to be life":

> Death is in the sperm like the ancient mariner
> With his horrible tale.

Here, impersonally told, is Hughes' story of his own childhood, in the personage of "Death":

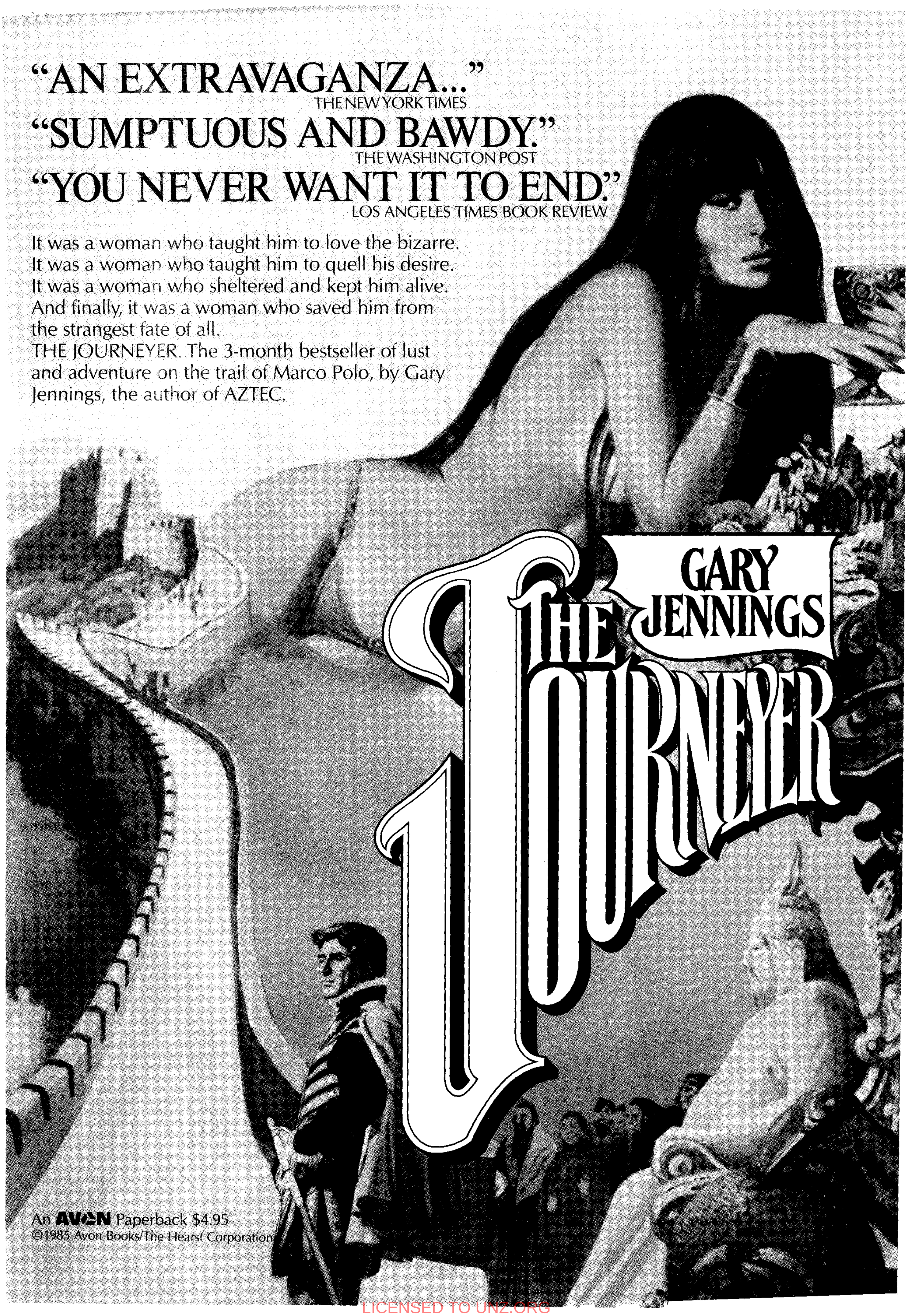
> It plays with dolls but cannot get interested.
> It stares at the windowlight and cannot make it out.
> It wears baby clothes and is patient.
> It learns to talk, watching the others' mouths.
> It laughs and shouts and listens to itself numbly.
> It stares at people's faces
> And sees their skin like a strange moon, and stares at the grass
> In its position just as yesterday.
> And stares at its fingers and hears: "Look at that child!"
> Death is a changeling
> Tortured by daisy chains and Sunday bells. . . .
> Death only wants to be life. It cannot quite manage.

The subject may be "Death," but it is also Hughes' inner life:

> Death and Death and Death, it whispers
> With eyes closed, trying to feel life.

Perhaps the strenuousness and the forcing that can be felt in Hughes' poetry arise from the strain of death trying to feel life. His terrible emblems of life and death violently jammed together—the half-born dead lamb protruding from its mother, the live fish with a dead one stuck halfway down its gullet—represent the standoff in his own composition between his unusual physical strength and an underlying spiritual terror.

In the new book, Hughes tries to



"AN EXTRAVAGANZA..."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"SUMPTUOUS AND BAWDY."
THE WASHINGTON POST

"YOU NEVER WANT IT TO END."
LOS ANGELES TIMES BOOK REVIEW

It was a woman who taught him to love the bizarre.
It was a woman who taught him to quell his desire.
It was a woman who sheltered and kept him alive.
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feel life through "the dance-orgy of being reborn," chiefly in the life cycle of the salmon. He writes of eggs and sperm, of salmon spawning, of insect copulation, of "exhumations and delirious advents." He rises to a rhapsody:

> And this is the liturgy
> Of the earth's tidings—harrowing, crowned—a travail
> Of raptures and rendings.

Around that climax are arranged, in this new volume, the tatters of man's mortal dress as it is about to be cast aside—leper-cloths, a frayed scarf, a mask, a shroud, the "crude paints and drapes" of death. Man becomes "death's puppet," and "the masks and regalia drift empty."

In the perfection of the river, all evil, says Hughes, is suspended. The river is the "primitive, radical / Engine of earth's renewal," washing everything to the pure ablution of the sea, "back to the sea's big re-think." In his early combination, in "Crow," of powerful drama and fine-grained observation, Hughes had praised the power of human consciousness to rise above mortality:

> There was finally something
> The sun could not burn . . .
>
> Crow's eye-pupil, in the tower of its scorched fort.

But, on the evidence of his lifework, Hughes makes poems less to praise consciousness or to construct something beautiful than to reverse an evil spell. In "Stealing Trout on a May Morning" (from "Wodwo," 1967), Hughes wrote down the deepest truth about his own poetic. As he stands deep in a river fishing, a flood of panic seizes him, "tearing the spirits from my mind's edge and from under." He is magically rescued from terror by the leap of a trout, which gets "a long look" at him. At that moment, the charm is wound up:

> So much for the horror:
> It has changed places.

Hughes' evil spirits have been cast out into the Gadarene swine of objectified nature.

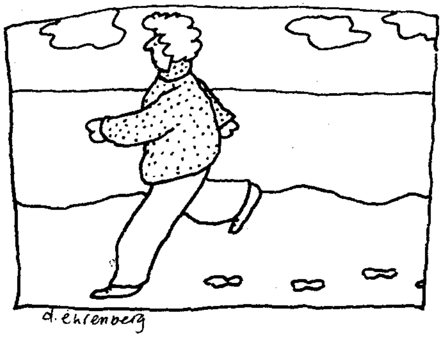
Hughes has gone about the world finding vessels in nature for his private horrors; once the poison is emptied into the natural vessel and the poem has fixed it there, the horror has changed places—of course, only for a moment. For the spell to work, the poem has to be adequate to its object, one presumes; but, even so, the aesthetic end is subordinated to the therapeutic one. These priorities need to be reversed if the poems are to bear the strain well and long.

And it does seem as though a certain flagging in the horror had enabled Hughes to detach from his compulsive spell-casting and to look, at least sometimes, on his natural images with more reverie than exorcism. The most beautiful poem in "River," to my mind, is "October Salmon," Hughes' long self-elegy, masked as an elegy for a dying salmon. I have already quoted some of its phrases; here is some of its long flow:

> Four years old at most, and hardly a winter at sea—
> But already a veteran,
> Already a death-patched hero. So quickly it's over!
>
> So briefly he roamed the gallery of marvels! . . .
>
> The mere hull of his prime, shrunk at shoulder and flank,
>
> With the sea-going Aurora Borealis of his April power—
> The primrose and violet of that first upfling in the estuary—
> Ripened to muddy dregs,
> The river reclaiming his sea-metals.
>
> In the October light
> He hangs there, patched with leper-cloths.
>
> Death has already dressed him
> In her clownish regimentals, her badges and decorations,
> Mapping the completion of his service,
> His face a ghoul-mask. . . .
>
> Yet this was always with him. This was inscribed in his egg.
> This chamber of horrors is also home.
> He was probably hatched in this very pool. . . .
>
> All this, too, is stitched into the torn richness,
> The epic poise
> That holds him so steady in his wounds, so loyal to his doom, so patient
> In the machinery of heaven.

The tonality of "epic poise" is new in Hughes. "October Salmon" was first published two years ago, in Hughes' "New Selected Poems," but the tonality it embodies recurs throughout "River," struggling for its poise against Hughes' equally recurrent, and more typical, violence and victimization. Hughes' remarkable adjectival gift and his propulsive rhythms may find a balance in epic poise. If they do, and if the obsessive rituals of the poetry are harmonized with aesthetic as well as therapeutic ends, Hughes may become an ampler poet of consciousness. Even if they do not, his glare into the machinery of evolutionary law results in a strong contemporary individual scanning of the rites of human life.

—HELEN VENDLER



BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COLD SASSY TREE, by Olive Ann Burns (Ticknor & Fields; $16.95). Fourteen-year-old Will Tweedy cannot help liking Miss Love Simpson, the pretty young milliner who, on July 5, 1906, spares Will's grandfather from being a widower for more than three weeks. The rest of Cold Sassy, Georgia, takes about as kindly to this union as it did to the one that Miss Love, being from Baltimore, and therefore almost a Yankee, represents. As everybody's errand boy, Will manages to see and hear, over the next year or so, through ajar doors and flimsy walls, more than he can figure out in the ensuing eight years. "Livin'," he learns, "is like pourin' water out of a tumbler into a dang Coca-Cola bottle." Cold Sassy's dialect is hard on the eyes at first, but it soon becomes a sort of music to the ears, with its "how-some-ever"s and "everwhat"s, and it is part and parcel of a bucolic town about to become businesslike: a town that boasts a cow coroner (on account of the railroad); that orders its tombstones from Sears, Roebuck; and that feels positively backward when the town of Harmony Grove changes its name to Commerce.

VILLA APHRODITE, by Thomas Baird (St. Martin's; $14.95). A cornucopia of high romantic comedy that opens in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome and then overflows into Florence and the Villa Arberoni (often known, and not without reason, as the Villa Aphrodite) and a company—the least of whose members are individual, bright, and witty—that includes the villa's American-born owner, the rich, elegant, and elderly Signora Benassi; her not so rich but equally elegant and elderly Italian lover; a Texas millionairess with an itch to establish in America a center for Renaissance studies; and her entourage of hangers-on. There is a hitherto undiscovered Raphael drawing that keeps things moving nicely (Mr. Baird is an art historian), and some pilfered silver spoons, and an attractive young-love affair.

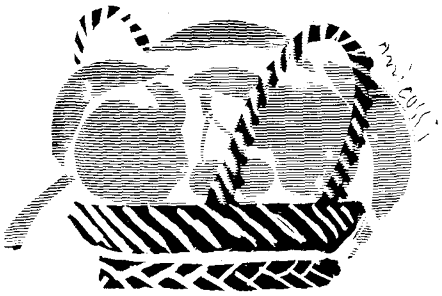
THE SHELF, by Kay Dick (Hamish Hamilton/David & Charles; $12.95). Three love letters kept "on the shelf"—the place for unclaimed papers—in a coroner's office for a few weeks in the nineteen-sixties have been kept ever since on a shelf in the narrator's mind. The narrator—the letters' author—is named Cassandra, but she recalls herself, more aptly, as a doubting Thomas. She also recalls how her lover, named Anne, once told her she believed that Anne Boleyn was maligned. It is only with hindsight that Cassandra sees what Anne was getting at, and also what she meant when she confessed, "I hate the future," and when she warned, "We don't have that much time." Toward the end of her story of Anne, a forgiving Catholic priest and an imaginative police officer undermine Cassandra's misanthropy and turn this brief book into a haunting lament.

THE SICILIAN, by Mario Puzo (Linden/Simon & Schuster; $17.95). In this five-part sequel to "The Godfather," Michael Corleone, the Godfather's son, takes second billing to Sicily's postwar Robin Hood, Turi Guiliano, who has become a living legend by the time he is twenty-four. His exploits, in defiance of the Mafia chief Don Croce, decorate the peasants' painted wagons: an honor that, shared with Charlemagne's rash knight Roland, forebodes a tragic end. There are some nicely cinematic episodes—Guiliano is not above fighting fire with fire when wits as well as water fail—but Mario Puzo's eagerness to evoke fourteen centuries of Sicilian history (its artifacts range from the skeleton of one of Hannibal's elephants to black limousines) gets him into trouble. "Thin and far too beautifully tailored for a man who received a government salary," he writes, of one of Don Croce's allies, "his cold blue eyes shot two genetic bullets from long-ago Norman conquerors." A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

THE PRIVATE MARY CHESNUT: THE UNPUBLISHED CIVIL WAR DIARIES, edited by C. Vann Woodward and Elisabeth Muhlenfeld (Oxford; $24.95 cloth, $8.95 paper). Mary Boykin Chesnut, the wife of a senator from South Carolina and the daughter of another, wrote "A Diary from Dixie" in the early eighteen-eighties but left the book in manuscript (and untitled) at her death, in 1886. It was published in 1905, and historians regarded it as a revealing, richly detailed account of life among the Southern social and political upper crust during the Civil War. In recent years, after revisionists showed that the famous book was not a journal of the war years 1861-65 at all but a memoir of that time composed in retrospect, Mrs. Chesnut has been posthumously accused of fraud. The editors of the present volume explain in a preface that the charge is baseless: Mrs. Chesnut never claimed that her book was a literal transcript of a diary; it was a literary re-creation of the life of that period *based* on diaries she had kept over the years, which she felt, nearly two decades after the war, were too candid for publication. Many of the notebooks in which she recorded the events of that cataclysmic time have been lost or destroyed. What has survived is a journal of the year 1861 and part of a journal for three months of 1865—the beginning and the end of the war. Mrs. Chesnut, a born writer, travelled all over the Confederacy during the war and knew everyone of any consequence. The diary reads as if it had been written yesterday, and one can understand her feeling that it was probably a little too rich for the blood of her contemporaries.

A PROUST SOUVENIR, by William Howard Adams (Vendome; $17.95). A diverting album of photographs of Paris high society of the Belle Epoque taken by Paul Nadar, son of the great Nadar. There are aristocrats, celebrated beauties, former courtesans who married into money or the aristocracy, society doctors, men-about-town, artists, and composers, and all of them are connected in one way or another with Marcel Proust or with "Remembrance of Things Past." Many of them have been identified as prototypes of prominent characters in the novel. Mr. Adams provides short biographies of the people pictured here and discusses how they figure in the Proustian world. Their masklike faces stare out at us almost insolently. A whiff of insouciant decadence comes to us in a remark, quoted by Mr. Adams, of the rich and elegant Prince Constantin Radziwill, a homosexual, to his friend Count Robert de Montesquiou: "Taking the good years with the bad, blackmail costs me seventy thousand francs a year."



MONTGOMERY IN EUROPE 1943-1945: SUCCESS OR FAILURE?, by Richard Lamb (Franklin Watts; $18.95). The author, an English journalist and military specialist, acknowledges that Field Marshal Montgomery has always been a subject of controversy, most of it incited by Montgomery himself. One doubts whether this—or any—work can settle the arguments for all time, but Mr. Lamb does sound a note of rationality. He recalls that British morale, both military and civilian, was extremely low before Monty's victory at El Alamein, in the fall of 1942, and that even after his success continuing hardships and losses depressed the British. Monty courted publicity in a deliberate, and possibly necessary, effort to hearten his countrymen; his passion for the limelight degenerated into exhibitionism and egomania, however, and his generalship suffered. His leisurely crawl up Italy's toe, when he was ordered to the relief of the Salerno landings, was a sulky response to his not being given command of all the Allied armies in Italy; his contempt for his allies—Canadians, Poles, and Americans—won him enemies among men who would have preferred to admire him. Monty's record from the Normandy invasion to V-E Day, as Mr. Lamb portrays it, is so-so; the victories were genuine, but the errors—including his failure to take the Albert Canal at Antwerp, and the disaster of the Arnhem paratroop assault—were extremely costly. Mr. Lamb for the most part agrees with a scholarly consensus that the Field Marshal had a gift for the formal set battle but was rarely able to take advantage of unexpected opportunities. He tells us that the British Chief of Staff, General Sir Alan Brooke, shared some of Monty's misjudgments, and frequently egged him on. Thus, there is blame to spare in this evaluation of a tarnished hero: his superiors failed to understand his limitations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

McGARR AND THE METHOD OF DESCARTES, by Bartholomew Gill (Viking; $14.95). The title notwithstanding, McGarr—Chief Superintendent Peter McGarr, of the Dublin Murder Squad—is not the chief performer in this new adventure, and the deductive reasoning of Descartes is no more in evidence here than in the past. The story offered is about a tricky scheme to destroy Ian Paisley, the Ulster Protestant leader, at a mass rally in the summer of 1985. This scheme is the creation of a Belfast Catholic television cameraman who has been disfigured by English interrogators, and it involves in various ways a playboy rugby star, a muscleman who wears a size-10 hat, a two-ton woman detective, an actor, an attractive spinster hoping for marriage. McGarr makes his first appearance in the second act. Besides diminishing McGarr, Mr. Gill has altered his storytelling. He strives for suspense through ellipses, he makes density serve for depth, and the result is not the intended pleasant mystification but something close to obfuscation.

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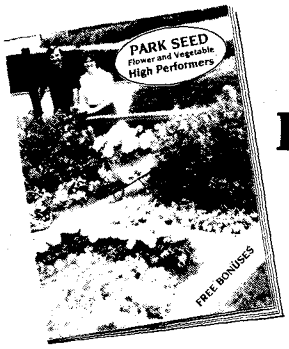

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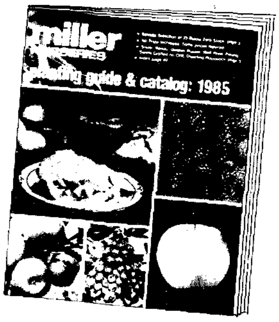

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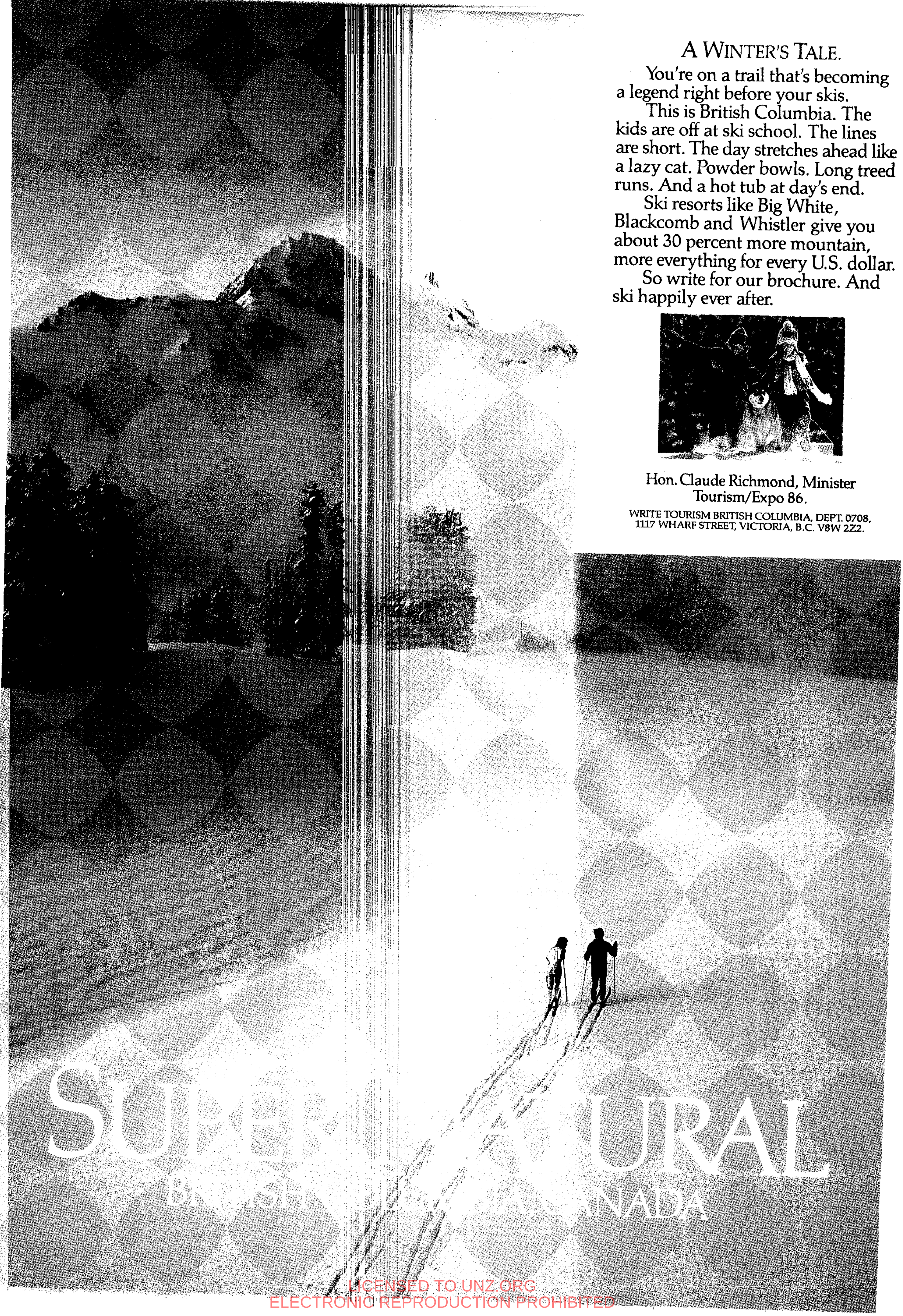

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So write for our brochure. And ski happily ever after.

Hon. Claude Richmond, Minister
Tourism/Expo 86.

WRITE TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA, DEPT. 0708,
1117 WHARF STREET, VICTORIA, B.C. V8W 2Z2.

Touch one button and the Panasonic Genius™ defrosts. Cooks. Turns. And keeps food warm. All automatically. Try that with another microwave oven.

The Panasonic Genius is so intelligent, it automatically figures out what other microwave ovens make you figure out. Like defrost time. Cooking time. Power levels. And it even turns the food to help ensure uniform cooking.

With the Panasonic Genius, everything is done for you at the touch of one button. That's what makes the Panasonic Genius so ingenious. So even if you've never cooked with a microwave oven before, Panasonic lets you turn out gourmet dishes. Main courses. Appetizers. Desserts. Soups. Snacks. And other delights. In practically no time at all.

A range of Geniuses. Even over the range.

There's a whole line of Panasonic Genius microwave ovens. From full-size. To mid-size. To a microwave/convection combination. To a model that's installed over your range.

So if you're looking for a microwave oven, there's really only one intelligent choice. The Panasonic Genius.

Auto Sensor calculates cooking time for dishes like chicken cacciatore.

Touch one button. Frozen food, like beef stew, becomes a hot meal.

Pre-set the Genius to cook foods like stuffed potatoes even if you're not home.

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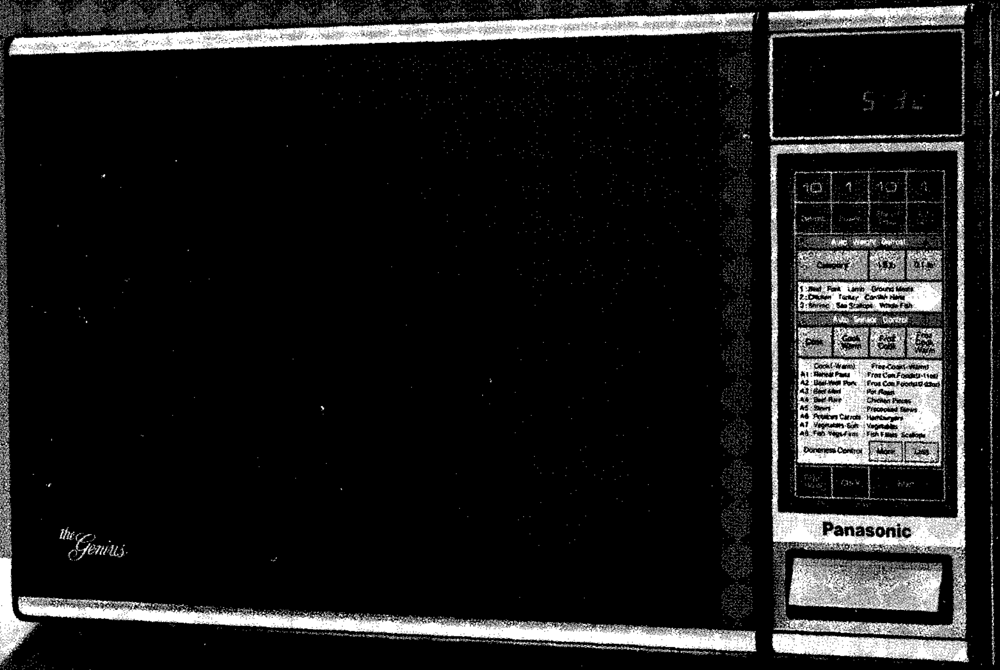
Cook-A-Round turntable helps ensure even cooking for this cherry cheesecake.



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